October Harpers MAGAZINE

THE GREAT AMERICAN ENIGMA

An Exploration of Henry Ford

By GAMALIEL BRADFORD

Is Pittsburgh Civilized? . . . . . *R. L. Duffus*

Farewell to Sophistication . . . . . *LaMar Warrick*

The Soviet Challenge to Capitalism . . . *Calvin B. Hoover*

Wanted: A Mädchen für Alles . . . . . *Theodore Stearns*

The Pacifist Bogey . . . . . *Dorothy Dunbar Bromley*
An Apology to Prospective Citizens

Our Musical Adolescence . . . . . *Daniel Gregory Mason*

Some African Animals . . . . . *Julian Huxley*
Notes of a Traveling Biologist

Helping Industry to Help Itself . . . . *Frances Perkins*

Stories by *Don Marquis, Charles Caldwell Dobie, and Mary Heaton Vorse*

Departments — THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR — THE LION'S MOUTH — PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE — AMONG THE NEW BOOKS — IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD — COMMUNITY AND INDUSTRIAL — WHERE TO SHOP

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Harper's Magazine

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE: Published Monthly: 40 cents a copy, $4.00 a year. Serial No. 965. Issue for October, 1930. Harper & Brothers Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 49 East 33rd Street, New York. *Copyrighted 1930 in United States and Great Britain by Harper & Brothers. All rights reserved.* *Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the United States of America*

Four weeks' advance notice, and the old address as well as the new, are necessary for change of subscriber's address.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

IT IS generally believed that there will be fewer books published this fall, for one reason or another; but upon scanning the announcements I am lost in the confusion that comes to the reader whose curiosity is wide and whose time is limited. The superficial pleasure of scanning a title and trying to anticipate what it hides must be ours; but in many instances we fall short of what the author has intended and create a fragmentary world of our own to take its place. Speculating about titles and authors is like taking a walk down the aisles of a bookstore and wondering what's behind the gaily colored book jackets.

There will be a number of important biographies this fall. Certainly *Cosima Wagner*, by Richard, Count du Moulin-Eckart (Knopf) should fall into that category. *James McNeill Whistler*, by James Laver, British poet and art critic, is offered by Cosmopolitan. *John Wesley*, by John Donald Wade, and *According to the Flesh*, a life of Mary Baker Eddy, by Fleta Campbell Springer, are announced by Coward-McCann. Hilaire Belloc has done a study of *Wolsey*, a picture of religious forces in Tudor England (Lippincott). Rembrandt is to have a new and admirable memoir in Hendrik Willem van Loon's *R. v. R.*, which will be ready October 1st (Liveright). *The Life and Letters of Charles W. Eliot* will be important because of the very nature of its subject: the author is Henry James, son of William James, an overseer of Harvard College (Houghton, Mifflin). This house is also issuing *Letters of Henry Adams, 1858–1891*, *Portrait of a Diplomatist* (Sir Arthur Nicolson), by Harold Nicolson, *Emily Dickinson: Notes and Reminiscences*, by Martha Dickinson Bianchi; and *The Life and Art of Dwight W. Tryon*, by Henry C. White. *Henry Irving*, by Gordon Craig, is an inviting title; Craig is the son of Ellen Terry (Longmans, Green). *Northcliffe: An Intimate Biography*, by Hamilton Fyfe, is offered by Macmillan, as well as another study of Mary Baker Eddy: *Mary Baker Eddy and Christian Science: An Interpretation and Appreciation*, by Lyman P. Powell. This house is also issuing *The Life Story of Brigham Young*, by Susan Young Gates, one of his daughters; *Taking the Curtain Call: the Life and Letters of Henry Arthur Jones*, by Doris Arthur Jones, with an introduction by Max Beerbohm. *The Life of Robert Burns*, by Catherine Carswell, whose great-great-grandfather was Burns's patron and landlord, is to be issued by Harcourt, Brace & Co. *Alexander Hamilton, First American Business Man*, written by Robert Irving Warshow and Johan Smertenko, will be published by Greenberg, who will also have *Traitor! Traitor!* the tragedy of Alfred Dreyfus, by Johnston D. Kerkhoff, one of several books on this subject, for *The Dreyfus Affair*, by Jacques Kayser, is being prepared by Covici-Friede. *Rousseau, The Child of Nature*, by John Charpentier; *The Unknown Tolstoi*, by René Fülöp-Miller, and a new revised edition of Boehmer's *Life of Luther* are being published by the Dial Press. *William Howard Taft*, by Herbert S. Duffy, is a timely memorial (Minton, Balch). One wonders what a new study of Nero can bring forth, but Arthur Weigall, who has traveled the trails of the emperors, has written one for Putnam's to publish. It is interesting in

this connection to find *Cæsar the Man*, by Mirko Jelusich, announced by Richard R. Smith, who will also publish *The Letters of Maartens-Maartens*, which carry an introduction by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch; *Molière*, by John Palmer, is announced by Brewer & Warren, and *Madame de Maintenon*, by Maude Cruttwell, by E. P. Dutton and Co., which also has *Captain Cook 150 Years After*, by Sir Joseph Carruthers.

"CONFESSIONS" BY ARTHUR SYMONS

After a long silence which seemed to indicate the end of his creative writing, Arthur Symons, clairvoyant interpreter of the symbolists, gives us *Confessions*, a study in pathology (Cape & Smith). Confession to him is not a retelling of gossip and anecdote out of a busy literary career; it is an analysis of temporary madness experienced by this sensitive man in 1908, when his life was despaired of by his friends. Singularly enough the man who has interpreted for us the ecstatic, mystical writings of men who hovered on the borderland of reason, and sometimes crossed over—Baudelaire, Verlaine, Gerard de Nerval, De Maupassant, Wagner, Rimbaud, La Forge, among others—was himself to go through the gruelling experience of becoming unbalanced, yet sharply aware of all that befell him. He had their intense nervous energy, their voracious appetite for life, but also something that they lacked—an objective factor which made it possible for him to see himself from the outside. To that we owe this book.

Symons was never entirely mad—but it is a wonder that he did not become so. After his first aberration in Italy, brought on by a period of restlessness, of mental disquiet over life and death, resulting in a state of intense exasperation and finally an aimless wandering through the streets, Symons was manacled and kept in prison like any criminal. Yet such horrors are but the smallest part of the record, for he met with many kindnesses, and his attendants, there and in England, were on the whole sympathetic. It is remarkable to discover what brought about his aberration: what thoughts possessed him before he lost the balance that keeps us from a disordered reason. Contemplation of "the unmitigated horror of the end" was a part of it; in the museum of Bologna he had become acutely conscious that the works of men which gave them pride were transitory; here as in Pompeii he felt the "terror of the immortality of death," the conviction that he could not escape "the bondage of a material indestructibility." This may remind readers of similar conclusions by Symons during his study of the symbolists, in which he portrayed life as a great silent conspiracy to forget death; pictured "the infinite insignificance of action," and the need for going on living in the best way at the finest intensity. The eternal problem remained, and to a man of Symons's vision and intensity it could easily bring a crisis with the advancing years.

University Press Books

The intelligent public at large is becoming increasingly aware that the books published by University Presses are commensurate in distinction with the teaching of the universities themselves, and that among them are many volumes of lively interest to the general reader.

Mr. Hansen writes about some of the new university press books in this issue.

NEW EVERYMAN'S BOOKS

Among the inexpensive books that have been long established and enjoy a wide popularity are those of the Everyman's Library, which has recently received a number of additions. Most interesting to us is the book called *American Short Stories of the Nineteenth Century*, edited by John Cournos. Here an attempt is being made to survey the whole century by the republication of short stories by representative men and women, including Irving's "Rip Van Winkle"; Poe's "The Tell-tale Heart"; Hawthorne's "Ethan Brand"; Melville's "The Town-ho's Story"; Henry James's "A Passionate Pilgrim"; Ambrose Bierce's "A Horseman in the Sky," and others. The editor is rather pessimistic about the short story of to-day; he says that although the earlier writers wrote master-

By the Author of

MEMOIRS OF A FOX-HUNTING MAN

MEMOIRS OF AN INFANTRY OFFICER

By SIEGFRIED SASSOON

MANY journalists, ex-doughboys and sensational novelists have written about the war—but very few literary artists. When they have, as Eric Remarque and Arnold Zweig, their books have met with great success. Siegfried Sassoon, winner of England's greatest literary awards, *The Hawthornden Prize* and *The James Tait Black Memorial Prize*, is one of the few artists, and his story of simple men and great courage is without bitterness—a novel long to be remembered. *To be published September 29*

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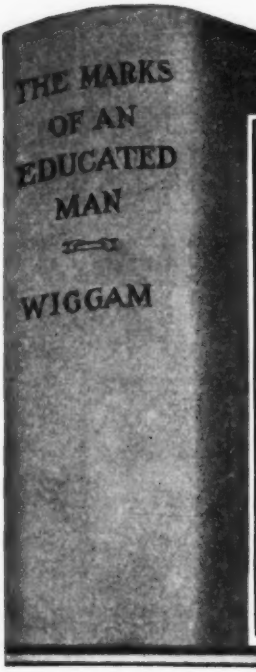

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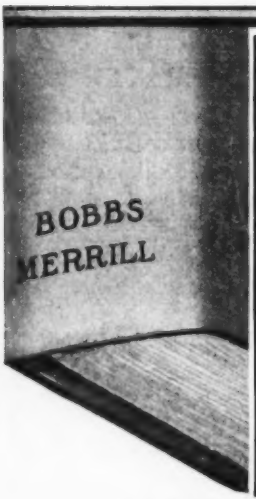

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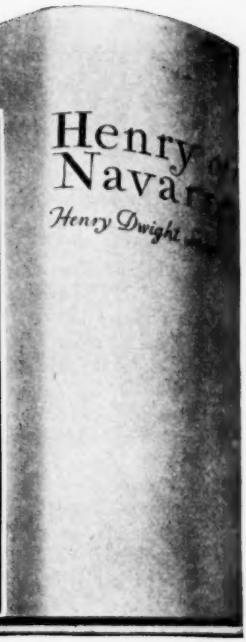

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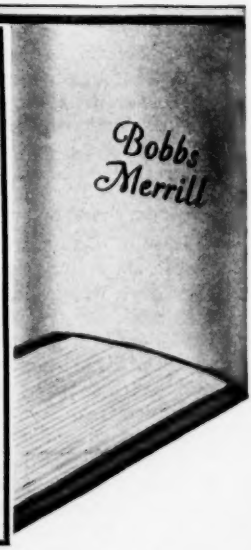

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pieces without regard to the immediate demands of the public, merit could not be denied to the entertainers, but to-day the American short story is a profitable device turned out in great numbers, so that the question of artistic merit is lost. Mr. Cournos has included very few recent authors, but "Van Bibber's Burglar," by Richard Harding Davis is here; also Jack London's "The God of His Fathers," and O. Henry's "The Furnished Room." This is a most useful book. Other new publications in the Everyman's Library are *Moll Flanders*, by Daniel Defoe; *Pan Tadeusz*, by Adam Mickiewicz, translated from the Polish; and *The Heroic Deeds of Gargantua and Pantagruel*, by Rabelais, which comes in two volumes with an introduction by D. B. Wyndham Lewis. Other new books of fiction are "Shorter Novels of the Jacobean and Restoration Period"; *Peregrine Pickel* in two volumes; *Heimskringla, the Norse King Sagas*, by Snorre Sturlason, and *Bevis* by Richard Jefferies. To poetry and drama are added Lessings's *Laocoon*, and *Minor Poets of the Eighteenth Century*, edited by Hugh l'Anson Fausset. The addition to the science list is Karl Marx's *Capital*, with an introduction by G. D. H. Cole. E. P. Dutton & Co. issue the Everyman's Library in the United States.

CARL VAN DOREN
Whose biography of "Swift" will soon be published

"THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT"

In spite of the fact that nobody is supposed to be reading Sir Walter Scott's novels these days, we have another Life of Scott in this work by Stephen Gwynn. (Little, Brown & Co.) The author is a defender of Scott and his writings, and he takes elaborate pains to tell us why Scott is useful reading in our generation. I was very much amused to find him advocating skipping. He writes, "We are told now that the long-windedness of Scott's books repels this generation, though it professes to read Marcel Proust and Romain Rolland and Theodore Dreiser, and has gone back to Anthony Trollope, a writer whose methods were as leisurely as Scott's, and whose considerable merits are simply not comparable with the master's. Nobody need care to deny that there is much in Scott which could be compressed with advantage and not a little that would better be left out. But no man or woman reads under an obligation to peruse every syllable, and the true way to read Scott is to do after Scott's own method and skip what is tedious. The possible way to approach this author is to treat his works as textbooks—and it is in modern times one of the most frequent approaches. Scott on the whole is no more an author for children than is Shakespeare, though a bookloving child can find paradise in his pages." Here we have a critic with a new point of view. Most of us began reading Scott in the schools, and *Ivanhoe* is certainly read in every high school. I have always thought Scott ideal for getting children interested in history, although it is years since I have read him. Our grandfathers used to buy him in enormous sets. I am interested to have this author recommend skipping parts of books that are tedious and ask that we apply it to his subject, whom he calls the "master."

"LONE COWBOY"

The human appeal of *Lone Cowboy*, by Will James, is irresistible. This is the life story of the man who wrote *Smoky*, *Sand*, *Cow Country*, and numerous other books about the West, and who learned to draw in his own way without an instructor. In *Lone Cowboy* he writes an autobiography that has the ring of truth. His mother died when he was a baby, and his father was killed in an accident while loading cattle when Will was still a boy. Kind strangers brought him up; he learned to ride, to break bronchos, to handle horses as an expert. "As you know by now, my failing is horses," writes James. And one of his best anecdotes deals with Smoky—the horse that was stolen from him and that he recovered after five years. The reason this book holds the interest is because it unfolds like a panorama. It gives the

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reader a chance to see the life of the ranches as it actually is; it depicts the everyday life, the difficulties of holding a job, the temptation to steal horses and cattle that comes to fast riders on the wide ranges. And the story is told in Will James's own vernacular, the speech of the Western cowboy, written down apparently without effort and reading just as smoothly. The reader learns how mustangs are caught, or rather how riders go fooging after fuzz-tails; he becomes acquainted with such terms as hackamore, morral, sleepers, rustling, quirts, wrangling, on circle, earmarks, and the hundred odd specialized words in use in the West. "Any rider that's fighting bronks steady will tell you that he don't want no broke horses in his string," writes James. "Riding a horse that's broke gentle will cause the rider to sometimes be off his guard when he's on a wild one and he'll maybe get throwed off or struck or kicked." The bronk fighters—men who ride bucking broncbos—are at their best before thirty years of age; after that it becomes a strenuous game even for them. James's experiences make lively reading. (Scribner's.)

V. SACKVILLE-WEST
Author of the novel "The Edwardians"

"THE OUTLAW YEARS"

Bloody indeed was the life of pioneer America on the Natchez Trace, the name given to the road that connected Nashville and Natchez in the early days of the nineteenth century. Robert M. Coates has described it in a new book, *The Outlaw Years*, tracing the history of half a dozen notorious criminals against the background of frontier life. Here we find the wilderness casting its strange spell on men, calling them into the unknown, to risk their lives against unknown odds, of which the bandit groups were the most dangerous. Hare, Mason, the two mad Harpes, finally the sinister and able Murrel are sketched full figure; in addition the author tells much about early communities; how men worked, loved, drank, fought. Most inexplicable was the power wielded by outlaws, who frequently made good their escape and repeated their crimes; this indicates that frontier settlements were lacking in community feeling, being made up of individuals who were looking out for themselves. In such circumstances outlawry could be fought only by posses of vigilantes, organized after a severe outbreak. The milestones of the old roads—or rather the blazed trees—might as well have recorded murders as distances; the soil was frequently soaked with the blood of human beings. Mr. Coates has told in a dramatic manner how the outlaws were brought to book, how their power was destroyed, how lawlessness ceased with the disappearance of the wilderness — at least became more sporadic, less important. Murrel was caught in 1835 and from that time on the bandits changed their methods. (The Macaulay Co.)

"MODERN AMERICAN POETRY"

Louis Untermeyer has just overhauled his *Modern American Poetry* for the fourth time and produced a book giving more representative poems than ever, besides giving critical consideration to the poets of our time. The first edition was published in 1919 and contained only 174 pages; the fourth edition has 900 pages, 730 poems and 153 poets. And to carry figures still farther, Harcourt, Brace & Co. write that *Modern American Poetry* and *Modern British Poetry* together have sold over 275,000 copies. Yet it is unlikely that these titles have appeared in the best-seller lists.

Ever since the renaissance of poetry collapsed and the buoyant age of discovery was followed by more intensive cultivation of the poetic fields, poetry has become more important and less exciting. Untermeyer was one of those who kept in close touch with the pioneering during the imagist and free-verse periods. To-day he speaks in the past tense of the "free verse furor," and recalls that the men who wrote it returned to sonnets and couplets and a latter-day conservatism. This makes him ask:

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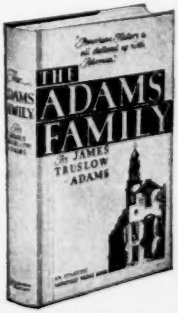

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Among the New Books

"To what can we attribute the return of the prodigal vers libertine? To a reversion to orthodox type? Or a revulsion from mere novelty of expression? It seems more likely that, having passed through various phases of experimentation, these poets, like all other workers, desired to crystallize their idiom in some lasting shape. The chief fault with free verse was that it yielded itself too easily, and what the creator enjoys is the feel of a firm medium, a half-forbidding, half-pliant form. No real artist has failed to want, and to work with, 'the resisting mass.'"

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

Professor Charles Cestre, professor of American literature and civilization at the University of Paris, has just published a study called *An Introduction to Edwin Arlington Robinson*, in which he analyzes the elements and qualities of all of Robinson's poetry, and comes to the conclusion that he is a modern classic. Although Robinson uses older themes and traditional meters, his poetry is representative of the best thought of the day, plumbing the depths of man's bewilderment in an age of little faith, but doing so with restraint and reasonableness, and avoiding sensational appeals for attention. Therefore Professor Cestre thinks of him as a modernized puritan, that is, a puritan who no longer thinks of damnation and hell-fire but makes allowances for the passions as part of the life-force, "although he still makes a difference in degree between the irresponsible rush of the instincts and the conscious activity of the higher will. He retains a grave and reflective attitude towards the doings of man that leads him to exercise his judgment and believe in the power of volition to guide our behavior and regenerate our moral being enmeshed in the toils of doubt or tossed by blind impulses." This is a detailed study of the poetic values in Robinson's writings, and an excellent introduction, as valuable to Robinson as the writings of Stopford Brooke were to Browning. (The Macmillan Co.)

GEORGE MANNING-SANDERS
Author of "The Third Day"

"SEED"

Charles G. Norris has written a novel called *Seed*, which contains a lucid discussion of birth control and ought to give that subject a thorough airing. The discussion runs through the story of the married life of two persons who are members of the Roman Catholic Church and who do not practice birth control. The idea is set forth that the man has talents for writing which he is unable to use because his nose is kept to the grindstone in a routine occupation on account of the growth of his family. Refusing further relations with his wife, he contracts an alliance with another woman and becomes a great writer. The relationship continues for ten years, after which he yearns for the family he has left. He returns to his home and becomes reconciled to his wife, chiefly through the help of a brother who happens to be a priest. All sides of the question are aired; a great deal is said about the multiplication of poverty-stricken and ailing people and the lack of children among the intellectual classes; the priest also presents the point of view of the Church in excellent fashion, and argues convincingly for self-control as against indulgence. The book is more successful as a discussion than as a novel, for I do not find the issue solved in the relations between Bart and his wife. Certainly birth control is not a one-sided matter; the author has given it fair consideration, and the book will be the subject of much debate this winter. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

THE UNIVERSITY PRESSES

We have made it the custom to speak from time to time in these columns about the publications of the university presses, that is to say, the publishing departments that are associated with universities, after the manner of the famous houses that grew up in England as outlets for the writings of scholars. In the United States such departments are usually conducted independent of the

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The University of Chicago Press

universities and endowed or supported from university funds. These funds have never entirely paid for the projects of the presses, but they have sufficed to make it possible to publish books of high scholarly character without having to look for support from the general reading public by issuing books exclusively of a popular nature. Now the presses are publishing not only the work of faculty members, but books of merit in many fields, many of them written by lay scholars and investigators. They find more and more an audience among intelligent readers outside the walls of the university proper, and in reaching out for new readers they encounter the lively curiosity of those who are not satisfied with superficial writings. More and more, however, the university presses are extending their scope by issuing volumes which approach in popular appeal the books put out by publishers of the trade. The University of Chicago Press, for example, points out that it has published volumes in every field except fiction, and that in bringing out a translation of a 2,000-year-old Sanskrit romance, *The Panchatantra*, it even approached that. And the Yale University Press, in bringing out Professor Frederick A. Pottle's *Stretchers*, a war narrative, also extended the heretofore limited scope of the typical university press. *Stretchers* appeared first in *The Outlook*, and one of the forthcoming publications of the University of Pennsylvania Press, for example, has appeared in part in *The Saturday Evening Post*. Perhaps the outstanding publication of a university press last season was Robert Bridges's *The Testament to Beauty*, an Oxford publication which became both a best seller and a collectors' item here and in England. Just as the larger universities are including in their curricula courses of a practical nature that were rigidly excluded from the domain of the old-fashioned college, so are the presses of these universities including in their publications volumes intended to inform and enlighten men of business, finance and industry in various aspects of their problems. The University of North Carolina Press has published many volumes of folklore concerning the negroes of that district, and the University of Washington Press has issued volumes on the lumber industry and the lore of the logger of the Northwest. The university presses, by and large, without declining from their academic standards, are showing a greater investigative curiosity in aspects of contemporary American life.

"For him was lever have at his beddes heed
Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed
Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sautrye."
—Canterbury Tales

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Harvard University Press

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The University of Chicago Press, which is probably the largest university press developed in an American university—it issued 118 books in the fiscal year 1929–30, and the index of its latest catalogue is almost sixty pages long—states the following five obligations:

"First, to publish the results of scholarly research, wherever it may have been carried on, for the benefit of scholars; second, to publish the interpretations of new scientific knowledge for the benefit of the general reader; third, to publish textbooks containing new facts and new methods of teaching for the use of universities, colleges, secondary schools, and schools of religious education; fourth, to publish the proceedings and reports of learned societies; fifth, to publish journals which carry reports of current investigations in various specialized fields."

Among this season's publications of the University of Chicago Press are Samuel N. Harper's *The Builders of Communism*, a report of the progress of the five-year economic program which is being carried out by all divisions of the Communist organization; *Intelligent Philanthropy*, wherein a jury of representative men discusses the value and the necessity of charity; Charles Rann Kennedy's *Plays for Seven Players*, the first collected edition of eight plays; and *Ultraviolet Light and Vitamin D in Nutrition*, by Katharine Blunt and Ruth Cowan.

The Oxford University Press, which maintains a flourishing branch in New York, is bringing out a rather long shelf of new books this fall, many of them being in the fields of literature and belles lettres, in which it may be said, without prejudice to other university presses, it has for long been pre-eminent. Among the Oxford items for the fall is a new edition of *Keats' Letters*, containing some that have never before been published. The original edition of the letters was published in 1883, under the editorship of H. Buxton Forman. The present edition is by his son, H. Buxton Forman, Jr. This house will also bring out J. Middleton Murry's *Studies in Keats*, the fourth volume in the series of *Collected Essays of Robert Bridges*, and a two-volume work by Sir Edmund K. Chambers called *Shakespeare: Facts and Problems*.

In the related fields of art and archæology, the Oxford University Press announces Stanley Casson's *Twentieth Century Sculptors*, R. H. Wilenski's *A Miniature History of Art*, G. M. A. Richter's *Animals in Greek Sculp-*

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ture, and, among other items, the first volume of a two-volume study by K. A. C. Creswell on *Early Muslim Architecture*. This press includes in its latest catalogue volumes in such absolute fields of knowledge as philosophy and religion, and in such departments of applied knowledge as sociology, jurisprudence, education, and politics.

The scope of the fall list of the Yale University Press is shown by the inclusion of *Studies in Medieval Paintings*, by Bernard Berenson, and *American Broadside Verse*, selected imprints of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, by Ola Elizabeth Winslow. But the emphasis of the Yale University Press may be said to be on American history. It is to this press that historians are indebted for the magnificent pictorial history called *The Pageant of America*. Among new books on our history which have just been issued, or are soon to be brought out, are Grant Foreman's *Indians and Pioneers*, the story of the American Southwest before 1830; James L. Howard's *Seth Harding: Mariner; Up and Down California, 1860–64*, which is the journal of William H. Brewer, as edited by Francis P. Farquhar; and James Blain Hedges's *Henry Villard and the Railways of the Northwest*. Other Americana, of perhaps a lighter nature, include Gordon S. Haight's *Mrs. Sigourney, the Sweet Singer of Hartford*, Nelson F. Adkins's *Fitz-Green Halleck*, one of the Knickerbocker writers of New York; and Katharine McCook Knox's *The Sharples*, in which family biography is included their impressions of eighteenth century life in England and America and of such contemporaries as Washington.

Although the emphasis of the fall list of the Harvard University Press seems to be in the field of general literature, it is publishing volumes also under the general headings of history, government, and economics; law; education; religion; the fine arts; city planning; and science. In the field of literature there will be issued H. W. Garrod's *Poetry and the Teaching Office*, F. O. Matthiessen's *Translation: An Elizabethan Art*, Donald A. Stauffer's *English Biography Before 1700*, and *The Journal of Washington Irving*, an exact reproduction of a manuscript journal kept by Irving for a thirteen months' period during which he was travelling through Germany, Holland, France, and England.

The distinguished American biographer and Pulitzer prize winner, M. A. De Wolfe

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Howe, is represented on the Harvard list by *Bristol, Rhode Island*, a town biography; and Samuel Francis Batchelder, in *Bits of Cambridge History*, disposes of the story of the Washington Elm. Then there are William Leonard Langer's *The Franco-Russian Alliance, 1890–1894;* William Haber's *The Building Industry;* Norman S. B. Gras's *Industrial Evolution;* and three new volumes in the Harvard City Planning Studies, *Airports*, by Henry V. Hubbard, Miller McClintock and Frank B. Williams, *Building Height, Bulk and Form*, by George B. Ford, and *Neighborhoods of Small Homes in America and England*, by Robert Whitten and Thomas Adams.

Among the volumes on the fall list of the Princeton University Press are Charles G. Osgood's *Boccaccio on Poetry*, Henry Fairfield Osborn's *Cope: Master Naturalist*, T. W. Baldwin's *William Shakespeare Adapts a Hanging*, and Frank D. Graham's *Exchange, Prices and Production in Hyper-Inflation, Germany, 1920–1923.*

The Columbia University Press has volumes in many fields of research and interpretation on its fall list, John Dewey, the recently retired head of its philosophy department, being among the authors in the catalogue. Professor Dewey's volume is called *Construction and Criticism.* Other volumes which are due from the Columbia Press are Margaret M. Bryant's *English in the Law Courts*, Peter Odegard's *The American Public Mind*, Charles H. Simmons's *Bibliography of John Masefield*, Edgar Turlington's *Mexico and Her Foreign Creditors*, and Samuel A. Tannenbaum's *The Handwriting of the Renaissance.*

The adventures of a tenderfoot wife in Grand Canyon National Park and a new edition of Chateaubriand's *Atala* are among the forthcoming publications of the Stanford University Press. The tenderfoot wife is Mrs. White Mountain Smith and her book bears the title of *I Married a Ranger.* There is also Cardinal Goodwin's explanation of one of the strangest American careers, under the title of *John Charles Fremont*, and a study of Glenn Hughes, of the neighboring University of Washington, of *Imagism and the Imagists.*

"Can Latin be revived as the international language of science?" is one of the problems discussed by Prof. Joseph B. Pike of the University of Minnesota in *Classical Studies*, a fall publication of the University of Minnesota Press. *Measurement of Man*, by Har-

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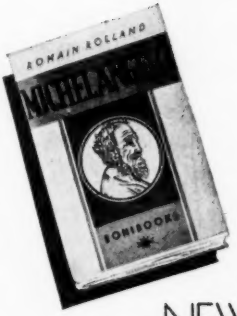

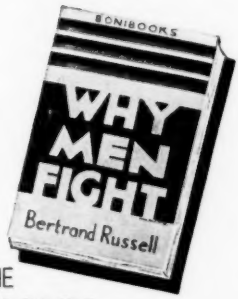

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The University of Pennsylvania Press shows a strong development in its studies of economic and social research problems, without neglecting the more conventionally academic departments. The fall catalogue lists, among other items of the same general character, *Statistics in Social Studies*, edited by Stuart A. Rice; *The Causes and Prevention of Corporation Bond Default*, by D. B. Jeremiah; *Graduated Maintenance Budget for Employees*, by Morris Leeds and C. C. Balderston, and *Earnings in Six of the Major Occupations in the Full-Fashioned Hosiery Industry*, by G. W. Taylor. In local history and description there are Cornelius Weygandt's *The Wissahickon Hills* and Christopher Ward's *The Dutch and Swedes on the Delaware, 1609–164*. This press will issue also George Wharton Pepper's *In the Senate*, Edward D. Snyder's *Hypnotic Poetry* and Domenico Vittorini's *The Modern Italian Novel*.

The fall list of the University of North Carolina Press reveals a generous concern in the problems, history and folklore of the people of the state. This is by no means a departure for the press, which has always sought to reflect its locale. Among the forthcoming volumes of this nature are Claudius T. Murchison's *The Plight of the Cotton Textile Industry*, M. C. S. Noble's *A Brief History of the Common Schools and the Public Schools of North Carolina*, Guy B. Johnson's *Folk Culture on St. Helena Island, South Carolina*, Guion Griffis Johnson's *A Social History of the Sea Islands*, George R. Sherrill's *Criminal Appeals in North Carolina*. There is also *The Negro Sings a New Heaven*, in which Mary Grissom has put down the words and music of songs sung around Louisville, Ky., and in sections round about. That other fields are not neglected is shown by the following titles on the fall list: Carl Grabo's *A Newton Among Poets: Shelley's Use of Science in Prometheus Unbound*, Robert M. Babcock's *The Genesis of Shakespeare Idolatry, 1766–99*, and Wilfrid H. Crook's *The General Strike*.

The University of California Press reflects in the list of its fall publications as wide a

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The series of chapbooks published by the University of Washington Press has been of a rather popular nature, and among the latest of these paper-covered brochures is *Logger-Talk*, a dictionary of words and phrases, the raciest possible in print, collected from the speech of lumbermen throughout the Northwest, including British Columbia. Later this press will bring out a group of dramatic essays by Virgil Geddes under the title of *Footnotes on the Drama*.

"THE ENGLISH INN"

The English Inn, by Thomas Burke, author of *Limehouse Nights*, is a book in the English Heritage Series that is being edited by Viscount Lee and J. C. Squire, and deserves reading because it is not sentimental but highly informing. Burke has discovered so many delightful facts about inns in the course of his rambles over the English countryside that this becomes not a mere travelers' record of quaint books and queer personalities, but a discussion of the character and development of inns, their names, their architecture, their customs, with a chapter on their literary and historical associations. Where would English literature be without the inn—either as a setting for a story, or as a rendezvous for authors? "To the inn time is static," writes Burke. "In one breath it has seen all English history, and we of to-day are only late arrivals among its guests." And describing the many names of inns and their origin—some named after owners of property, others after generals, victories, ruling families and trades and callings—he writes this passage: "The happiest of all signs, I think, a supreme example of fitness for purpose, is one that in three words combines a pun, a statement of fact, and an implied invitation. The landlord who, delving into the greenwood of his fancy for a sign, was given this, deserves to be the saint of English inn-keeping. It is 'The Open Arms.'"

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"PARTIES"

Carl Van Vechten has written another gay and scintillating satire on the superficial life of New York, calling it *Parties* (Alfred A. Knopf). Dealing ironically, yet sympathetically, with the men and women of the speakeasies, he follows a group about its diversions and gives us opportunity to be amused at them. But the point to a Van Vechten story is in the telling, and in *Parties* he has again revealed the light ironic touch which he uses so happily to describe modern life. Even the carefully planted objects, the engravings on the walls, the music played by the orchestras, help along the tale; everything is chosen with a view to its fitness and everything adds to the reader's pleasure. We meet several new and engaging creatures from Van Vechten land; the Gräfin von Pumernl und Stilzernl is a new addition to the cast of characters, and although not as important as the tattooed countess, fills a niche of her own. Harlem, the "Fifties," an ocean liner, a bar in a private apartment, a speakeasy—these are some of the settings. The story is richly spiced and will remind the reader of *The Blind Bow Boy* rather than *Nigger Heaven*.

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A plain man's plain tale is *Water and Gold*, but every page is filled with engrossing adventure. This is the story of a Swede's experiences, as set down by Lewis Stanton Palen. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) The Swede, Charles G. Hedlund, who now lives in the United States, does not consider his life exceptional. Perhaps it isn't—but it has in it the color of romance. As an orphan lad in Stockholm Hedlund worked for a chimney sweep, and his tales of climbing down chimneys is enough to give any of us swivel-chair workers the heebie-jeebies. Hedlund remarks that he knows every chimney in the Grand Hotel from the inside. Sailing experiences followed, and the outbreak of the Boer War found him fighting on the side of the embattled farmers. Few reminiscences of this struggle have reached us; Hedlund, an outsider, is able to discuss the fighting from a new point of view and explain to us why the British lost so heavily, and why the Boers were able to hold them off. Taken prisoner,

about to be shipped to some camp, Hedlund broke away and after various vicissitudes was able to leave Africa. His further adventures are colorful and exciting; eventually he landed in the United States as a machinist.

"AMERICAN SPEECHES"

American Speeches, by J. Ramsay MacDonald, is a little volume of goodwill messages containing the speeches made on this continent—in Washington, New York, Quebec, Montreal, and elsewhere, by the British prime minister. There is an explanatory introduction by Ambassador Charles G. Dawes and a note by Henry L. Stimson,

MICHAEL OSSORGIN
Author of "Quiet Street." Book-of-the-Month Club selection for October 1930

Secretary of State, on the making of the treaty. Ambassador Dawes stresses the fact that the speeches were given extemporaneously and remarks: "For some mysterious reason, that personal magnetism which sometimes deadens the intellectual perception of a crowd in the physical presence of the orator is not transmitted over the wireless. As a consequence, the silent thousands of listeners at the radio intellectually weigh the speech for what it is worth. But again for some unknown reason, there is a compelling difference in its radio reception between a spontaneous, and a written or committed, utterance. An extempore address over the radio, as distinguished from the reading of prepared remarks, seems to increase the intellectual attention of the hearer in much the

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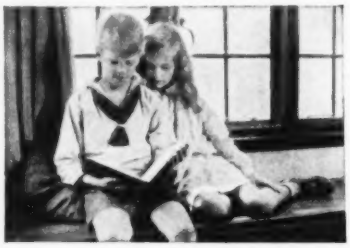

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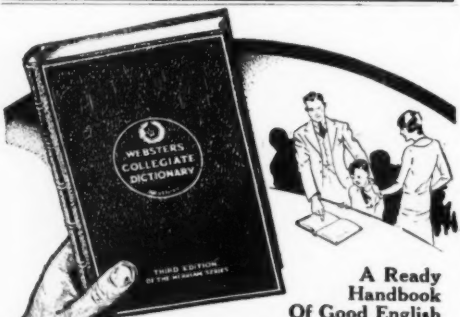

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same way that the old-fashioned oratory lessened intellectual attention by arousing the instincts and emotions. In making extempore these important speeches, the British Prime Minister, with justified self-confidence, gave his utterances the added power arising from spontaneity. It was a great intellectual feat, made possible in part by his long years of competitive parliamentary training." (Houghton, Mifflin Co.)

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

Dr. Daniel Gurria Urgell writes to us from Lomas de Chapultepec, Mexico, requesting information about two books and a magazine. One book, *Studies in Humanism* by F. S. Schiller, is published by The Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Ave., New York City, priced $5.00. The other book which Dr. Urgell titles *Studies in Logical Theory* by John Dewey, we cannot find listed. The address of the magazine *The Philosophical Review* is: Longmans, Green Co., 55 Fifth Ave., New York City. . . . The price of *The Outline of Christianity, The Story of Our Civilization*, is $5.00 per volume for the five volume set. The publisher is Bethlehem Publishing Co., 21 East 47th St., New York City. This information was asked for by Emily B. Price, Olive View, Cal. . . . The two books edited by John Lomax will aid Mr. Pilkinton in his interest in books of American Folk Songs. These are: *Cowboy Songs*, $1.75, and *Songs of the Cattle Trail and Cow Camp*, also $1.75. The Macmillan Co. is the publisher. Carl Sandburg's *Song Bag*, $7.50, Harcourt, Brace Co., 383 Madison Ave., New York City, is also a valuable addition. . . . We have two requests which can be answered in one space. Mrs. R. E. Witter, Friendship, N. Y., asks for books on contemporary literature, and Mr. M. J. Zaayer, New York City, asks for modern American authors. Any of the following titles will answer their questions. *The American Novel Today* by Regis Michaud, $2.50, Little, Brown Co., Boston, Mass., *Authors of the Day*, $2.50, a Doubleday, Doran publication, Garden City, N. Y., *Women Who Make Our Novels*, $2.50, Dodd, Mead Co., 443 Fourth Ave., New York City. Carl Van Doren's books, *The American Novel*, $2.00, and *Contemporary American Novelists*, $1.50, both The Macmillan Co. . . . David Appleton Co. is the publisher of *Disraeli*, André Maurois's book, and Mrs. Walter H. Johnston, McDavid, Fla., has but to write to them at 35 West 32nd St., New York City, for information about this author. A list of

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"best sellers," also requested by Mrs. Johnston, follows: *Exile* by Warwick Deeping, Alfred A. Knopf Co., *Cimarron* by Edna Ferber, Doubleday, Doran Co., *Great Meadow* by Elizabeth Madox Roberts, The Viking Press, *Gallows Orchard* by Claire Spence, Cape & Smith Co., *Party Dress* by Joseph Hergesheimer, Alfred Knopf Co., *The Woman of Andros* by Thornton Wilder, Albert & Charles Boni Co., *Chances* by A. Hamilton Gibbs, Little, Brown Co., Boston, Mass., *Coronet* by Manuel Komroff, Coward-McCann Co., New York City, *The Shepherd of Guadaloupe* by Zane Grey, a Harper book, *The Scarab Murder Case* by S. S. Van Dine, Charles Scribner's Sons, *The Door* by Mary Roberts Rinehart, Farrar & Rinehart Co., New York City, and *Margaret Yorke* by Kathleen Norris, Doubleday, Doran Co. . . . A number of questions were asked by C. M. Wilhite, Globe, Arizona, some of which we answer here. Books on Russia are: *Literature and Revolution in Russia*, $2.50; *Whither Russia*, $1.50, by Leon Trotsky, International Publishing Co., 381 Fourth Ave., New York City; *Lenin* by Leon Trotsky, $2.50, Minton, Balch Co., 17 East 45th St., New York City; *Ten Days That Shook the World* by John Reed, $1.50, also the International Publishing Co. The question about the book on the Marine Corps is answered in Mr. John W. Thomason's book, *Marines and Others*, $3.00, Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y. City. Further research will have to be done on his other questions.

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VOLUME 161 OCTOBER 1930

Harpers Magazine

THE GREAT AMERICAN ENIGMA

AN EXPLORATION OF HENRY FORD

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

ON THE whole it may be said that the United States of America has always been a country of work. During the last three hundred years, with the developing means of transportation, repeated shocks of energy have come to this country; a flood of wanderers, representing the pushing, eager, active, restless elements of a score of European peoples, has pressed over, determined to make its way and its fortune, sometimes by illegitimate means, but more often by earnest, indefatigable, incessant toil. No doubt of late years the habit of work has somewhat faded, not owing to indolence but to increasing luxury and distraction. Yet it may safely be said that it is work that has made the power and the prosperity of America.

Assuredly no American has ever been more of a worker than Henry Ford. He worked from his early childhood, all the time. The son of a well-to-do farmer in Michigan, Ford was born in 1863. He was early accustomed to the drudgery of the farm. As drudgery he hated it, and that hatred was a large element in all his later effort. Even as a boy he dabbled in mechanics, played with engines, and devised a scheme for making watches in vast numbers and selling them cheaply on the Ford plan. The sight of a clumsy, steam-driven engine moving on the roads was an inspiration for all his life-work. He early slipped away from the farm to Detroit and toiled long hours for small pay in machine shops and jeweler shops, learning all that the mechanics could tell him. Then he went back to his father for a time, married a lively, attractive girl, who believed in him, and as a farmer appeared to be doing well. But the lure of the machine was too strong. He moved to Detroit and

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worked for years, through privation, poverty, and mockery, till he made the first Ford car. Finally he secured financial backing, then broke away from it and arrived at complete ownership, so that he could carry out his idea of producing what the largest possible public would buy at the lowest possible price and getting the best men to work for him by paying the best wages. Following this policy he became the richest and most materially successful man in the world. But at sixty-seven he works just as ardently as he always did. In him, at any rate, the passion for work can never be satisfied.

Ford, like Edison, is apt to attribute his success almost wholly to untiring, persistent work: "When all is said and done, the ability to work means more than anything else." No doubt a few other elements enter in. There is the extraordinary, varied fertility of an active and highly endowed brain, and there is the exquisite skill and efficiency in the fingers to bring the designs of the brain to realization. But steady work does count, enormously, and Ford is never tired of emphasizing it in all its aspects. Work is the normal condition of humanity. We cannot be happy without it, we cannot be good without it, we cannot live without it. And he makes the further, most important point, that if you want to get ahead you must work not only at set hours but all the time. "I had plenty of time, for I never left my business. I do not believe a man can ever leave his business. He ought to think of it by day and dream of it by night." You cannot make a fortune by working when you are told and playing the bulk of the time.

Again, according to Henry Ford, work, to a well-constituted mind, is not only a duty but a pleasure. It brings not only wealth, but health and contentment. "As a matter of fact, I don't believe in any hours for work. A man ought to work as long as he wants to, and he ought to enjoy his work so much that he wants to work as long as he can." In the Ford factories this is everyone's state of mind, or at any rate Henry Ford likes to think so.

And if there might be some argument about work as pleasure, there can be none about work as profit. The smallest necessities and the greatest luxuries can only be had and kept by somebody's working for them, and the material profit is in the end no greater than the spiritual: "The idea is rather general that the chief curse of life is to work for a living. Thinking men know that work is the salvation of the race, morally, physically, socially. Work does more than get us our living: it gets us our life."

With such convictions about labor, it is evident that Ford would not have much sympathy with indolence or self-indulgence. Nor has he. A leisure class, living on the accumulation of the past, seems to him as utterly parasitical and hateful as it seems to the Socialists and the Bolsheviks, though his idea of getting rid of it is different from theirs: "In my mind nothing is more abhorrent than a life of ease. There is no place in civilization for the idler." Nor does this apply only to those who have never worked; it has equal force for the man who has worked hard and made his pile and thinks he has finished. Work is never finished. Only when we are working can we be sure that we are alive; and we must work to the end, not for the material profit it may bring us, but for the spiritual benefit to the world and to ourselves.

And, as in all such cases, one inquires curiously what may be the underlying motives for this incessant, bee-like assiduity of labor. Ford insists that the desire for money is not among them, and this may be true, although the American habit of work is so intimately involved with the right to

gain by that work that it is always difficult to separate the two. Ambition, the desire to succeed in what you have undertaken, is far more significant, to show these idlers, these gapers, these mockers, that you can do what you have set out to do, can make an automobile and make the world ride in it. But perhaps most significant of all is the eternal, unconscious, instinctive passion for doing something, the craving to be occupied, the fruitful nervousness, which is as habitual to some men as it is inexplicable to others. This restless, undying activity seems to have been inherent in Ford, from childhood to this hour, as it is suggested in the comment of John Burroughs, describing one of their camping trips: "Mr. Ford was so restless that if he could find nothing else to do he would clean out springs, or chop wood, or teach a young lad to run the car." Only in Ford the activity which in many men is vague and gets nowhere, ran from the start in the direction that led to fortune.

II

For it cannot be denied that what appeals to the imagination of his country and of the wide world, even more than the automobile, is the fact that Ford in a few years progressed from nothing to a billion and is to-day the richest man that ever lived. And everyone asks how he did it. It may be said at once that it was not by dishonesty or even by sharpness in the derogatory sense, though no doubt the man is shrewd enough in making a business deal in a business way. There was of course the great idea of producing something that everyone would use with small profits on enormous sales. But no idea made this billion. It was the infinite care and intelligence in detail, the extraordinary organization for efficiency, the economy of human effort in every possible way, the saving of time, the saving of steps, the saving of strength.

And as Ford's acquisition of money is profoundly interesting, so the same interest attaches to his views of the handling of it when you have got it. Every word that comes from him on such a matter has a vast influence on the youth of America, and when it was reported that he spurned saving, a far-reaching incentive was supplied for tendencies already human enough and not requiring any special encouragement among the American youth of to-day. Obviously Ford's idea of spending and wasting was very different from that of the boy who lets his money flow out as freely as it comes in for any casual purpose. Being a passionate worker himself, the billionaire could not conceive of anyone's spending except to advance his work. But when Ford looked about and appreciated the vast outlay on personal indulgence and luxury that was going on around him, his protest was as strenuous as that of any old-fashioned economist: "Teaching the people to invest wisely, to begin getting things that make their lives more productive of real values is one thing; teaching them to forget their natural abhorrence of debt, leading them to forego their independence by working for a small army of instalment collectors is quite another thing." Yet probably Henry Ford's pronouncement was as potent in this latter direction as any other one influence.

But even when Ford is astonishing and sometimes amusing, he is always interesting, and his ideas about the use of money are as suggestive as about the getting and the care of it. Spending, for purposes of luxury or pleasure, has never been a large part of his program; he has no time for spending: "I never have known what to do with money after my expenses were paid—can't squander it on myself without hurting myself, and nobody wants to do that.

Money is the most useless thing in the world anyhow." Giving is a more serious matter, and when you have a billion, you can give a good deal without feeling it. Ford's generosity in individual cases, where his feelings are touched, is indisputable. But it has been noted that he does not embark on any such immensely extensive philanthropies as the Carnegie or Rockefeller Foundations, and the explanation of this is to be found in his general views on charity which are expressed with the sharp incisiveness that distinguishes all his utterances. "I have no patience with professional charity." Again: "Why should there be any necessity for almsgiving in a civilized community? Instead of feeding the hungry, why not go further and make hunger impossible? It is easy to give; it is harder to make giving unnecessary." A good deal harder, some of us would think; but nothing is impossible with Henry Ford: has he not made the automobile? All that is needed is to find work for everybody, and work can always be found. Then charity will not be required.

The chief point that impresses one in Ford's many comments on money is his contempt for it. There is nothing of real value or permanent importance that money can do for you or give you. If you think of it as an end, you will stunt your life. Over and over he repeats in ever-varying forms his favorite adage, that it is not money that counts, but service. "We are growing out of this worship of the material. It is no longer a distinction to be rich. As a matter of fact, to be rich is no longer a common ambition."

Yet underneath it all one feels all the time that the man relishes to the full the enormous power that money gives him. When you have hundreds of millions in the bank and hundreds of thousands of men working for you, you become an almost incalculable force in the world, and Ford appreciates what this means as keenly as anyone. It is not only the mere superficial sense of wealth, such as appears in Frank Munsey's remark to a friend, "I like to pull out a roll and strip off a thousand dollar bill and hand it to someone," and as appears still more in Ford's reply to the query of Lochner, his agent in the peace adventure, as to whether he was willing to go the financial limit in his peace efforts: "Of course. Shucks! I can put $150,000,000 cash right now into this work if necessary. And then I have plans and inventions in my head that can net me another $150,000,000. And, by the way, speaking of money reminds me. I've got $10,000 cash right now on my person; even Plantiff [Ford's financial manager at that time] doesn't know anything about this. I thought that when we go to Europe you and I might want to run off on some little stunt of our own. Asking Plantiff for money might give it away." The sense of power goes far deeper than these manifestations, and involves the intimate appreciation that most men still look up to money with awe, not only for what it is but for what it does.

When I was a mere boy, I noticed my father's attitude in this matter with interest and amusement. My father was one of the most independent men who ever lived, and he cared as little for money in itself as anyone. He left business before he was forty, because he had accumulated enough to enable him to indulge tastes and habits that he thought more spiritually worth while. Yet I never tired of observing the difference between his deferential awe in saluting the local millionaire and the off-hand patronage in his greeting of the local minister. To watch it was an illiberal education.

III

You cannot do much in the world, certainly you cannot make much

money, without using human beings. At any rate Henry Ford has made vast and constant use of them, and the elements and aspects of this use deserve curious study. Like Edison, it would appear that Ford owed little in his early years to the influence of anyone. His mother helped him and formed him much, he says, but she died when he was very young. I do not find that he had any teachers who counted greatly, even in his mechanical labors. He worked out his problems himself and got surer if slower results in that way.

On the other hand, there seems to be some question as to how much other men have influenced his career and policy in later years. Lochner, in his account of the Peace Ship adventure, suggests that Ford was much affected and at times almost controlled by other forces in the organization. The influence of his secretary Liebold is asserted to have been very powerful and Lochner gives a striking and vivid account of the methods employed by Marquis, at one time Ford's pastor but later decidedly estranged from him, to dissuade his chief from following up the peace undertaking: "He provided a setting of coldness, chilliness, and loneliness (Mr. Ford was left absolutely alone for hours at a time while Dr. Marquis locked the apartment and left) to hasten Mr. Ford's decision to quit the party and return to Detroit." Which certainly provides an odd comment on the futility of millions. But Lochner was prejudiced and it should never be forgotten that Ford has always been supremely ingenious in slipping the responsibility for disagreeable decisions on to his subordinates.

The question arises as to Ford's insight and his gift for understanding the men and women with whom he works so largely. Opinions here seem to differ. By many observers he is said to be natural and simple in his approach to others, to listen to them, to defer to them, above all to be quick and sure in his apprehension of their characters and lives. And again Marquis assures us that if Mr. Ford had been a better listener and mixer, he would have avoided some mistakes. But Marquis also is obviously prejudiced and the natural conclusion is that Ford, with his admirable gift of quick and subtle thinking, goes right to the bottom of men's hearts when he has occasion to, but that much of the time he is too absorbed with his own problems and interests to concern himself about those of others.

There is the same apparent contradiction in his judgment of mankind in general. With the natural haughtiness of one who has done great things easily, where the mass of men cannot do them at all, he is inclined to emphasize the distinctions. Some men are born to do the monotonous tasks, which he could not endure. Let them do them. Yet with all this cynicism in spots, Ford frequently shows a sincere as well as an ostentatious kindliness and there is not wanting evidence of a candid trust in human nature that is almost naïve.

With this general basis of human understanding Ford of course had at all times to meet all sorts of persons in his business progress. There were those whom he met on a footing of equality, colleagues or competitors. Evidently in the early years he had to depend much upon assistance, at any rate financial assistance from others. There seems to have been no serious friction or difficulty. He was always tactful, always considerate. When his partners left him, it was usually on good terms and often with a large fortune in their pockets. But they left him, or he got rid of them, for he believed in playing a lone hand and played it. With competitors it is something the same as with coadjutors. In the abstract Ford

speaks of competition with respect. It is the life of business and only through it can progress be made. But when his interests are threatened, he can be very active, and his obstinate fight against those who sued him for infringement of patent is one of the most notable events of his career.

Even more interesting is Ford's relation to those who serve him. From everyone he gets all that can be got, and he would be the first to admit it. There are the manual workers for a weekly wage. Ford gets the best men that can be had by paying them liberally. He furnishes them every facility and encouragement that can be given by mechanical appliances and aids to efficiency of all kinds, he provides for their health and comfort and safety, he stimulates their interest to work in every possible way—and then he expects an almost incredible amount of work and sees that it is done. He never orders, he suggests; but his suggestions are more valid than the orders of Cæsar or Peter the Great. He often goes quietly in overalls among the men, moves and speaks and works as one of them, but they are perfectly aware that he is the boss of them and of millions, and he knows they are. It is the same with the workers of a higher rank. Take the corps of writers, of one kind or another. They often provide Ford with words, sometimes it seems as if they provided him with thoughts; but the thoughts and the words, like the time and the life, become his, for he pays for them. And if it is convenient to shift the master's sins on to their shoulders, it is done—and paid for. So with the managing executives everywhere. They are well paid and treated with consideration. But they have to be efficient, they have to take the burden of severity off their chief's shoulders when it is indicated, and if they show symptoms of being too independently capable, they have to—disappear.

With this apparent remorseless exaction there is also an apparent extreme consideration for every worker, from the highest to the lowest. Better wages are paid than anyone else pays. Sickness is provided for as well as health, and you can be treated in the magnificent Ford Hospital—only it must be strictly according to the Ford rules. The lame, the blind, the crippled, have always been regarded as a useless burden on society. In the Ford shops they are made useful and happy with work and proper employment is found for them, which often they can do better than anyone else. Have you been a drunkard or a thief or a murderer and are you just out of jail? It makes no difference to Ford. You apply for a job, you show your capacity for doing it, and you get it and keep it, so long as you continue to behave decently. Your police record is obliterated and forgotten.

Ford himself strongly and constantly emphasizes the philanthropic aspect of all these matters. He is the friend and benefactor of all poor people, wants to benefit them in every way, and is benefiting them by providing them with work that will bring them an honest livelihood: "I don't want any more than my share of money. I'm going to get rid of it—to use it all to build more and more factories, to give as many people as I can a chance to be prosperous." More cynical critics do not always echo the benign eulogy. "There is no hint as yet that the Ford wealth is troubling the Ford conscience or the Ford spirit," says Mr. Pound. And one extremely harsh critic declares that Ford "is as selfish a man as God permits to breathe."

There can be no question as to the sincerity of Ford's own convictions in the matter. When he says, "All business should be reshaped on a basis of service. I want to show that poverty can be abolished by increasing the serv-

ice rendered to the people by all business," he means what he says and is doing his best to act upon it. But it is endlessly curious to trace the complication of motive in the matter. For Ford himself amply admits that the simple philosophy of this large benefaction is that it pays. You are not doing it for that; your motive is better and higher. All the same, it does pay. You make the world better wisely, judiciously—and you get rich doing it. "Do what is fundamentally best for everybody. It will work out for our interests in the end." The widest usefulness carries with it fatally, inevitably the biggest profit. Now the ordinary man finds it difficult to see his way in this complicated spiritual process and even gets to resent "service" as an eternally reiterated watchword. Is he really being helped? Is he really being exploited? Are both possible at once? Such inconvenient interrogation attaches and will attach to the philanthropic millionaire, and as a consequence he may be respected and admired, he is rarely beloved.

IV

Even these most absorbed and furious workers must have some distraction, though it seems as if not many of them had less than Ford and especially as if not many infused more of the element of work into their distractions. Many persons find the rarest and most delicate distraction in the things of the mind and look upon intellectual pleasures as being the most varied and inexhaustible. The complication of Henry Ford's view in this matter is extremely curious. He appreciates that thinking is a vital essential of all fruitful work of any kind and that it is not only fruitful but laborious: "An educated man is one who can accomplish things. A man who cannot think is not an educated man, no matter how many college degrees he has. Thinking is the hardest work that anyone can do." Yet thinking as an amusement, thinking for itself and unproductive, he cannot too bitterly condemn. Intellectual activity, followed as a mere pastime, is perilous, seductive, corrupting: "Our reading is too casual. We read to escape thinking. Reading can become a dope habit. . . . Book-sickness is a modern ailment."

He has at least been determined that that ailment should not affect his robust physique. He had little formal education to begin with, and he has never supplemented it by the wide irregular reading which Edison has kept up so remarkably. Ford says, "I don't like to read books: they muss up my mind." In this indifference to ignorance and even praise of it lies the root of many of Ford's strange limitations. He boasts his disregard for the past, he calls history "bunk," he proclaims that the present and the future are all that interest him. As if any man could use the present or gauge the future without knowing the past! And it would be difficult to surpass the intellectual arrogance of Ford's own pronouncement: "The only reason why every man does not know everything that the human mind has ever learned is that no one has ever yet found it worth while to know that much."

If Ford has little interest in intellectual pleasures, in æsthetic he has still less. Painting, sculpture, and music are as much "bunk" and waste of time as history. Processes sometimes interest him, and he has spent many hours in artists' studios watching them work; but the results are of little consequence. So with the natural world. He proclaims a great desire to enable all mankind to enjoy "God's great spaces," and he takes pains to protect the birds. But when he goes on a camping trip, he wants to be doing something, making

fires or cutting down trees, and his chief interest in the streams is how much power they might be made to yield.

It is something the same with human relations. Ford is kindly and affectionate and lovable, so far as he has time for such things. He appears to cherish his mother's memory with deep devotion: she taught him how to keep things clean, which is of the greatest use in a factory and in making a fortune. He delayed inventing the automobile for a few months so that he might woo a capable girl and marry her, and he found her advice, her criticism, and above all her trust and confidence, of the greatest value in his work: "It was a very great thing to have my wife even more confident than I was. She has always been that way." And he turns to her in many things besides work.

Perhaps the most charming hint of diversion that I have come across in connection with Ford is his love for children. Lochner says, "Henry Ford is at his best when playing with children. They take to him instinctively. He will sit on the floor with them, whittle wooden toys for them, tell them simple stories and forget wholly about affairs of the greatest moment while thus enjoying himself." In this connection I wish I had more light about his dealings with his son Edsel. Apparently he not only has always adored the boy but is ready to turn over to him his largest interests and most serious concerns. Is Edsel merely or mainly a brilliant sample of his father's handiwork, or, as sometimes happens in these cases, is the strong, authoritative, arbitrary father completely subdued and moulded to the suggestion and influence of the son?

Again in larger human relations I wonder whether Ford has any real and close friends. He seems at times to have an almost wistful longing for human kinship and he speaks of friendship as a rare and precious possession. But he must feel keenly the difficulty of securing genuine attachment for a man in his position. That billion hedges him off with a more impassable barrier than even thrones and crowns. How can you ever be sure that the man who approaches you does not want something? And most of them do. Flattery and cringing and time-serving intrude and crowd into such an atmosphere with an inevitable and fatal pressure. You feel the singular weight of these things in all the Ford biographies. The oppression of millions hangs upon them and distorts and disfigures everything.

In social intercourse and conversation Ford is said to be gentle, quiet, unassertive, and even shy. He is extremely averse to speaking in public and avoids it wherever possible. But when he is once at ease and likes his audience, his flow of words is free and abundant. He tells good stories, plenty of them, and he has a play of quiet jesting, even occasionally at himself.

Amusement in general seems to be something he knows little about. When he was a boy, he swam and skated. He still skates when he can. Skating is good physical exercise and exercise is necessary to health, and hence to work. Ford has always cared for his health and by exercise, moderate eating, and total abstinence from stimulants he has kept his spare, lean body capable of tremendous effort, so that in the sixties he was fully equal to the remodeling of the standard Ford, which he called the greatest labor of his life.

But amusement as such is rather unimportant. One curious pastime has developed in his later years, the collecting of relics of antiquity, and his purchase and restoration of the Wayside Inn with accessories is almost as

notorious as the automobile. The interesting thing here is that after so energetically decrying the historical past, the man should set himself to establishing a museum of antiques. The explanation seems to be that he is immensely interested in the past, provided it concerns himself. Perhaps a wider study would have taught him that the history of the whole world exists only to throw light upon you and me and Henry Ford.

Games proper are even less profitable than larger amusements. Ford used to play baseball as a boy and in age occasionally condescends to millionaire golf. But these things make little appeal. Here again there is a curious exception and in later years he has revived the old-fashioned dances of his youth. The whole treatment of these is characteristic. No sooner does he get interested than he hires a satellite to write up the subject, and the old reels and rounds and square dances are all formally standardized with the completeness of every Ford institution. Yet somehow I cannot imagine Ford really carried away by the exhilaration and the ecstasy of the dance. What he needs to make him perfect is to be vamped by a siren of a New York night-club. But it is a little difficult to imagine Henry Ford in this connection.

V

When a man analyzes life in general with such shrewd and penetrating, if often divagating, insight, one is naturally curious about his analysis of himself. Here there are the usual Ford contradictions. Sometimes he seems peculiarly apt and willing to reveal his soul. Hear what one observer has to say on this head: "As I talked with him, he gave the impression that he thinks aloud, one was astonished at the thoughts he permitted to escape from the hidden sources of his mind. Another man would not say everything he thought. Ford does." Yet again he shuts up, and seems determined to let no one see the inner life at all. As he said to a man once: "You know me too well; hereafter I am going to see to it that no man comes to know me as intimately as you do." And the very abundance of Ford's talks on all sorts of subjects, their abundance and apparent abandon, is misleading. He says a great deal, but he says so much you do not quite know what he is saying. Moreover, you can never be sure what is Ford and what is his interpreter. He is so much in the habit of letting others speak for him that he gets to accepting and admitting their representation of his thought as his own, when in reality his own might be different.

Yet with all these drawbacks and difficulties you can get extraordinary glimpses of insight into an extraordinary character, and the difficulties, as usual, only make the effort more interesting. Take Ford's estimate of his own practical abilities and powers. On the surface he is extremely modest and deprecatory about them. Nothing remarkable there, nothing that every ordinary man does not have, if he is disposed to use it. Any man can make a billion dollars, if he will take the trouble. Yet all the time, almost unconsciously, you feel the secure exaltation, the immense and solid egotism, which does appreciate that it stands above others, far above them, whether by their incapacity or their indolence is not important. It is all apologetic, it is always carefully *we* who do things. But the *we* simply doubles, triples, infinitely multiplies the personality and the greatness and the achievement of Henry Ford. There is nothing more interesting to watch than the studied and for that matter often the real modesty of an ego that identifies itself with the universe, as you and I also do for that matter.

With this consciousness of his own power is there in Ford any consciousness of practical weakness or deficiency? I have searched for such, but I do not find many. And in the larger field of moral excellence or imperfection I find Ford much the same. There is never a hint of conceited boasting of his own virtue, but there is a comfortable assurance of it, and never anywhere is there the faintest suggestion of disquietude or discomfort over matters of conduct done or omitted. You might be better, you might be worse; but you are just—Henry Ford, doing the best you can, and why should God ask any more of you?

In his aims and ideals as regards life at large, as well as regards business, Ford is absolutely sincere, there can be no question of it. He may be incoherent, he may be unpractical, but he is never hypocritical, never talks for the sake of talking. He is always trying to get somewhere, even when it is not quite clear where, and the lack of clarity is sometimes owing to the altitude. In his books and his life you get the impression of a man who has somehow outgrown himself, whose brain is reaching into a region far different from that touched by his manipulating hands and trodden by his feet.

In such an extended career of ideal and often vaguely directed effort one would suppose that there must be many plain failures, and it is interesting to get Ford's attitude towards these. What it amounts to is that, like Edison, he refuses to recognize failure at all. What is it but merely a stepping-stone in the progress to success? Stick to it, and you will not fail: "More men are beaten than fail. It is not wisdom they need, or money, or brilliance, or 'pull,' but just plain gristle and bone."

And as Ford discounts failure, so he rids himself of discouragement, depression, melancholy, and all the disagreeable concomitants that failure brings with it. I have looked long and carefully for suggestions of nerves, of the haunting, harrowing burden of futility and uselessness by which genius is so apt to be overcome and oppressed, but such things are rare. And in general there is no admission of despair in any way whatever. Depression is unreasonable and meaningless. It has its root in fear, and fear is the deadliest enemy of man's achievement in general: "Fear is the portion of the man who acknowledges his career to be in the keeping of earthly circumstances. Fear is the result of the body assuming ascendency over the soul."

In contrast with failure, or in keeping with his estimate of it, is Ford's estimate of success. Undeniably there is a certain curiously mystic element in this. When all is said and done, he feels that there is a subtle something which brings or helps to bring plans to a happy consummation. Success with him, however, is far from being a matter of dreams. It is a matter of the same old persistent, indefatigable labor. Precisely because labor is so large an element of it, every man ought to be able to succeed provided his aims are reasonably possible, and Ford's splendid optimism enlarges the region of possibility far beyond the vision of most of us: "Henry Ford is a self-made man. But because he has landed on top, he assumes that everybody else can do so. He believes that when a man fails to succeed, it is largely his own fault."

Lastly with Ford there is the realization that he is one of the most talked of men in the wide world and the question is, how much he enjoys it. If you listen to his admiring friends, you will conclude that publicity is the last thing he thinks of. It is necessary to get the Ford automobiles and tractors to the people who need them. For himself he prefers quiet and life in shadow. But there are some utterances of his

own that make one doubt a little. He does indeed say, "Most of us will never attain fame, and that is a pity, because then we shall never have the opportunity to realize how well off we were without it." But perhaps the deeper truth of human nature shows in another remark: "All men like praise. If a man says that he doesn't, he should examine himself again." In other words, if Henry Ford were to wake up some day and find that he was not one of the most prominent men in the world, the result would probably be some new discovery or development that would put him on the front page once more.

VI

To complete the study of Henry Ford, it is necessary to consider his relation to the spiritual and abstract questions and elements of life. When these questions are connected with this world he is at all times full of interest in them. His busy and active mind is perpetually occupied with the larger problems, and the everlasting puzzle with him is to understand how an intelligence so sure and solid in the practical matters which have been his proper concern can trust itself and thrust itself with arrogant confidence into fields as to which he has little experience and less information. It is perfectly natural that he should have and express vigorous opinions about work and wages. But when it comes to complicated matters like general economics and finance, the minutiæ of education, and the broader bearing of machines on life, one's interest is directed rather to how Ford comes to venture into such subjects than to the value of the opinions themselves. Yet on every one of these great themes he has a secure and positive pronouncement such as it is.

With these sociological aspirations, it would seem obvious that Ford would be interested in the political means by which they might be realized. But his unlimited contempt for bankers and lawyers is quite equalled by his contempt for politicians. They are a useless generation who give themselves to talk, and inefficiency like theirs would run the Ford organization on the rocks inside of a week. "What the world chiefly needs to-day is fewer diplomats and politicians, and more men advancing from kerchiefs to collars." The most curious point here is Ford's own candidacy for the Senate, which was defeated by the corrupt practices of Newberry, and still more the movement to nominate him for President in 1924. It is notable that a vast body of farmers and Americans generally were inclined to favor him, and still more interesting is his own attitude in the matter. Ostensibly he was indifferent and even unwilling. He was occupied with bigger concerns than being President of the United States. But at the same time there is a charming, simple, shy suggestion that when the great need comes Henry Ford is in the background, always available: "The leaders are here, although they do not crave any honor which is bought at the price of helplessness and impotence in office. The leaders are here, but they will not fight for the tinsel of a public title. The leaders are here; and when the hour arrives for free, *untrammeled* public service, these men will move quite naturally into their places." Now who do you suppose the leaders can be?

To estimate Ford's qualifications for the presidency it is of advantage to sum up a few of the chimerical projects as well as the singular antipathies which he has brought forward at one time or another. Among the latter the chief is the fierce attack on the Jews, which was waged by the Dearborn *Independent*, until the bitter irritation aroused drove Ford to disclaim the excesses and shift the burden to others. Of the more positive schemes there is the Muscle

Shoals plan, which he still hopes to carry out, with its dazzling intermixture of public benefit and personal profit; the many suggestions for making over the life of the farmer; commodity money, which is to destroy the golden supremacy of those horrible bankers; the strange, almost unbelievable adventure of the Peace Ship, so much more like a Don Quixote than an automobile manufacturer; and crowning all, the absolute confidence that radios and airplanes will bring about universal harmony: "The motion-picture with its universal language, the airplane with its speed, and the radio with its coming international program—these will soon bring the whole world to a complete understanding. Thus may we vision a United States of the World. Ultimately it will surely come."

Underneath these somewhat fantastic divagations it is always easy to trace a sure and solid basis of traditional middle-class American morals, which Ford learned at his mother's knee and has never forgotten. This appears admirably in the delightful talk with that thoroughly kindred spirit, Eddie Guest: "I have tried to live my life as my mother would have wished. I believe I have done, as far as I could, just what she hoped for me. She taught duty in this world. I believed her then and I believe her now. I have tried to follow her teachings."

On the other hand, when it comes to deeper and larger religious and philosophical considerations, Ford seems singularly empty and unprofitable. Here again the conventional attitude is obvious enough. Always go to church, even if you only get a little comfortable sleep in that way. Read your Bible. Under all circumstances observe the Sabbath, because mother did, and no wheel turns in any Ford factory on Sunday. But I do not find that God or the future are of much more import to Henry Ford than to Theodore Roosevelt or Nikolai Lenin. Do your work here, and let these ulterior matters take care of themselves: "Religion, like everything else, is a thing that should be kept working. I see no use in spending a great deal of time learning about heaven and hell." The odd point is that the only thing about the future life that appears to interest Ford is more, more, a lot more of life here, and the vital element of his creed is the theory of reincarnation. If he can't get Muscle Shoals in this existence, he may come back and get it later: who knows?

And another striking point in Ford's religious connection is that, so far as he is interested in God at all, it is as a God of work. "The Lord is working and will clear the land of those who will not go ahead." In other words, God has got to work in order to keep his job. If he did not work day and night, like Henry Ford, the universe would not only not be worth living in, it would collapse and disappear. "My father worketh hitherto, and I work." Everybody works. But some of us, who are probably born indolent and therefore natural objects of contempt, like to believe in and cherish the pure, divine possibility of play.

So as one looks back at this varied, many-colored survey, one finds the man not perhaps more of a mystery than most, but certainly strangely complicated, and one remembers the ingenious comment of Marquis, that "he has in him the makings of a great man, the parts lying about in more or less disorder. If only Henry Ford were properly assembled!" With all the millions, with all the powers, with all the successes, with all the knotty problems solved and forgotten, one somehow gets the impression of a man groping, struggling, trying to adjust a universe that is vastly, tragically unadjustable—in short, of a man forever wrestling with life just like you and me.

THE FALSE TALISMAN

A STORY

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

EVERY morning on San Francisco Bay a fleet of ferry boats deposits fifty thousand workers in San Francisco. And every evening the same ferry boats carry these fifty thousand workers home again. Eddie Schott was one of the fifty thousand. He had a linen-collar job in an insurance office on California Street and he lived with his mother and two sisters in a two-story house in East Oakland. The elder sister, Lena, worked in a notion store just around the corner from the ancestral home, but Elsie, the younger, stayed home and helped mama with the housework.

Eddie Schott was the pride and envy of his neighbors. His genteel occupation, for one thing, set him apart in a neighborhood of males who went to work in overalls, and, secondly, he had a mysterious entrée into exalted circles. On Friday nights, particularly, when they saw him hurrying back to town with a huge bass horn under his arm they used to say either pridefully or sneeringly, according to their mood, "Well, there goes Eddie to his club. . . . Pretty soft for some guys!" If they were feeling genial they thought, "Nice boy, Eddie!" If they were in a bitter frame of mind they muttered, "I wonder how he gets that way!" But in either case they speculated on how Eddie had made the grade.

Eddie Schott used to wonder himself. He knew as well as anyone that he had got into the Gaiety Club more or less on a fluke. It was a distinction to belong to the Gaiety Club. You had either to be a man of talent in the arts or a millionaire. If you were in one of the arts you made yourself entertaining. If you were a millionaire you paid the assessments. It was a capital arrangement. Three or four times during the winter the Gaiety Club put on a show for its members and in the summer they went to their camp in a forest and held high carnival for a week. All this required a large membership of men who could provide entertainment. There was a club chorus, a club orchestra, actors, dancers, even a club band. Eddie Schott played the bass horn in the band. It was so large that when he fitted it around his narrow shoulders it completely swamped his personality.

This horn was a legacy from his father. Anton Schott had driven a brewer's wagon—a mountain of a man with a wide chest and an even wider girth. He had belonged in his day to a Schützenverein. Every Sunday this shooting club dressed up in Bavarian huntsman garb and went down to a private park for target practice. An amateur band, recruited from the ranks of the members, always walked at the head of these excursions. And in that band was Anton Schott, puffing lustily on his bass horn. Eddie's spine used

to tingle every time he thought of his father swinging down the street with a flame of brass slung over his shoulders. The elder Schott towered above every other man in the organization. He was like one of the giants in "Rheingold."

Eddie's first remembrance was sitting in a little summer-house in the back yard at twilight, listening to his father running up and down the scales on his horn. He had held his breath in taut wonder at a father who could shake the sound out of anything so monstrous and gleaming. Night after night he used to sit thus beside his father, listening, until his mother would come and lead him away to bed. At that moment Anton Schott would cease his puffing for an instant. He would cease his puffing and put a caressing hand on his son's head and say:

"When you grow up big, like poppa —you play a horn, too! Yes?"

It was a daring prophecy, and Eddie thrilled to it. He thought about it as he climbed the stairs to his bedroom; he thought about it as he said his prayers; he was still thinking about it as he dropped off to sleep, the sound of his father's horn floating in through the open window.

As soon as Eddie was big enough his father held the horn to his son's lips, laughing at the feeble notes like the faintly raucous chirp of a raven's fledgling, that it emitted.

"See, mama, how he makes a sound!" Anton would call to his wife.

But Mrs. Schott would shake her head and say: "He is too little yet."

"Now, maybe, he is too little. But wait until he grows up big like poppa!"

Eddie grew up, but not "big like poppa." The forebears of Mrs. Schott, who had been tailors, had had a hand in shaping the destiny of Anton Schott's son. But Anton never for a moment acknowledged it. He insisted on pretending that some day his son would come into a deferred physical heritage. He never for a moment admitted that the blood of tailors could thwart a long line of brewers and produce a Schott who would be anything short of six feet, with appropriate girth and chest. He saw his son taking his place on the brewery wagon, in the ranks of sharpshooters marching to weekly practice; and, not only marching to practice, but, like himself, overtopping everybody by virtue of height and bulk and a gigantic horn. It was to this end that he at first held the horn to Eddie's lips and later let the weight of it almost crush the narrow shoulders, until Mrs. Schott would protest and say:

"Poppa! for shame! He is too little, yet!"

Anton Schott's reply was always the same. "Now, maybe! . . . But wait until he grows up big like poppa!"

Anton Schott died when Eddie was nineteen. Even in the face of his son's scant hundred and twenty-five pounds and a job in an insurance office, the head of the Schott family went to his reward in the hope that some day Eddie would grow up big. His only legacy to Eddie was his horn. The ranks of the sharpshooters were dwindling. They sent a delegation to see Eddie. Would he take his father's place in the band? There could be only one answer to such a question. A family with a tradition to maintain must strain every nerve to keep its pennant flying. Eddie accepted. He managed, somehow, to stagger under the weight of his father's horn to the weekly shooting fests; he managed, somehow, to make the horn heard above the blare of trumpets and the clashing of cymbals. But he knew in his heart that he was a feeble artist. There was nothing grand about his performance. Then, one day, a surprise came. A business associate for

whom Eddie had done a rare turn said to him one day over a plate of shrimps in the California Market, "I hear you play the bass horn. Would you like to join the Gaiety Club's band?" The Gaiety Club's band! The Gaiety Club that had dinners for John Barrymore and luncheons for President Hoover and suppers for Maurice Chevalier! The Gaiety Club that in its day had entertained Rudyard Kipling and Sir Henry Irving and Li Hung Chang! Would he join the Gaiety Club's band? *Would* he! . . . His heart pounded until he thought the nonchalant friend sitting across the table would hear it.

That night when he told the family his voice shook a little. Mama said:

"The Gaiety Club . . . no, I have never heard of it!"

But Lena, the elder sister, knew. "Of course you know about the Gaiety Club, mama. Don't you remember, where Tillie Edelman's husband used to wait on table?"

"Oh," cried Mrs. Schott, "but that is a grand place! Only millionaires belong to that club."

Eddie explained: if you were an artist it cost you little or nothing. It cost you even less than it did to belong to the Schützenverein. An artist? Mama thought only in terms of paint brush and palette in connection with that word. Eddie explained again: if you played a horn you were likewise an artist.

"So!" said Mrs. Schott, still pondering the matter in her heart. And would he continue to play the horn for the Schützenverein?

"Mama, don't be silly!" cried Lena.

Later he heard Lena and Elsie talking it over in the kitchen as they washed the dishes.

"They'll have ladies' nights," said Lena.

"How do you know?" asked Elsie.

"Because clubs like that always do."

"You mean *we* can go?"

"Why not? We're ladies, I hope!"

"They'll be a lot of swell fellows there," said Elsie.

"Sure!" replied Lena.

There was a note of confidence, of hope in their voices. Eddie smiled to himself.

It was some time before Eddie Schott became a member of the Gaiety Club. There were tiresome preliminaries: his name to be proposed, sponsors to be rounded up, the intent posted on the club bulletin board. Eddie continued to walk in his father's footsteps to target practice and when the Verein gave dances he dutifully took his sisters. But he had lost interest and he could see they had, too. Assuming a bored air, Lena and Elsie sat out most of the dances. "There's an awful common crowd getting in here," Lena used to say scornfully. Eddie knew better. He knew that it wasn't the crowd that had changed.

He had moments of fear during these weeks of waiting. Suppose somebody at the Gaiety Club blackballed him? Suppose they found somebody more prominent who could play the horn? He dreamed one night that this had happened. He dreamed that the man chosen in his stead to play the bass horn was Lindbergh. The dream was so ridiculous that it reassured him. But he was still nervous. Not so much on his own account, but because he could see what store his sisters were setting on the hope of an enlarged horizon. As a matter of fact, he was not far behind them in this. He used to find himself building up a bright and shining new world on his prospects. He pictured himself meeting men of affairs, making valuable connections, rising materially, artistically, socially. But these moments of elation were often succeeded by a blue funk. Meanwhile the business associate who had proposed his name moved to New

York. Eddie Schott was in despair. But he said nothing of this to his sisters. And then one day a letter came telling him that he had been elected to the Gaiety Club and would he report the next Friday evening for band practice? Without waiting another moment he sat down and wrote his resignation to the Schützenverein.

There began now for Eddie Schott a life of swaggering deception. Outwardly he clothed his humor in a scarlet cloak, but his heart was leaden.

Every Friday night he went diligently to rehearsal, bearing his slight shoulders erect as he passed the front porches of his neighbors. "There goes Eddie to the Gaiety Club!" he knew they were saying as he went by. The thought of his importance in their eyes thrilled him past the boundary line of the neighborhood. Once on the train and headed for the ferry he slumped. For only he knew what an empty honor this membership in the Gaiety Club had proved to be. What he hated most was to encounter a friend going citywards who would say:

"The big night, eh, Eddie? . . . Gee, I'll bet you have a swell time. Gee, I'll bet there's a swell bunch belong to that club! . . . Were you there the night they had Charlie Chaplin up from Hollywood?"

Sure, he had a swell time. Sure, there was a swell bunch belonged. Sure, he had been there the night they had had Charlie Chaplin up from Hollywood. Hadn't the band played that night? Whenever the band played Eddie was all right. He could hide under his flaming horn. But when rehearsal or the band's part in a program were over his agony began. He would stand watching the company break up into groups, drifting toward the smoking room, into the bar, clustering around the supper table. "Hello, Schott," they would call at him as they passed. Not "Hello, old scout!" Not "Hello, you big stiff!" Not "Hello, Eddie!" but just "Hello, Schott," leaving him staring wistfully after them. He would stand in the reception hall watching them, until the last group had settled upon their diversion. Then he would turn away, hesitating between a quick departure or a forlorn extension of his torment. At this point the hat boy usually settled the issue for him by saying, "Going out, Mr. Schott?" bustling toward his hat without even waiting for a reply. The hat boy knew! And that was an added humiliation.

One night he found himself blurting out to the hat boy, "Sure I'm going! Nothing to do around this dump if you don't know the bunch."

"Oh, well, Mr. Schott, it takes time!" the boy had said soothingly. "Wait till you go up to the summer encampment. That's where you make friends."

This prophecy revived his hope. Naturally, he'd get to know the bunch better then, sleeping and eating and drinking with them. He hadn't thought much about the summer encampment before. Now his mind was filled with it. As the time drew near items began to appear in the daily papers. A Chief Justice was coming way from Washington to camp out with the Gaiety Club; Paderewski would be among those present; there was a rumor that Commander Byrd might attend. Lena and Elsie read these accounts aloud to mama.

"Just think," said mama, "all those swell people! My, but Eddie is lucky!"

"*He's* lucky, sure! But what about us? We haven't been to a dance since Eddie resigned from the Schützenverein," said Lena.

"Yes, how about that, Eddie?" asked Elsie. "Ain't they ever going to have a ladies' night?"

"Sure . . . some day."

"They had one last week," said Lena. "I read about it in the paper."

"That wasn't much," replied Eddie. "It was just a string quartet. You wouldn't have liked it."

"You might have asked us!" snapped Lena.

"I guess Eddie's ashamed of his sisters. I guess we're not swell enough," threw out Elsie.

"For shame!" cried mama. "Is that nice?"

"Can't you wait?" bellowed Eddie. "Don't you understand? You can't rush things like that. . . . I ain't been inviting anybody to a ladies' night until I get better acquainted."

"You've belonged for six months now!" observed Lena.

"Six months! *Six months!*" repeated Eddie with biting sarcasm. "What of it. Do you think a fellow gets to know over a thousand members in six months? Besides, it ain't a place where you kick in overnight. You have to go slow. . . . I've just been making myself solid. I've just been attending to my business. It ain't a place for fresh guys!"

"Sure," soothed mama. "Eddie's right!"

The girls shamefacedly dropped their glances. "I know what I'm about," went on Eddie, following up his advantage. "I'm waiting until I go up to the encampment. That's where you get to know the members. After I get back from that I'll invite you over to every ladies' night on the calendar. You'll get sick of 'em!"

"Do you suppose," asked Elsie humbly, "that you'll meet Paderewski or Byrd up there?"

"I don't know why not!" Eddie tossed back valiantly.

"My! My!" said mama. "Your father was right, Eddie. Many a time when you were little I used to say, 'Eddie ain't for the horn, poppa. He ain't big enough!' But poppa knew. . . . Where would you have been, now, if it hadn't been for that horn? See what it did for you? Poppa was always right, Eddie."

"Will you invite us to the first ladies' night after the encampment?" demanded Lena.

"Sure!"

"Now, remember, that's a promise!"

"I won't forget," said Eddie.

But already he felt a misgiving.

A week before the encampment the females of the Schott household were in a flutter, getting Eddie's things together. Lena skillfully mended a hole in his white sweater and knitted him some socks to wear with his hiking boots. Elsie made a new case out of bright green flannel for the horn. Mama washed out two pairs of blankets with her own hands.

"Mama, you're a card!" said Eddie. "Washing blankets to go camping with!"

"Well, ain't you in a tent with somebody?" countered mama. "What kind of a home would they think you came from with dirty blankets?"

"Who do you think you'll be with?" asked Lena.

Eddie shrugged his shoulders.

"Wouldn't it be swell if you were in the same tent with Lindbergh?"

"Lindbergh ain't going. It's Byrd."

"Well, an aviator—it's all the same."

"I'd rather be in the tent with Paderewski!" said Elsie.

Even mama laughed at this. Elsie blushed. "I don't care, I would!"

Eddie let the subject drop. It wasn't necessary to tell these women of his modest hopes for tent companions. He gathered that the band had an enclosure of its own at the camping grounds. This meant that his tent mates would be members of the band. Sometimes he speculated vaguely just who they would be. But, for the most part, he was content in the mere thought

of close companionship with any of them. You couldn't be a week in a tent with three or four fellows, borrowing their shaving cream, lending them your roll of adhesive tape, throwing a pillow at them when they snored, without achieving friendship.

It was this hope that buoyed him up past even the chill of the morning of departure. At the train the usual groups were forming when he arrived upon the scene, his horn done up in its new green case. "Hello, Schott." They nodded at him and passed on. He swung aboard the first coach and seated himself, holding his horn awkwardly between his knees. Perhaps if there were a crowd he'd have a companion sharing the vacant seat beside him. But there was no such luck. Ah, well, it wouldn't be long now!

Laughter, conviviality, wisecracking. Cries of "Hello Bill!" "Hello Charlie!" "Look who's here!" "How about a little game?"

The differentiation among males, especially en masse, is slight: if Eddie had closed his eyes he might have fancied himself at a Schützenfest. The wall that separated him from the men about him was as thin as the tissue panels of a Japanese house. With one bold gesture he might have smashed through to them. But Eddie Schott had no bold gestures.

He put the horn, finally, on the seat beside him. It towered magnificently in its bright green flannel case like a green dragon guarding its prey. The engine started up, the crackle of explosive conversation fell to the level of the train's rhythmic hum. Eddie Schott looked out the window. Brown hills flecked with the green of canyons flew by. Rose-covered cottages. Trim back yards. A marsh. The mill country again. Vineyards climbing up the hillsides. The flash of a river. Evergreens. The smell of a forest. This must be like the Rhine country that his father had always talked of. A curious nostalgia seized Eddie, something that had nothing to do with the present. He used to feel it sometimes walking the paved streets to the shooting park, as the trumpets blared out a folksong. It was like looking back on a familiar landscape through a mist. A longing that was half pain, half sweetness, enveloped him. . . . There was a scraping sound and a bump. Men were collecting their traps. They had arrived!

Eddie, struggling under the weight of his horn, dropped off the coach on to the redwood platform. An early morning mist from the sea had cleared, leaving a noontime blueness in the sky. Contagious happiness was in the air. Eddie suddenly felt light-hearted.

"Hey, there, fellows! Get out your horns and give us a tune!"

The band boys slipped their instruments out of their cases, the bass drum began to pound, the leader lifted his walking stick. "Forward! March!" Down the dusty road they went, toward the beckoning green of the forest. Behind, trailed stock brokers, captains of industry, millionaires, painters, sculptors, singers, actors, writers with all the abandon of ragamuffins following a circus.

"Do, oh, do, oh, do not let me fall!
I'm your man and I love you best of all!"

they chanted.

Eddie puffed and blew with the vigor of a recaptured happiness. What ever had made him think that these men were different from others? Already his heart had warmed to them. The hat boy had been right: the summer encampment! That's where you made friends!

The cool shadows of darkly green trees fell upon them, the smell of willows blew from the river, the incense from the dying embers of a camp-fire floated up to heaven. The band

came to a stop in a circular clearing.

"How dry I am! How dry I am!" the band wailed.

Cheers. Laughter. This was the life!

"Now, then, fellows, let's get set!" Away marched the band between rows of gay tents to its own stockade.

A huddle of tents surrounded an open space piled high with dunnage bags that had come up the previous day. Eddie pulled out his bag, wondering about the procedure of choosing tent-mates. But his speculations did not continue for long. It was plain to be seen that there was no procedure. Apparently everyone just picked out his own quarters and settled himself. Eddie dragged his bag about the circle in a search for a place to light. He found a tent finally that had not yet been appropriated with four cots in it. This struck him as just right. He liked the idea of three companions: friendship might not strike fire with a single tent-mate. He opened his dunnage bag, took out his clean blankets, made up one of the cots. Then he distributed his toilet articles on the little pine table by his bed. Lena had bought him a fresh tube of shaving cream, and Elsie had provided tooth paste and a new tooth brush. He was whistling softly. He felt himself standing on the threshold of a profound happiness. Suddenly a puff of cloud blew across his content: Where were his tent-mates? Wasn't anybody going to join him? . . . The sound of a dinner horn came floating toward him. "Chow!" yelled everybody in chorus. He joined the hungry throng as they ran down a shaded road to the dining tables. He ate hurriedly. He wanted to return to camp and finish unpacking! Eddie had a trim mind. A group of band boys were standing before his tent when he got back. His heart quickened. It looked as if he were going to have companions, after all.

"Hello, Schott!" they said warmly as he came up to them.

"Hello," he answered. He stepped jauntily into the tent, heartened by the note of cordiality in their greeting. It was extraordinary what a sense of assurance he felt in just the fact of having his quarters secured. He turned to them. "Didn't see you on the train."

The group glanced at one another uneasily. "We drove up," said one of them.

"Looking for a place to park yourself?" Eddie threw out brightly with the air of a host offering the shelter of his roof.

"Well, we were at that." The speaker hesitated. "You see, we always have had this tent—just the four of us. We have it every year."

Eddie looked at them. "You mean—"

"You know how it is. It's just kind of been ours. We're—we're just kind of used to it."

Eddie gulped. "Sure, I understand!" He turned away and began gathering up his shaving implements.

"Here, there, we'll give you a hand."

"Oh—oh, that's all right! . . . I guess perhaps I better find another place before I—"

"No hurry! Just take your time. . . . You understand, old man. We wouldn't put you out for the world. I mean, if it makes any difference—"

"No, it doesn't make any difference. One place is as good as another, I guess."

He went the rounds, peering into tent after tent. Every cot seemed taken. He was returning to pack up his dunnage bag and await developments when he met the band-leader coming back from lunch.

"Hello, Schott. All set?"

Eddie explained. The band-leader went over the ground with him.

"Everything's taken," said the band-leader as they peered into the last tent.

"Well, that's too bad. We've been overcrowded for two or three years. Guess we'll have to find you a place down by the gate. The Club has some tents down there to take care of the overflows. I'll help you carry your things."

"Oh, that's all right!"

"Hell, no! Here, I'll carry the bag. You bring the blankets."

The band-leader led the way, Eddie followed. They came to a dozen tents strung out in a row, near a clump of young firs down by the entrance to the encampment.

"Take your pick," said the band-master. Eddie chose the first that came to hand. "There's two cots in every tent," went on the other. "But these don't fill up much, except for the last night maybe. You'll probably be in luck. You'll probably have it all to yourself. Looks comfortable, doesn't it?"

"Sure," said Eddie. "It looks swell."

"So long. Hope everything's O.K. If you want anything, holler!"

"Thanks," said Eddie.

He heard the band-master whistling a gay tune. He sat down on one of the cots. An afternoon breeze was moving sadly through the trees. Eddie buried his face in a pillow.

The band-master was right: Eddie had the tent to himself. For the most part, he had the entire section to himself. Occasionally a stray member, arriving late, set himself up in one of the tents for the night, but by morning he would discover friends who carried him away to their enclosure. Sometimes Eddie wondered if it would not be better to pack up and go home. Go home and face Lena and Elsie and mama and the neighbors? No, that was inconceivable!

There were moments of elation between miseries. Whenever the band swung down to greet an incoming train Eddie's heart grew light. At evening around the crackling camp-fire, listening to songs and stories, he forgot his loneliness. The men who sang and told tales were a distinguished breed, the listeners not far behind. Eddie used to feel a thrill in these contacts. Just imagine the son of Anton Schott who used to drive a brewery wagon sitting at the feet of the mighty! No wonder the family and the neighbors were proud of him! At the mess table he basked in the transient friendliness of males growling out good nature under the spell of repletion. "Hey, Schott, throw me a biscuit!" "What's the matter there, Bass Horn, got a mortgage on the canned cow?" "Come on, Dutch, give a guy a chance at the maple syrup!" *Bass Horn! Dutch!* What hopes these inadvertent intimacies raised! Once a distinguished tenor from the Metropolitan asked him for a cigarette. "Thanks, old man!" the singer purred, bending over to take Eddie's proffered light. Eddie glowed for an hour.

But when the procession to and from the train was over, when the camp-fire was ended, when the mess table broke up—profound despairs unrolled themselves. In twos, in threes, in knots of a half dozen the Gaiety Club strolled away to the devices of fellowship. In his secret soul Eddie Schott knew that he might join them if he but had the courage. One step over the borderline of his diffidence and he might achieve paradise. But a thread of cowardice held him back.

In the mornings he strolled down to the river's brim and talked a while with the attendant at the diving float; in the afternoon he wandered in solitary aimlessness over the trails, listening to the laughter from the gay enclosures, at night be went back to his tent and gloomed.

He used to lie on his cot and compose letters of resignation from the Gaiety

Club band. Whom should he address —the secretary of the Club, or the bandmaster? Should he be brief or write at length, with a flourish? How would they answer him? When despair reached its lowest ebb a rising tide of hope would set in. They might insist on his staying! They might pass resolutions, telling how invaluable he had been to them. . . . If this mood persisted long enough he would fall asleep. But when he awoke at daybreak to the raucous clamor of bluejays he was filled with despair again. How was he to get through the day? And once more a circle of thorned thoughts would press down upon him. Resign! *Resign!* No. He knew that he couldn't. He knew that he lacked the courage. He felt himself caught in a net from which there was no escape.

Suddenly it was all over. Eddie found himself rolling up his blankets, rushing back through forest and vineyard and marsh country again, walking up the familiar streets toward home. It was early evening and the neighbors were taking their Sunday ease out of doors.

"Hello, Eddie!"

"Well, look who's here!"

"How's it feel to hobnob with the big guys?"

"I'll bet you had a swell time!"

Lena and Elsie and mama running out to meet him.

"Say, but you look great! All tanned up and everything!"

"Why didn't you write? We were kinda worried!"

"Hush, Elsie! Didn't he send a postcard? Poppa never did any writing when he was having a swell time!"

"Was Paderewski there?"

"Or Byrd?"

"Gee, I'll bet you met a lot of swell fellows!"

"Come on, tell us all about it!"

"Hush, Lena! Can't you see he's tired? Wait till he has something to eat!"

Roast duckling, noodles, red cabbage, applecake—all the things Eddie liked. . . . The table was cleared away.

"Now, tell us—give us all the news!"

"Not now, Elsie! Can't you see he's sleepy? You girls got all next week to hear about it."

In his own room again, before the open window. In the dusk the summer house where Anton Schott had held the horn to Eddie's lips in the long summer evenings. "Wait until you grow up big like poppa!"

Lena knocking at his door. "Eddie! Eddie! How soon before the next ladies' night?"

"How should I know?"

"Well, you better find out. Elsie and I want to know. We want to make ourselves some new dresses."

"New dresses? What for?"

"Don't you think we want to look nice before your swell friends?"

A door opening—mama's voice drifting down the hall. "What's the matter with you, girls? Can't you let your brother alone? You got all week to talk about ladies' night."

Ladies' night! . . . He had forgotten all about ladies' night. He'd better resign. He'd write his resignation to-morrow!

The resignation, like the to-morrow for which it was scheduled, never was achieved. But the ladies' night was accomplished. Eddie had hoped he might postpone this agony, too, but Lena read a preliminary announcement of it in the society columns of the newspaper:

> The members of the Gaiety Club will entertain their women friends at an informal concert next Tuesday evening. Moving pictures of the last encampment will be shown.

"*Women friends!*" echoed Lena. "What a funny way to put it!"

"What's funny about it?" snapped Eddie.

"*Women?* . . . They're ladies, ain't they?"

"Are you in any of the moving pictures?" asked Elsie.

"I dunno. I guess so!"

"Tuesday night. We've got less than a week. I wonder if—"

"Sure," said mama. "You go down to-morrow and get the goods. It won't take long."

The blood of tailors flowed in mama's veins. There was nothing she liked to do better than cut out a dress. And her sewing! Nobody could beat her sewing.

Eddie saw that he was in for it. "Maybe mama would like to go, too."

Mama shook her head. "No, it ain't for old people. You take Lena and Elsie. Your friends don't want to meet mama. You take the girls and have a good time."

"Will they serve refreshments?" asked Elsie.

"I suppose so," answered Eddie.

"I wonder will the names of those who go be in the paper," speculated Lena.

"Five or six hundred names!" scoffed Eddie.

"Just the prominent ones, I guess," sighed Elsie. But Eddie could see the gleam of hope in both his sisters' eyes.

Days filled with anticipation, discussion, speculation. Should the dresses touch the ground or just escape the ankle? Should they wear gloves? And what about hats? Eddie could tell his sisters nothing. He had never been so exasperating.

"Don't bother Eddie!" finally cried mama. "Can't you read what to wear in the Sunday paper?"

When Tuesday night arrived and the girls were dressed and ready, Eddie felt a surge of pride. They *did* look pretty in their flowered frocks! Wouldn't it be funny if these sisters of his broke the ice for him? He began to go over in his mind to whom he'd introduce them. The bandmaster, of course, and maybe the president of the Club, and most of the band boys. He'd have an excuse for approaching them, now. "Like to have you meet my sisters." He could see the possibilities. The band wasn't playing to-night. It was to be an orchestral concert. But in one of the numbers there was a phrase off-stage for a bass horn. Eddie had been pressed into service. He was glad of this. It made him feel important. He went down the neighborhood street carrying his horn with a feeling of real elation. In the twilight came the usual calls of recognition.

"Well, the whole Schott family stepping out to-night, eh?"

"Sure!" called back the girls. "We're going to the Gaiety Club. Ladies' night!"

"You don't say! . . . Some people have all the luck!"

The phrase off-stage for the bass horn was in the last number. Eddie stood in the wings and heard the polite handclapping of the audience. The leader of the orchestra took a bow and made an announcement: as the audience passed out they would find refreshments being served in the Founders' Room. He hoped the ladies would honor the Club by staying for a social hour. Eddie went down some back stairs to the hat room and left his horn. Then he ran to the corridor leading to the Founders' Room to wait for Lena and Elsie. The concert hall was on the second floor, and a broad staircase led down from it. Eddie saw a dense mass of people moving slowly. Smart women bare of shoulder and barer of back, heads immaculately coiffured, lips rouged, eyebrows plucked to significant curves. His heart beat a little uneasily. He felt instinctively that his sisters were

no match for this assembly. He had found them seats for the concert up in front, which meant that now their chances for a swift exit were blocked. The Founders' Room was filling up. It was completely packed before Lena and Elsie hove in sight. They looked a little pathetic in their cheap home-made dresses that had seemed so grand only a few hours before.

"You'll have to wait," warned Eddie, as they came up to him.

"Maybe we'd better go right home," suggested Elsie.

It was just what Eddie would have liked to do, but he scoffed bravely:

"What's the rush? The crowd will thin out in a minute!"

"You wasn't in any of the moving pictures," said Lena, a little accusingly.

Eddie made no reply.

"You heard what that man back of us was saying," put in Elsie. She turned to Eddie. "He said that a lot of the pictures got spoiled. The heat or something."

"Yes, so I heard," lied Eddie.

"I told mama we should have had our dresses longer," said Lena, as a hipless lady trailed a billow of cream colored lace across the thick carpets.

"They're all wearing corsets," said Elsie.

"I guess we made a mistake getting figured goods," sighed Lena.

"You see," said Elsie, "the Sunday paper was all wrong."

Eddie felt that he must say something. "What's the matter with your dresses? They look swell to me."

"Men don't know anything about such things!" threw back Lena, disdainfully.

Already scores of people were filing out of the Founders' Room and calling for cabs or their limousines. "They couldn't have been very hungry," exclaimed Elsie.

"Sh-h-h!" warned Lena. "It ain't polite to eat much at a place like this."

"I guess we'd better go in now," suggested Eddie.

They pushed their way into the crowded room. "You wait here. I'll go get you some punch."

Eddie fought his way toward the refreshment table. It took him fully ten minutes to return with a tray of half-filled punch glasses. Lena and Elsie sipped their punch with devastating gentility. A waiter passed with sandwiches and small cakes. The girls each took a lady finger.

Eddie drank a gulp or two of punch, craning his neck in a pretense of looking for his friends. "It's awful hard to find anybody in a crowd like this," he apologized. "Either that or the band boys have beat it."

Elsie gave her empty glass to a waiter.

"Maybe we ought to be going."

"It's only ten-thirty," responded Eddie weakly.

"It will be twelve before we get home," said Lena.

"Well, whatever you girls say."

He went to the hat room and got his horn; it had never seemed so heavy. They rode down on a street car to the Ferry.

"I'm afraid," said Eddie, "you girls didn't have a very good time!"

"Oh," cried Elsie, "we had a swell time!"

"That was awful good punch!" said Lena.

"And the music was grand! We could hear your horn in that last number so plain!"

It was sweet to have them lie like that but it hurt, too. He almost wished that they had crabbed.

"Well, another time maybe it won't be so crowded. . . . I mean, there may be a better chance to meet the boys. Next time I'll get you a seat near the door. Then you'll get out and downstairs quicker."

An ominous silence met this observation, and then Lena spoke. "It was

swell and all that but I guess you've got to know the crowd. I mean, you can't just meet them two or three times a year and get anywhere."

"You've got to sort of belong, I guess," nodded Elsie.

By this time they had reached the Ferry. They walked leisurely aboard the boat.

"You girls better sit upstairs," said Eddie. "I want to stay down on the lower deck and smoke."

There was a moment of hesitation. Then the girls exchanged significant glances. "All right," said Lena.

Somehow they knew that he wanted to be alone. And that hurt, too.

Eddie walked through the lower cabin to the forward deck. A biting wind had sprung up and the waters of the bay were dancing about in a sable frenzy. Eddie laid his horn down upon the starboard rail, resting his arms upon it. Elsie's words kept ringing in his ears: *You've got to sort of belong.* He'd known this, of course, but he'd never put it into words. He'd been afraid to put it into words. Had he ever belonged to anything? He wondered. The Schützenverein had accepted him because he was the son of his father. Besides, he had played the bass horn. The Gaiety Club had not even known his father but they knew the legacy that his father had bequeathed him. . . . "Where would you have been, now, if it hadn't been for that horn?" mama was always saying. She said that, now. But the remonstrance she made in those dim days when poppa used to let the weight of the horn crush him was nearer to the point: "Eddie ain't for the horn, poppa! . . . He ain't big enough!" Mama had been a prophet, in those days, had she but known it. *Eddie ain't for the horn! . . . You've got to sort of belong. . . .* Women knew. You couldn't fool women!

A sudden lurch of the boat sent the horn skidding close to the rail's edge. Eddie clutched it in panic.

A deck hand who had been mopping up came over and trailed his soiled mop on a length of rope into the cleansing waters. The boat lurched again. "Better look out!" said the deck hand. "You'll be losing that horn of yours overboard if you're not careful!"

A chill shook Eddie. His heart beat violently! Did he dare?

"Look out!" cried the deck hand. "There she comes again!"

A wave broke over the bow and slapped Eddie's cheek; the boat shivered and dipped.

"There! I told you you'd lose that horn!"

Eddie turned and faced the deck hand. He was smiling. "It doesn't matter," he said coolly. "I was through with it anyway."

Empty handed he climbed the stairs to the upper cabin. A weight had been lifted from his shoulders. He felt like a man in a tale who had forever cast away a false talisman.

IS PITTSBURGH CIVILIZED?

BY R. L. DUFFUS

THE city of Pittsburgh is a lurid example of that supreme paradox of the modern age—that our civilization rests upon coal and iron and that in almost every spot where coal and iron are brought together civilization is blighted and begrimed. So it has been in that region which used to be called Merrie England. So it is in Western Pennsylvania. The blight is not Pittsburgh's alone. Pittsburgh is only a larger Braddock, Homestead, or McKeesport. From whatever direction one approaches the once lovely conjunction of the Allegheny and the Monongahela the devastation of progress is apparent. Quiet valleys have been inundated with slag, defaced with refuse, marred by hideous buildings. Streams have been polluted with sewage and the waste from the mills. Life for the majority of the population has been rendered unspeakably pinched and dingy. Too obviously the people have served the machines, not the machines the people.

This is what might be called the technological blight of heavy industry. It might be mitigated. Perhaps it cannot be wholly avoided. But Pittsburgh has suffered under another blight—that of almost absolute power without a corresponding sense of responsibility. I do not propose to peer into the city's political cesspools. That has been done already more than once by courageous individuals who have descended into depths blacker and inhabited by stranger forms of life than any that William Beebe has been able to penetrate in his recent deep-sea explorations off Nonsuch Island. I will confine myself to saying that if the crime and corruption of Pittsburgh were not so well organized the city would probably rank ahead of Chicago in popular disrepute as the Bad Boy of American cities. The reasons for this state of affairs are fairly obvious. The murders which have given Chicago its bad name are the results of a struggle for power, which in turn is due to the failure of any one faction to secure and hold a firm grip on the community. In Pittsburgh the underlings can and often do murder one another. But gangster methods are for the small fry. They cannot upset the system because the stability of the system is guaranteed by the rigid control of the city's economic and political life by a small group of respectable persons at the top.

I do not for a moment believe that these persons deliberately will the rottenness at the bottom or are even aware of much of it. They are nevertheless the final arbiters in any situation in which they care to interfere. The supreme crime in Pittsburgh is not murder or robbery or pilfering from the public treasury or violation of the Eighteenth Amendment or even Sabbath-breaking—it is a willful defiance of the little group of Scotch-Presbyterians who regard themselves as having been elected by Providence to be the city's masters, and who are, in fact, its masters. If any large American

city is so narrowly, so religiously, I might even say so conscientiously dominated by so small a group I have yet to hear of it. And this statement brings me to the point of view from which I wish to examine Pittsburgh. Here is a city in which the theory of *laissez faire* has been allowed to work itself out almost without let or hindrance. It has been built on gigantic material production with as much profit-taking as the traffic would bear. It ought to be an individualist's Utopia. What kind of Utopia is it, judged by the higher standards of civilization?

I might try to find an answer to this question by an analysis of wages, housing conditions, and standards of living. That these are not up to the ideal level anyone may satisfy himself by the simple process of strolling about the industrial portions of the city and observing for himself how the great masses of the people live. If he is still curious he may re-read the old *Pittsburgh Survey* and the records of sociological inquiries which have been made since that historic document appeared. The Pittsburgh worker too often lives amid ugliness and dirt, in congested quarters, next door to vice and crime. He lacks anything like adequate facilities for recreation. It is a common saying that the old Presbyterian iron-masters believed that when a workingman was not at home or in the mills he ought to be in church. Though the Citizens' Committee on City Plan, with one of the Mellons on its board of directors and the tactful and tireless Frederick Bigger as its technical expert, has succeeded, among other achievements, in getting a number of new playgrounds, there is not much evidence that the old point of view has altered. Labor, as industrial Pittsburgh still sees it, is just another raw material, to be bought as cheaply as possible. The city's masters are often compared with the feudal overlords of medieval Europe. But with one or two exceptions they have never displayed the slightest trace of that sense of responsibility which was the essence of feudalism. If the market wage was not a living wage so much the worse for those who were forced to accept it.

But economic reforms are, after all, only a means to an end. The end is the "good life." The "good life" implies an all-round development of human nature, so that an individual will be not merely a workingman, a business man, or a church member but a practitioner in several fields of the fine art of living. Culture of this sort has been the fine flower of many wealthy societies in the past. It has been the only valuable residue of such societies. What evidence is there that the wealth of Pittsburgh is producing or can produce this flower? What have the rulers of the city done with the civilizing power that is so abundantly theirs? Have they civilized their city? Have they civilized themselves? It is impossible to give an encouraging answer. Pittsburgh has the wealth to buy a high degree of civilization. It remains, on the whole, barbaric. To illustrate what I mean I should like to call attention to certain aspects of this glorified and incongruously pious mining camp, this churchly city where clergymen are silent in the presence of political and commercial corruption but call down damnation on the heads of those who dare to hold symphony concerts on Sunday.

II

The forces which make the pattern of life in Pittsburgh are economic and religious. That is to say, they are Scotch-Irish and Presbyterian. It is probably a fact that no breed of men, not even the New Englanders, have been as successful as the Scotch-Irish in combining dividends in this world with

a sense of security in the next. The Scotch-Irish, including the notable Mellon family, had the first pickings of the enormous wealth in and around Pittsburgh. They made a thorough job of it, not only without a sense of sin but with a sincere conviction that they were thereby serving the God of their fathers. They went to church regularly, ruled their families with rods of iron, and counted their pennies. To this day church membership is essential to participation in the higher social life of Pittsburgh. "What you want to do to promote yourself in Pittsburgh," said an old timer to an ambitious new arrival, "is to buy yourself a hundred-thousand-dollar house and join the proper church." This remark is guaranteed to be authentic. The situation could not have been summed up more neatly.

Because the leading families are Presbyterian, that church would seem to be the "proper" one. But there are qualifications to this rule. Anyone wishing to do so and willing to submit to its rule of life may, of course, come into the Presbyterian fold. Admission to the inner circle is another thing. An obscure newcomer might as well aspire to be one of the original twelve disciples. It is wiser, as a rule, for the newly-arrived family of some means to hitch up with the Episcopalians, who stand high socially in Pittsburgh as they do in other cities—including, perhaps, the celestial city. To do so shows a commendable degree of modesty, since the new arrival thus refrains from claiming too close a fellowship with the established Presbyterian aristocracy. It is especially wise if he is a salaried employee of some hard-bitten Presbyterian, even though his salary may sometimes be large enough to give him the spending power of a millionaire. Above all, no one who aspires to reach the supreme social heights should be a Catholic or a Jew. Nor will any Catholic or Jew, as a rule, rise high in the employ of a Presbyterian manufacturer or banker.

Newly-fledged as the Pittsburgh aristocracy is—or perhaps because it is newly-fledged—it has a narrowness and arrogance which rather startle visitors from more democratic communities. These traits do not show themselves in swagger or ostentation. Pittsburgh women of the highest rank may sometimes be seen doing their own marketing, or going from shop to shop comparing prices. I was told of one dear old lady who went on putting up her own preserves with her own hands long after her husband had become a multi-millionaire. Andrew W. Mellon himself, whose very presence creates a holy of holies, is one of the gentlest, shyest and most mild-spoken of men. In former years Mr. Mellon used to be a regular attendant at meetings of the Board of Trustees of the Carnegie Institute, of which he and his brother, R. B. Mellon, are members. Usually he said nothing. One day he mildly proposed that a painting by a certain Pittsburgh artist be acquired for the museum. A temperamental fellow trustee, with a lack of reverence almost unique in Pittsburgh, lit into the suggestion. He said the Pittsburgher couldn't paint—expressing a rather common belief among the élite that no Pittsburgher can paint. Mr. Mellon blushed. "My cousin," he said mildly, "knows something about these things and he says he's a very good artist." Then he subsided and spoke no more.

Mr. Mellon, to be sure, does not have to be assertive. His wealth and power speak for him. Some of the lesser aristocrats, whose pin-feathers are still damp, have to go to more trouble. There is a story of a certain business man who called at the office of a local steel company with an order for three-quarters of a million dollars' worth of material. Half an hour later he was

back with a second order for the same amount. He explained that he had intended to place this order with another company. He had gone to the company's headquarters and was about to step into the empty elevator when the attendant motioned him back. Another man stepped in, the door was closed and the elevator shot up. "Why did you do that?" he asked the starter. The man looked at him incredulously. "Don't you know," he demanded, "that you can't ride up in the same elevator with C. G. Brown?" The eminent Mr. Brown's dignity was thus preserved, though at the cost of a little business which would otherwise have gone to the company of which he was president.

A certain highly-paid executive was ingenuous enough to move out to Sewickley Heights, most exclusive of suburbs, and build himself a hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar house next door to his employer's splendid mansion. To his astonishment and dismay the employer's wife snubbed the executive's wife, and at the end of a year the rash intruder took his family and his goods and migrated to Cleveland. The explanation was simple. A hired man is a hired man, no matter how large his salary. Owners and hired men cannot mingle on equal terms, nor can their families. Wise hired men, not yet sanctified by great possessions, join a certain country club where they meet others of their kind. Then they bide their time in patience. Ultimately, if the Presbyterian God who directs affairs in Pittsburgh sees fit to smile on them, they may be admitted to the sacred Rolling Rock club, whose membership list is hand-picked by the Mellons.

But it may be set down as an axiom that the solid basis of Pittsburgh society is money and that no achievement and no personal charm not abundantly gilded can effect an entrance. An actor, artist or author of recognized standing in his field will be received in Pittsburgh if he happens to have social connections there. Otherwise he will not. I asked a lady who knew about such things if this barrier were not sometimes spontaneously overcome by visiting celebrities. But she remained firm. "There never would arise in Pittsburgh," she assured me, "a spontaneous invitation." So that was that. The inevitable result is that society in Pittsburgh is dull. It lacks the performing bears and trained seals from the stage, concert hall, studio, or writer's den who are to be found in similar circles in more sophisticated cities. The intellectual and artistic society of Pittsburgh is not "high" society. It forms a group of its own, and its church affiliations, if any, are likely to be Unitarian. Scores of men and women who would be welcomed wherever a respect for scholarly or æsthetic achievements counted for something remain obscure in Pittsburgh. Artists and scholars at the Carnegie Institute or the University of Pittsburgh, scientists at work in the great Westinghouse laboratories changing the face of human life—such persons are ranked in Pittsburgh above the clerks and mechanics but infinitely below any solemn ass with the soul of an ant who may have inherited a few million dollars from a Presbyterian ancestor. This tendency exists in any society based, as American society mainly is, on wealth. But I doubt that it is as strong in any notable American city as it is in Pittsburgh.

In characterizing Pittsburgh society as dull I did not mean to imply that it is dull for those who are a part of it. It is probably dull only for those whose intellectual interests are keen and whose sympathies are broad. It has plenty of amusements and of course plenty of money to spend on them. There are at least five hunt clubs, or country clubs of which riding to hounds

is a feature, in the neighborhood of Pittsburgh. It is a little difficult to think of the descendants of the strait-laced Presbyterian stock putting on red coats and galloping over the countryside after an elusive fox, but the thing does happen. I suspect, too, that forbidden beverages occasionally trickle down thirsty throats after a hard morning's ride, a round of golf or an evening of dancing. But there is no historic antipathy between hard-shell religion and hard liquor. Mr. Andrew Mellon's grandfather had a distillery on the ancestral farm and the Mellons themselves, as is well known, have owned distillery stock in more recent years. One must make allowances, too, for the difference between the older and the younger sets. But comparatively speaking and as a group Pittsburgh society is probably pretty well disciplined. Such of its entertaining as is not done in the country clubs takes place in the spacious homes, most of them in the suburbs of Pittsburgh. Pittsburgh has only two large hotels, neither one much frequented by the exclusives, and there is no decent night club life.

It would be rash to give Pittsburgh's Four Hundred a certificate of purity on such negative evidence as this. But the indications are that when prominent Pittsburghers wish to indulge in what are known in the cinema world as orgies they come to New York to do it. They have their foibles, like the rest of mankind, but they do not flaunt them. I doubt that as a class they have the generosity and enthusiasm necessary for splendid sinning. When the choice must be made they are hypocritical, not brazen. In public places, at least, the code of proper behavior is enforced with relentless severity. Not so very long ago a man of some wealth and other social pretensions came to Pittsburgh to associate himself with one of the local enterprises. His wife remained behind while he was looking about for a suitable residence. In a hotel lobby one morning he met a woman who happened to be a friend of the family and unthinkingly asked her to lunch. Next day an associate took him aside. "I've been told," said the associate, "that you were seen lunching with a lady at the William Penn." "Well, what of it?" demanded the newcomer. "My wife knows her. She's a neighbor of ours back home." The Pittsburgher solemnly shook his head. "It may be all right where you came from," he said, "but you mustn't do that sort of thing here."

The system is inevitably selective. Lively and unconventional persons find it unendurable and make their escape. The stodgy remain. The literary and artistic annals of Pittsburgh are rich with the names of gifted individuals who could not stand the atmosphere of their home town and who got away as soon as they could. Mary Cassatt, the painter, was an early and notable example, and of a more recent generation are William Singer, whose landscapes have won favor, Frank Vittor the sculptor, Gertrude Stein, Robinson Jeffers, and Gilbert Seldes. Some of these were from the upper crust of Pittsburgh life and some were not. None of them could find a career in Pittsburgh, even if they could have endured the Pittsburgh folk ways. One young woman, the daughter of an eminent family, shook the dust of her native hills from her shoes and fled to New York. She took with her a small but intelligent dog named Jock. Sometimes, for the edification of her irreverent New York friends, she would say to the dog, "I'm going back to Pittsburgh, Jock." Upon which Jock, sensible animal that he was, would lie down and die.

III

In setting forth these dismal facts I am not, of course, unaware of certain

inspiring exceptions. Andrew Carnegie did not originally intend to establish either a Museum of Art or a College of Fine Arts. He was, in a way, bullied into doing both. But he did recognize, more splendidly than any Pittsburgher before or since, the moral obligation of great wealth. He could not make Pittsburgh creative but he did establish a center where the friends of the arts could rally. The Mellons, on at least one recent occasion, have financed the International Exhibition at the Carnegie Institute, and they have given handsomely to the University of Pittsburgh. The late Henry Clay Frick was a philanthropist as well as a collector of note. There are a number of respectable private collections of objects of art in and around Pittsburgh, and doubtless some of them will go to the Art Department of the Institute when the owners move on to the Presbyterian section of the future life.

Several years ago the Rev. Charles F. Potter made what was described as a cultural survey of a number of American cities, with special attention to their reading habits. He put Pittsburgh at the bottom, Columbus, Ohio, second, and Cleveland—which was the unkindest cut of all from the patriotic Pittsburgher's point of view—at the top. The Rev. Mr. Potter's results were looked at askance in some quarters as not being founded on a sufficient number of graphs, charts, tables, case histories, and other such sociological impedimenta. They expressed, however, an emotional attitude which every student of Pittsburgh culture will understand. I am happy to say that I cannot be quite as severe as the Rev. Mr. Potter. Pittsburgh did, indeed, earn a place in the list of the country's ten worst book towns which the *Publishers' Weekly* compiled last winter. On the other hand, it does possess some lively book stores and an active Booksellers' Association. One store has attracted as many as 30,000 patrons to its book counters in five days by its "book fair." Brentano's recently established a branch store in the city, which I assume was done after some canvassing of the commercial possibilities of the neighborhood. But I am inclined to believe that the undoubted resourcefulness and perspicacity of the Pittsburgh booksellers is akin to the same qualities in those who hunt for water in the desert. The book retailer has to be good or his children will go hungry.

The public library system, thanks to Mr. Carnegie's generosity and to the efforts of some tireless librarians, is also good. Its book circulation per capita is higher than that of New York City or St. Louis, though it is only three-fifths or so of the exceptionally extensive per capita circulation of the Cleveland Library. But the man in the street, with comparatively little money and no social position to speak of, can always be made to do quite a lot of reading if he is intelligently approached. In Pittsburgh he has comparatively few recreations of any other sort. But for those who can afford to hunt foxes or whack golf balls about, reading seems to be a last resort. Music is not quite in the same predicament, perhaps because it has a slightly greater social significance. Yet when the city's music lovers proposed to have symphony concerts on Sunday they met with stubborn opposition from the Presbyterian die-hards, fortified by Pennsylvania's antique blue laws. The concerts were held, but permission to sell tickets at the door was refused. The logic behind the opposition was simple and old-fashioned. People ought not to be entertained on Sunday. They ought to think about their souls. They ought to be bored. They ought to go to church and bolster up the self-esteem of the preachers. Of course the well-to-do could frequent their country

clubs. In fact, being God's delegates on earth, they could do about as they liked. It was the middle and lower classes who had to be protected against having any fun. Even the Carnegie Library had to put up a stiff fight before it succeeded in giving out books on the Sabbath day. But I do not wish to blame religion entirely for Pittsburgh's philistinism. A prominent element in the city has long held that culture or anything else which does not produce dividends is superfluous. "That man," one illustrious Pittsburgher is quoted as saying, "possesses more useless information than anyone I ever met." The attitude is said to be thoroughly typical.

It is not, of course, universal. The city has its saving remnant, to whose public-spiritedness one may well take off his hat. Two wealthy Pittsburgh women recently gave libraries to two near-by factory towns. One of them, having seen and admired a certain Pompeiian red in her travels abroad, took special pains to work that red into her library and make a truly beautiful building. Some of the solidest citizens have given valuable time to the still embryonic city plan. Men like Arthur E. Braun, treasurer of the plan committee, would be an asset to any city. Yet when all the reasonable additions and subtractions are made, the culture and the public-spiritedness of the ruling class in Pittsburgh are in the red. That class has taken with an exacting hand all that the city and the region had to give. As a class its gifts in return have been mean and niggardly. It has been deficient in sympathy and in imagination and that deficiency reveals itself in the unnecessary grime and sordidness of a once beautiful city.

Must we then despair of anything good coming out of Pittsburgh? I do not think the case is quite as bad as that. It is a governing group that has failed, not a whole city. The Presbyterian bloc are not Pittsburgh, nor will they always have the power and dominion that they now possess. New figures are coming up. Edgar Kaufmann, son of a Jewish peddler, has just completed what is perhaps the most beautiful department store in the United States, if not in the world. When he wanted murals symbolizing the life and aspirations of the city he called in Boardman Robinson to do them and Robinson did do them with distinguished success. This is perhaps a little nearer to creative art than the importation of almost any number of Flemish paintings. Father Coakley has set a new standard for all denominations by his Church of the Sacred Heart. Frank Nicola long ago projected the beautiful Schenley Farms development, near the park given to the city by Mrs. Mary E. Schenley some forty years ago. Pittsburgh's newest bridges have received awards for their æsthetic merits. Two boulevards going up the hills from the heart of the city afford picturesque views of the valleys of the Monongahela and the Allegheny, though truth compels me to add that I have painfully tramped the entire length of both thoroughfares but have yet to see a single motorist slowing down for a single second to contemplate the scenery.

The International Exhibition is, of course, only incidentally a Pittsburgh affair. Some Pittsburgh artists believe, whether correctly or not I cannot say, that in the American section of the Exhibition the dice are heavily loaded against local talent. In the last few years some two hundred paintings have been sold during these annual shows—not all of them, of course, to Pittsburghers. The attendance, over a six-weeks period, rose from 53,990 ten years ago to 132,544 last winter. This total obviously includes a considerable number of the common people of Pittsburgh—Poles, Russians, Slavs, Lithu-

anians, and Czechs, in clean shirts and Sunday clothes but with the grime of the mill under their finger nails. Children of these immigrant races come to Carnegie Tech to study the fine arts, though if they show ability and are gifted with horse sense they generally go somewhere else to practice them. At least they go somewhere else to get a reputation. If they then come home with a New York or Parisian O.K., Pittsburgh is willing to look at their stuff.

If Pittsburgh's industries were not so heavy there might be a larger market for domestic talent. There is a small market now. Not long ago the Westinghouse Company purloined an instructor from the Carnegie College of Fine Arts with the intention of making its household electrical products more æsthetic. The same company sent thirty of its engineers to the art classes so that they might be at least casually reminded that there was something besides stresses, strains, and formulas in the world. Pittsburgh has a stained glass industry of which some of its citizens are rightly proud. But on the whole the things that are made in and around the city do not lend themselves to artistic treatment. Pig iron is pig iron, a rail is a rail, and a steel girder is a steel girder. The thing to do is to make them strong and durable. The making is a heroic process, even now when you may walk through a steel mill in full swing and see only a handful of men pulling levers. But the making of steel and the bossing of men who make steel seems to impart a metallic quality to human nature. An outsider who said that the process was brutalizing might be merely turning a phrase. But that word was deliberately applied by a man with whom I talked and who has known Pittsburgh, high and low, for some thirty years. If Pittsburgh could diversify, as Cleveland has done, there might be a liberation of the human spirit. But the owners of Pittsburgh are doing well as things are. Why should they liberate the human spirit? They will encourage industrial research to produce more cheaply and even more safely. There are a dozen important research laboratories in the Pittsburgh region. One of these, the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, is responsible in large part for the elimination of four-fifths of the smoke that regularly inundated the city prior to 1914. But the smoke that blinds men to beauty—that is another matter.

IV

The inhabitants of Pittsburgh may well object to having their town singled out for criticism in this egregious manner. It will be a most encouraging symptom if they do. To some degree their resentment will be justified. The barbarism of their city has both general and specific causes. Its general cause is the machine age itself and the excessive individualism which characterizes that age. Pittsburgh, like much of the rest of America, is suffering from the delusion that the means are more important than the end—that what men do with the various commodities mentioned in the Census of Manufactures is more important than what they do with their own lives. Neither New York, nor Chicago, nor Cleveland, nor any other American city can plead not guilty to that indictment. But in the cities mentioned the ruling classes—for I think that even in this great democracy we may speak quite frankly of ruling classes—have progressed beyond the mere accumulation of money and power and the disposal thereof for their own pleasure. To put the same thing in another way, they have arrived in some conspicuous and influential instances at a broader conception of what the pleasures of a civilized life are. I am speaking, of course, in comparative

terms. I would not class even Cleveland, which actually takes pains to acquire works of art of the "Cleveland School" for its Museum, with Paris or Vienna. It is just that Cleveland and one or two other American communities have advanced somewhat beyond the troglodytic stage. Pittsburgh, because of its unfortunate combination of cultural narrowness and refractory materials, has lingered far behind.

It is a pity, too. I never visit Pittsburgh without a sense of a splendid vision waiting to be realized. The wooded hills, the rivers well worthy of the noble names they bear, the play of light on mist and smoke, the sturdiness of the people one sees on the streets, the sense of power behind the grimness—these are raw materials hardly yet exploited yet capable of producing infinite riches. But the Anglo-Saxons who have done so well with coal and iron have left these other mines unworked. And for that reason I believe that the scepter will in time pass from them and that a truly civilized Pittsburgh will be built by the races they thought only good enough for the sweat and dirt of the mills. It is a bitter saying among the Pittsburgh minority that what the city needs is a few first-class funerals. I am not savage enough to subscribe to that formula. But Pittsburgh does need one large and comprehensive funeral—it needs to bury John Calvin so deep that he will never get up again.

FAREWELL TO SOPHISTICATION

BY LA MAR WARRICK

WHEN Bertrand Russell calls Ernest Hemingway mid-Victorian, modernism would seem to be singing two separate tunes. Who is off the key? Mr. Russell is quite sure that he is not; but as a new decade swings into being, and the old tunes of post-war disillusionment become wearyingly over-familiar, one wonders if perhaps Hemingway's mid-Victorianism may not be the introductory measure of a new theme.

It was at the Arts Club in Chicago that I heard Russell bring his specific charge of Victorianism against *Farewell to Arms*. He threw the ladies of his audience into a high state of mental confusion. Ministers, modest book reviewers, and Robert Herrick had warned them that this book had its vile moments—and now they were hearing it referred to as old-fashioned and sentimental.

They gasped. I gasped, along with the rest, and feeling all stirred up, pursued the subject farther in a conversation with one of my friends after the lecture. To my surprise, she was on Mr. Russell's side.

"Now you know perfectly well," she said, with kind finality, "that in real life Catherine Barclay never would have died when she had that baby. She would have completely recovered and he would have had a horrible time getting rid of her."

Thus in some thirty-five words did the lady sum up the passing modern temper—the temper which has for the last decade expressed itself through the biological novels of Mr. Aldous Huxley, the biological psychology of Mr. John Watson, and the biological philosophies of Mr. Russell himself and a long line of eager disciples.

None of them knows it, but they are fast becoming as out of date as the Victorians whom they dismiss with such condescending smiles. American intellectuality, especially young American intellectuality, is in the process of entering a new mood, of which *Farewell to Arms*, far from being a throwback, is rather a prophetic expression.

The thing that disturbed Mr. Russell about Catherine and Tenent is that they fell in love hard. During the past ten years heroes and heroines have been permitted anything but that. Characters may have passion, despair, disillusionment, animality, cynicism—anything and everything except love. All experiences are temporary, all emotions passing. One progresses from excitement to excitement; stability is the unbelievable quality, constancy the never present trait. Marriage is an outworn institution; the home a phase passé; idealism something the troubadours sang about.

Yes? says the 1930 model young intellectual and cocks an unbelieving eyebrow.

For this young intellectual is looking about and observing a few things, and out of that observation is being born a new mood, neither cynical nor Victorian, rather an evaluating mood.

The charming young person who turned modern five or six years ago, through the effort of some earnest enlightener with advanced ideas and soulful eyes, finds herself on her thirtieth birthday alone in her tower town studio, surrounded by modernistic furniture, nudes by Archipenko and books by Bertrand Russell, but no roses. The earnest enlightener forgot to send roses owing to his state of excitement over a dance date with a pretty young thing whose most modern remark up to date has been, "I think you're just too wonderful."

This state of affairs is apt to give the thirty-year-old pause to wonder just what she has got out of being modern; and the answer is "nothing at all except a little knowledge and a great deal of disillusionment."

The lady is learning, perhaps a little too late, that to the modern no love is so important as excitement, no friendship so valuable as a well-turned phrase; that it is the old-fashioned husband rather than the new-fashioned lover who is apt to celebrate an important anniversary by sending ten long roses and one short note, "Each year has been as perfect as each rose is beautiful." She is learning too that it is apt to be the old-fashioned husband rather than the new-fashioned lover who takes some of the sting out of a bitter birthday by bringing home a thirty-dollar ounce of perfume in spite of the stock market.

The note may be somewhat extravagant sentimentally and the perfume financially, but both give a certain glow and satisfaction; and glow and satisfaction are two qualities which the passing modern temper conspicuously lacks.

What the modern young woman learns at thirty the modern young man begins to suspect ten years later—for, in spite of vaunted equality, there is a ten-year male sexual advantage in this somewhat lopsided world. He has passed, in his fine young freedom, from episode to episode, celebrating each in an increasingly erotic line of sonnets to breasts and thighs; or talking in staccato and unpunctuated verse about candles burning at both ends, and living each moment for its highly intense self. And suddenly at forty he finds himself somewhat older than his years should allow, and perhaps a little more nervous than his carefully planned athletic program should permit, looking at a baby playing on a Victorian, suburban lawn, or into the clear, quiet eyes of a young girl who has never burned *any* candles, and wondering if his life pattern is so damned perfect after all.

The first half of this sentence the moderns have admitted, in thousands of pages of novelized pictures of themselves. But the last half they would admit only from their narrow, disillusioned graves. All babies are biological accidents; all young girls are Freudian.

And yet on their fortieth birthdays they sometimes wonder.

I recently met on the train one of these tired sophisticates, who proceeded with amazing candor to unfold his whole life history to me, as people sometimes do to strangers on trains. And what a history! Aldous Huxley in his most imaginative moments could not have surpassed it. This chap had had, in the space of some forty-three or four years, two wives and any number of inbetweens and aftermaths. He had lived hard, one gathered, in Chicago, New York, Paris and Cannes.

He had frequented the cafés made famous by *The Sun Also Rises*. He had quarreled with his best friend on shipboard because that gentleman insisted upon feeding a seven-year-old son a drink of whiskey to see how the youngster would act (probably desiring to give John Watson, who likes to

sound gongs behind babies' ears to see if they will jump, a run for his money). He had taken a dance-hall girl on a wild three-day ride through the Riviera, only to drop her unceremoniously at the station in Cannes. "She went off crying, but I gave her plenty of money. I had to get rid of her—there was a girl in Cannes that I wanted to marry."

He ended his somewhat hair-raising recital, which held me breathless all the way from Daytona to Miami, by giving me a moral lecture. "Don't you go in for it." (He seemed to think anyone might if not warned.) "There's nothing in this modern freedom bunk. The first girl I married was a flop. But I loved my second wife. She was too much a woman to stand for me and my modernism. Modernism—hell! I wish I had her back."

He closed by advising me to be a good woman while in Miami. He seemed to think it might be hard.

As for me, I felt quite as our grandmothers must have felt after reading the literature put into their hands by the local pastor on the subject "From ballroom to hell." I felt like going straight back to Chicago, hanging a home-sweet-home motto over the piano, and cooking a pot roast for supper. I felt like being suburban for the rest of my natural life.

The man may have been slightly histrionic, but one thing is sure. His disillusionment was complete.

His plight is important, because it is an experience which has been duplicated in its fundamental essentials thousands of times during the last ten years. His disillusionment has become typical of a state of mind in the middle generation which is fast crystallizing into a philosophy of despair. "The modern temper," as one humanist puts it, "has produced a terrible headache." And he might have added, an epidemic headache.

II

Two recent books have reached startlingly pessimistic heights. Oswald Spengler in his ponderous tomes on *The Decline of the West* sees a world going to mechanistic rack and ruin, sees a future devoid of art and beauty, with no creative possibilities except magnificence in engineering. Joseph Wood Krutch, less concerned with the world in general, but desperately concerned with the plight of the individual, prophesies nothing but unhappiness ahead. "Every time a value is born life takes on a new meaning; every time one dies some part of that meaning has passed away," says Mr. Krutch, and then proceeds to his proofs that the mechanistic theory of life has killed all values.

Neither of these gentlemen, in fact none of the middle generation of prophets seems to be taking into account one significant factor in the situation—and that factor is a brand new generation of thinkers, undisillusioned as yet and firmly determined not to be—that group of young men and women who are at present between twenty and thirty years of age.

Ten years ago young people were fine grist for Mr. Krutch's mill, or for Mr. Russell's, with his definitions (in last May's HARPER'S) of cynical youth. The boys and girls coming into maturity somewhere between 1918 and 1920 found themselves in the midst of a war-taught world far different from the one pictured to them by their mamas and papas and Sunday-school teachers. They went head on into revolt against Victorianism, blue laws, "limbs," chaperons, protected girlhood, and Sunday evening psalm-singing. They were going to be free and learn things, and they *were* free and they *did* learn things. Pick up any widely read book written by a young person during the last decade—Ernest Hemingway's *Fare-*

well to Arms, McKinlay Kantor's *Diversey*, John dos Passos' *Manhattan Transfer*, Rosamund Lehman's *Dusty Answer*, F. Scott Fitzgerald's, *This Side of Paradise*, and you will find young people in their twenties writing about other young people in their twenties with all the despairing cynicism pictured by Krutch in *The Modern Temper*.

But young people in 1930 are neither thinking nor writing that way. A new mood of faith, of intellectual idealism, is coming into being. We are dead tired, says this new youth, of being taught that this world holds nothing but Freudian dreams, biological reactions, and behavioristic conditionings. We are not at all sure that every studio apartment existence is ideal, and that there is a thwarted woman behind every suburban front door. We are not at all sure that self-expression must necessarily take the form of promiscuousness, and that every baby is a mistake. We think that a modernism which leaves you washed out and cynical at thirty is a flop. *We will to believe* that life may hold beauty.

The middle-aged philosophers who are deluging the magazines with their wails about a chaotic world seem as yet to be utterly unaware of this new mood on the part of youth. I can understand their ignorance, for they are standing off, looking at youth from the outside, and, superficially observed, these 1930 young people are a knowing lot. They look like the "lil ole hot mamas and papas" made familiar to the American people through the drawings of John Held, Jr.; they talk like Dorothy Parker in her more sophisticated moments. And because they look and talk that way—in public—the Krutches and Russells of this world jump to the conclusion that the youngsters share the cynicism of their somewhat weary selves.

It is just at this point that the philosophers make their mistake.

I have before me, as I write, a group of papers submitted by a twenty-two-year-old girl for a university course in contemporary thought. I was assured by certain professors who had taught this girl earlier in her college career that she was a charming, sophisticated little devil. And superficially observed, so she is. Her eyebrows are plucked to a slender, interrogatory line. The eyes below them are wide and blue and knowing. She has had a vogue with a crowd of college youths whose motto might well be, "There is no god but Sigmund Freud, and Aldous Huxley is his prophet." She has written some literary criticism which would bring a chuckle from H. L. Mencken himself. F. Scott Fitzgerald, observing her at a party, would probably consider her a slick heroine for his latest post-flapper novel.

And yet, June of her senior year being here, and with it the inevitable solitaire (in spite of the warnings of Judge Lindsey), this girl hands in a report on Lippmann's *A Preface to Morals* which says, in part:

"At no time, I think, has there been the difficulty of adjustment which faces our generation. Those of us who have come into adulthood in this last wartime world find that we have attained either a hard-boiled surface or a protective coloration. In life, literature, and drama we see reflected the need for stronger stimuli, cruder sensations, more strident appeals. We have graduated into a world in which it has become the convention, almost the moral obligation, at parties to pass out as speedily as the supply of gin will permit. But individually speaking—and this happens to be from my own personal viewpoint—I think that a thinking individual feels instinctive disgust in the presence of lewd behavior. Coupled with this is a feeling

of æsthetic repulsion. As I ask myself if it has been fear that has kept me from such action I must honestly answer no, in so far as I am able to judge. I think that I utterly rebel at the treatment, for instance, of sex, as a mere matter of physical pleasure and that I demand some spiritual meaning attached. Social conventions may and have changed, and these have directly or indirectly affected my life time and again. I think that the marriage laws will and ought to change. But I do believe that the value of chastity and the need of chastity will remain, just like the need for self-control.

"I don't believe that many young people of our generation go into marriage without their eyes pretty successfully opened nowadays. I know it doesn't take long to get married, and after I've burned a few thousand pieces of toast and carried in a wagonload of eggs for my lord to dispose of with one eye on the clock and the other on the headlines, it won't seem so necessary to slip the solitaire while the moon is bathing the campus with all its lovely ten o'clock beauty as it did the other night. But I'm sure of our ability to make a go of it."

Like the dissertation of the man on the train, this piece of writing might seem rather beautiful, but philosophically unimportant, if it were an isolated instance. But it is not. I have read, during the last two years, the work of dozens of senior university students who have talked the way this girl talks, reasoned as she reasons. Superficially observed, they are part of the modern pattern. Actually, they are vigorously determined to weave a counter pattern of their own.

Now if these young people were Victorian hot house plants, taught by their adoring parents to believe in Santa Claus, fairies, the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow, and that grandmother and grandfather had fifteen children because of a fervently religious desire to repopulate the world, their new mood of idealism might be a piteous demonstration. But they are, quite on the contrary, the most sophisticated group of youngsters that the world has ever known. They have more knowledge, biological, physiological, psychological, sociological, any variety you may care to name, than any previous generation has ever had.

They do not have to rush off to their bedrooms, and behind locked doors breathlessly peruse books containing "forbidden" facts about life. Those books are given them to study in accredited college courses. They receive senior credits for reading Havelock Ellis, Walter Lippmann, Olive Schreiner, Bertrand and Dora Russell, John Watson, Keyserling, Westermarck, Ben Lindsey.

In modern literature courses they contemplate not only Willa Cather and Sigrid Undset but Robinson Jeffers, Theodore Dreiser, Frances Newman, James Joyce. All the recent scientific discoveries are held up for their consideration; they are allowed to dissect all the latest theories about life, love, and the pursuit of happiness. There is little that they don't know about trial marriage, eugenics, birth control, and the mechanization of emotions. They will discuss with the most amazing candor subjects which make their parents' hair stand on end. In addition to all this, they have the opportunity to look about them and see the 1920 generation of young people leading their own lives all over the place.

The results of this knowledge and observation are very different from those which the city of Boston might prophesy. Far from swallowing whole all the advanced theories of the middle generation of apostles of freedom and light, they are accepting some and re-

jecting others with surprising wisdom. They are creating their own set of values.

Their attitude is not sentimental—it is pragmatic to a degree. They are not so fooled as were some of their grandmothers by talk of sacred womanhood which was simply a flowery cloak for a double standard of morals. But neither are they fooled, upon hearing some young apostle of sex freedom dismiss an erstwhile flame with the words, "Oh, yeah, Lucy's a good kid but she has her ragged edges," into thinking that Lucy is getting a much better deal than did her grandmother.

They do not think that marriages are made in heaven, but neither do they think that Theodore Dreiser's rearranging chemisms are an adequate explanation of the way a man may feel about a woman in the springtime. They dislike sloppy sentimentality, but they prefer their skylarks straight from Shelley, rather than seen through the eyes of Aldous Huxley.

Their newly idealistic interest in love, beauty, religion is not to be confused with conventional acquiescence in traditional codes. They prefer the morality of George Eliot to the morality of thoroughly married Peggy Joyce. They feel disgust for a church policy of picking vestrymen by Bradstreet's rather than by Thomas à Kempis; for a legal system which will not permit divorce by mutual consent but will permit it when the lady says, "He no longer interests me" or, "He refused to entertain my friends"; for a social system which withholds birth control knowledge from the group having most economic need of it.

III

About such matters the new youth is right in step with its elder brothers and sisters. The deviation comes here: yesterday's youth, disgusted with traditional morality, traditional religion, traditional standards of beauty, threw the whole lot overboard. To-day's youth, disgusted both with traditional standards and with the chaotic results which have been achieved by throwing overboard those standards, is looking for a *re*-statement of morality, of religion, of beauty, of love.

After listening to an over-erudite soul reduce God to a geometric formula, one college student writes, "My God is the skies at sunset, the rainbow bending transparent across the green of a rain-washed hill, the night breeze rattling the brittle leaves of the rhododendron bushes. God is neither a person nor a thing. It is a feeling, an elation. There is peace in it, a remoteness from reality."

Assured by a popular psychologist that the word "soul" is an anachronism, another student retaliates with a study of Ghandi, and asks, "Can he be explained mechanistically?"

After reading *The New Morality: A Symposium* with polite attention to all its haranguings about the downfall of the family, the breakup of the home, and the scientific mechanization of love, a third pastes pictures of Charles and Anne Lindbergh all over his notebook. He also puts in a photograph of Robinson Jeffers surrounded by one pipe, two sons, one dog, and one wife playing the pipe organ! He doesn't think it funny that this writer of fiercely passionate verse should be such a domestic creature. He thinks it rather piquant.

Three nineteenth-century moderns have captured the excited admiration of the students: Walt Whitman—which is to be expected; Henry David Thoreau—which is perhaps more surprising; Ralph Waldo Emerson—which is probably almost too much for the older generation to believe! No 1920 flapper would have been caught dead reading Emerson.

When Bertrand Russell calls this new romantic idealism a reversion to Victorianism he is being about as consistent as the style critics who insist that now that women have taken to ankle length organdy dresses they will next take to smelling salts. A girl who rides horseback from eight to nine, drives an automobile through loop traffic from eleven to twelve, and goes for an airplane ride from four to five will hardly become a clinging vine between ten and twelve P.M. no matter what the length of her dress. And a young modern who has been raised on Whitehead, Havelock Ellis, and fraternity prom weeks will scarcely refuse to recognize a divorcée or throw the novels of James Joyce into the fireplace even if he has cloaked himself in a new belief in the fundamental importance of love, beauty, and religion.

Mr. Russell does not know it, but he is fast becoming old-fashioned. He is the time-honored papa who doesn't understand his own children.

Grownups have always been like that.

"My Johnnie is just like me; his favorite book is *Pilgrim's Progress*," said fond parents back in the mid-Victorian era. And while they sat in the parlor and regaled their guests with such tales Johnnie was lying on his stomach out in the apple orchard reading *Bareheaded Dick, or the Two Gunman's Sweetheart.*

"My Johnnie is just like me," says the 1930 middle-aged philosopher. "His favorite books are *The Triumph of Mechanism* and *The Downfall of the Home.*" While up in his room Johnnie is smoking a reflective pipe and deciding that some of this modern stuff is worth following up—but a lot of it is just plain hooey!

THE PACIFIST BOGEY

AN APOLOGY TO PROSPECTIVE CITIZENS

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

THE hydra of war dies a slow death. We have signed the Kellogg Peace Pact, and we have protested to the nations of the world that we have malice toward none and friendship for all. Yet we catechize prospective women citizens as to their readiness to shoot hypothetical enemies, while we require ministers of the Gospel and other male applicants for naturalization to affirm that they will take up arms in the event of war regardless of the dictates of their consciences. The spectacle would be a comic one if it were not so disgraceful.

Since the Supreme Court in May, 1929, denied citizenship to Madame Rosika Schwimmer because of her beliefs as a pacifist and internationalist, an increasing number of Quakers and other individuals who do not believe in war have been denied citizenship. One ray of light, however, has recently pierced the darkness of a post-war hysteria which we had thought vanished, and that has been the action of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in ordering that citizenship be granted to Dr. Douglas Clyde MacIntosh, a professor of divinity at Yale University, and to Miss Marie Averil Bland, a Canadian nurse living in New York. The former had declared that his conscience as a Christian would not allow him to take up arms if he did not consider a war justified, and the latter had averred that her conscience as a Christian would not permit her to bear arms under any circumstances. The Circuit Court held that such reservations did not bar these two applicants from citizenship, since our laws have in the past exempted from military service individuals with religious convictions against bearing arms.

The fat is in the fire now that a Circuit Court of Appeals has seen fit to depart from the sweeping implications of the Schwimmer decision. Under the circumstances the Supreme Court will almost have to grant the writ of certiorari—the petition for an appeal, for which the Attorney General has applied on behalf of the government. It cannot refuse to pass on the MacIntosh and Bland cases without endorsing in effect the action of the Circuit Court, and it can hardly do that in view of its own action in the Schwimmer case.

The general opinion is that it will hear the cases and reaffirm its former decision. Yet if it should decide that religious scruples against war relieve an applicant for citizenship from the obligation of promising to bear arms in defense of the country, its former decision will still bar the way of all applicants for citizenship who, like Madame Schwimmer, object to war on philosophic and humanitarian grounds.

II

A survey of the cases of the various aliens who have during the past few years been denied citizenship on account of their unwillingness to bear arms, leaves one with the strong impression that the Naturalization Bureau and the courts have been defeating their own purpose, for the aliens in question appear to have those very qualities of moral courage and uprightness which we associate with the American ideal.

In the very early days of our Republic aliens were naturalized quite indiscriminately. The Constitution merely empowered Congress to establish "an uniform rule of naturalization," and at first the only requirement laid down was that an alien should have resided in this country for a period of two years and should be willing and able to take an oath of allegiance. In 1795, however, Congress passed a law stipulating a five-year residence period and requiring the petitioning alien to prove to the judge of a federal or state court that he had during that time "*behaved as a man of good moral character attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the same.*" The alien was also obligated to swear that he would "defend the Constitution of the United States."

The Naturalization Act of 1906, which is still in effect, continued the above provisions and changed the oath of allegiance to read: "*support and defend the Constitution and laws of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; and to bear true faith and allegiance to the same.*"

Conforming with the Immigration Act of 1903, the Act of 1906 furthermore excluded polygamists and persons who are opposed to organized government, but made no mention of persons who believe in pacifism, socialism, or any other political "ism."

Despite the broadening of the oath to include the obligation to defend the Constitution and laws of the United States, there was apparently little agitation against the naturalization of Quakers and other pacifists between the years 1906 and 1917, if we are to judge from a review of such cases published by Henry B. Hazzard, senior attorney for the Bureau of Naturalization, in the *American Journal of International Law* of October, 1929. From another source, however, I have learned of a Quaker by the name of Francis Wills Wood who was denied citizenship in Camden, New Jersey, as early as 1916. But it was not until we entered the Great War that the Naturalization Bureau started the practice of asking every alien who came up for citizenship whether he was "willing if necessary to take up arms in defense of this country." After the War this question was retained on one sheet of the preliminary petition which every alien is required to fill out when applying for his final papers, and during the next few years a number of aliens who answered it in the negative were refused citizenship. Little is known, however, about the merits of their cases.

As the War receded into the background the question about bearing arms was apparently stressed less in both the written and oral examinations of applicants, and in a number of districts where the pressure of work was great the sheet on which this question appeared was not as a rule distributed. When it was distributed, women were not uniformly required to answer the question.

At this juncture Madame Rosika Schwimmer applied for citizenship. This well-known Hungarian feminist had been instrumental in organizing the Women's International Peace Congress and had worked unflaggingly to

bring the belligerent and neutral nations together for a peace conference during the early years of the War. At that time she had been popular in this country as a lecturer, but when we entered the war her name became anathema to zealous patriots. In 1921 she returned to this country because she believed that the United States was "the nation most likely to lead in building a world federation which would end the militarist epoch." That same year she took out her first citizenship papers. Three years later the Women's Auxiliary of the American Legion got wind of the fact and considered it their patriotic duty to warn the Naturalization Bureau of the Department of Labor against so ardent a pacifist as Madame Schwimmer. As a consequence when she filed her final petition in 1926 she was ordered to answer the question about bearing arms, although other women aliens coming up for citizenship in the Chicago district had been allowed to leave this question blank. Subsequently she appeared before Judge George A. Carpenter of the United States District Court in Chicago, and had a series of hypothetical questions put to her as to what she would do if she saw an enemy soldier about to attack an American. When she answered that she would warn her countryman or try to knock the weapon out of the enemy's hands but that she would not shoot another human being even if it came to saving her own life, he denied her petition. In the course of the various examinations Madame Schwimmer had admitted that she was "an uncompromising pacifist," and that she had no nationalistic sense, but only "a cosmic consciousness of belonging to the human family." At the same time she had declared that she was willing "to do everything that an American citizen has to do except fight."

Judge Carpenter's denial of Madame Schwimmer's petition was later reversed by the unanimous decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit, Judge Albert B. Anderson of that court holding that "a petitioner's rights are not to be determined by putting conundrums to her" and that in any event a person of Madame Schwimmer's age and sex would never be called upon to bear arms. The government then carried the case to the Supreme Court and that body declared Madame Schwimmer ineligible to citizenship by a vote of six to three.

The majority opinion of the Supreme Court, written by Justice Butler, states categorically that "it is the duty of citizens by force of arms to defend this country against all enemies whenever necessary," and that this is "a fundamental principle of the Constitution." But the opinion goes on to say that "the influence of conscientious objectors against the use of military force in defense of the principles of our Government is apt to be more detrimental than their mere refusal to bear arms." The Court also stresses the fact that Madame Schwimmer had confessed to having no sense of nationalism, but only "a cosmic consciousness," etc., and it concludes that these beliefs, together with her pacifism, would prevent her giving the true faith and allegiance to the Constitution required by the Act. The opinion, therefore, leaves one in doubt as to whether the Supreme Court would exclude every individual who refuses to bear arms personally, or more particularly those who have no nationalistic sense and who are capable of influencing others.

Justice Holmes, in dissenting, found Madame Schwimmer to be "a woman of superior character and intelligence, obviously more than ordinarily desirable as a citizen," and held, as had the Circuit Court, that the adequacy

of her oath could not be affected by her pacifistic beliefs since she would not be allowed to bear arms if she wanted to. In concluding he declared: "If there is any principle of the Constitution that more imperatively calls for attachment than any other it is the principle of free thought—not free thought for those who agree with us but freedom for the thought that we hate. I think that we should adhere to that principle with regard to admission into, as well as to life within, this country."

Justice Brandeis concurred with Justice Holmes's minority opinion, while Justice Sanford based his dissent on the Circuit Court's decision.

III

After Madame Schwimmer's petition was first denied in Chicago, in October, 1927, officials of the Naturalization Bureau in those districts where a conservative policy already prevailed, were inspired to catechize aliens whom they suspected of having conscientious scruples against bearing arms, just as they had in the years following the War. But now they began raising the question in regard to women as well as men.

The strange case of Mrs. Mary Harris Boe of Kenmore, North Dakota, illustrates the utter absurdity of the recent Pacifist Inquisition. Born of American parents in Iowa, Mrs. Boe lost her citizenship when she married a Norwegian pastor of the Church of the Brethren twenty-five years ago, before the passage of the Cable Act. In 1927 her husband was naturalized without any questions being raised, despite the fact that the Church of the Brethren is an anti-war sect. Later Mrs. Boe discovered that she was still a Norwegian under the new law, and she therefore filed a petition for citizenship. When she appeared in court, the examiner for the Bureau asked her if she would bear arms in defense of the Constitution, and she replied that it was against her religion to do so. The judge thereupon denied her petition, so that to-day Mrs. Boe is in the anomalous position of being technically a Norwegian although she is actually a native-born American, while her Norwegian-born husband of the same church belief is a full-fledged American, having been admitted to citizenship before the Pacifist Inquisition was well under way.

The grilling of women as to their willingness to bear arms would suggest that we are moving not toward a state of peace but toward a state of continuous warfare that will sap our last male reserves and make it necessary for us to develop a race of Amazons. When Mrs. Margaret Dorland Webb, a Canadian and a Quaker living in Richmond, Indiana, petitioned for her final papers, the judge, who happened to know her, said there was no doubt in his mind but that she would make a good citizen. However the examiner for the Bureau objected that in view of her religion she could not take the oath of allegiance to "support and defend the Constitution," etc., without a mental reservation. She admitted that she would not be willing to go out and kill an enemy soldier, but she thought she could fulfill the terms of the oath "by lending her influence, and thinking loyally of the government and doing everything in her power to support it." She expressed herself as ready to give her life for this country, although she could not take up arms, and she added that she would be willing to perform non-combatant service in case of war. The judge sympathized with her position but felt bound to postpone the hearing until the Supreme Court had acted in the Schwimmer case. He then denied her petition.

Another Quaker, Miss Martha Jane Graber, of Lima, Ohio, was rejected

in February of last year, before the Schwimmer decision had been handed down. Miss Graber came to this country twenty years ago with her parents from Alsace-Lorraine, and is a registered nurse by profession. Appearing before Judge Fred C. Becker of the Court of Common Pleas of Allen County, Ohio, she was asked what she would do if the country saw fit to demand her services as a combatant in time of war. When she replied that she would go to the front in her capacity as a nurse, the judge insisted that she had not answered his question.

"Are you willing to fight for the United States, if need be?" he asked.

"That would not be professional as a nurse," Miss Graber replied.

"The question is whether you are willing to shed blood if necessary in defense of your country. Such is war, Miss Graber."

"I would be willing to shed my own blood to protect this government," she answered, "but I could not conscientiously shed the blood of others."

At that point he denied her petition.

Judge Becker is said to have recently resigned from the Common Pleas bench and his successor is reported to have granted Miss Graber a new hearing on September 30th. The procedure is unusual, but there is reason to suppose that the new judge is more favorably inclined toward Miss Graber's petition.

Still another Quaker, Miss Mary King, who comes from Ireland and is at present a Y. W. C. A. secretary in Portland, Oregon, was rejected the month following the Schwimmer decision.

Miss Marie Averil Bland, the New York nurse whose case may be contested in the Supreme Court, is not a Quaker, but bases her refusal to bear arms on her own interpretation of the Christian religion. The daughter of a Protestant Episcopalian minister, she is a Canadian by birth and served at Brest for nine months after the War helping to rehabilitate shell-shocked soldiers. As a result of this harrowing experience she became a confirmed pacifist. Having returned to this country, she applied for her final citizenship papers on May 21, 1929. At that time she indicated her willingness to take the oath of allegiance, but she did not answer the query about bearing arms, since the sheet containing that question had not been sent her. Soon after filing her petition she read of the Supreme Court's decision in the Schwimmer case and gathered from the newspaper reports that the oath of allegiance obligated those who took it to bear arms in defense of the country. She therefore requested that she be allowed to qualify her oath by promising "to defend the Constitution and the laws of this country *so far as her conscience as a Christian would permit.*" Appearing before the Bureau for a special examination, she explained that she felt "her duty to God to be higher than her duty to any man-made laws in regard to carrying arms." She added, however, as Miss Graber had, that she would be willing to nurse the wounded in time of war. And like Mrs. Webb, she showed a high ideal of loyalty to the country when she said, "I think you can be loyal in ideals and ethics, and you can work for the real spiritual welfare of a country even though you don't defend it by force of arms."

An alien who cherishes such a conception of citizenship and who voluntarily raises a question as to the exact meaning of the oath she is about to take, would seem to be eminently desirable as a citizen. Yet Judge William Bondy of the District Court felt constrained by the Schwimmer decision to bar Miss Bland's way to citizenship. The Circuit Court of Appeals, in reversing his action, held that aliens seeking citizenship have the same

right to religious liberty as have native-born citizens and that Miss Bland could therefore take the oath of allegiance without any fear of being asked at some time in the future to violate her conscience by bearing arms. It remains to be seen whether the Supreme Court will make the same concession.

IV

Dr. Douglas Clyde MacIntosh, the Yale University professor whose case has received country-wide attention, is also a Canadian by birth. He first came to this country in 1904 to do graduate work at the University of Chicago, and three years later was ordained as a Baptist minister. After spending two years in Canada he was called to the Divinity School at Yale University where he is still teaching. In the spring of 1916 he voluntarily enlisted as a chaplain in the Canadian army, and subsequently saw service at Vimy Ridge and in the battle of the Somme. Returning to America late in the year 1916, he made many public addresses in support of the Western Allies, and in 1918 he joined the American Y. M. C. A., and served with that organization in the St. Mihiel region until the armistice was declared.

Having taken out his first citizenship papers in 1925, Dr. MacIntosh filed his petition for final papers on March 18, 1929. In answer to the question as to whether he would be "willing if necessary to bear arms in defense of the country" he wrote, "Yes, but I want to be free to judge of the necessity." Later when he appeared before Judge W. B. Burrows of the District Court at New Haven, Connecticut, he elaborated his position and explained that his allegiance was first of all to the will of God and after that to his country. Therefore, if he considered a war unjust, he would have conscientious scruples against bearing arms. On the other hand he believed that "there are circumstances under which a nation could justifiably resort to armed force —to repel invasion or even to defend a weaker nation." In concluding he stated his strong belief that "inasmuch as another war would probably be so much more disastrous than the last as to threaten the survival of civilization itself, and inasmuch as it is obviously the duty of everyone to do everything he can to prevent such a catastrophe, it would be positively immoral to give a blanket promise beforehand to support any and every future war in which one's country might engage."

It is interesting to note in passing that Dr. MacIntosh's views about war are very similar to the views recently adopted by a unanimous vote of the Lambeth Conference of Anglican Bishops. Judge Burrows, however, found such a position untenable and denied Dr. MacIntosh's petition.

In appealing his case to the Circuit Court Dr. MacIntosh engaged the Hon. John W. Davis as his counsel. The latter based his argument on the principle of religious liberty, and the court decided unanimously in his client's favor, Judge Martin N. Manton holding that "refusal to perform military service on account of religious scruples has not been regarded as inconsistent with the duties and obligations of citizenship." In answer to the government's argument that the Selective Service Act of 1917 exempted only members of well-recognized anti-war sects, Judge Manton declared that "such membership may be strong evidence of possessing conscientious scruples against war but it is not essential if such scruples be honestly held." Finally he distinguished Dr. MacIntosh's from Madame Schwimmer's case in that the latter had described herself as an absolute atheist and a person with no sense of nationalism. It is this distinction which has been attacked by

both liberals and conservatives alike as altogether too tenuous. The Circuit Court's opinion, therefore, instead of settling the issue, seems to have raised new questions and made it almost imperative for the Supreme Court to pass on both the MacIntosh and Bland cases.

Following Dr. MacIntosh's rejection by the District Court in New Haven, the Reverend T. F. King, pastor of the Methodist Church in Lake Arthur, Louisiana, was subjected to such a cross-examination by a federal district judge as to make every self-respecting American blush for the character of our judiciary. The examination follows:

Judge: "What did you do during the World War?"

Answer: "I served for three years in the British Army, and spent about fifteen months overseas in Salonika."

Judge: "Supposing the United States engaged in a war that you considered was wrong, what would be your attitude?"

Answer: "I would consider it my duty to protect and defend Democracy."

Judge: "But supposing, to take a concrete case, California wanted more territory, and decided to seize some in Mexico, and everyone was drafted for some form of service, would you object or be loyal?"

Answer: "I do not believe the United States would engage in such a war."

Judge: "I do not want any conditions. Under such circumstances, a war of aggression, would you object?"

Answer: "In all probability, I would. I would first have to consider my duty to God and to humanity."

Judge: "In other words, you cannot subscribe under any and every condition to the doctrine, 'My country right or wrong, but my country'?"

Answer: "No."

Judge: "Then you cannot be admitted. What we want are citizens who are prepared to say, 'My country right or wrong, but my country.'"

Ministers of the Gospel were exempted from combatant service in the Selective Draft Act of 1917, and yet a young theological student by the name of Auxanty Miroch was recently refused citizenship by Judge Fake in Newark, N. J., when he said that he would not take up arms in case of war because the Bible teaches us not to kill, but that he would be ready to lecture or to help the Red Cross.

With the Pacifist Inquisition spreading so rapidly it is heartening to hear of two district judges who have not lacked the courage to admit Quakers. In October of last year Judge Paul J. McCormick of Los Angeles granted citizenship papers to the Reverend R. Ernest Lamb, pastor of the First Friends' Church, and to his wife. In their case, curiously enough, the Naturalization Bureau had raised no objections whatsoever, but it is thought that the Reverend Mr. Lamb's standing as a community worker and a speaker at public gatherings had weighed in his favor. Another Quaker, Mrs. Hannah Starr Outland of Media, Pennsylvania, was recently admitted to citizenship with no hitch in the proceedings. The Quakers are of course not without influence in their own State.

V

If the obligation of citizens to bear arms is a fundamental principle of the Constitution, as the Supreme Court claims it is, then this principle is in direct opposition to another fundamental principle of the Constitution—the principle of religious liberty.

Going far back into colonial history we find that the thirteen original colonies not only exempted from military service Quakers and the like, but generally allowed citizens with conscientious scruples against war to obtain a

substitute or to pay a special tax in lieu of performing military service, a practice that was a hangover, no doubt, from the old idea of the mercenary army. When the Constitution came to be ratified Congress was given power "*to declare war*," "*to raise and support armies*" and "*to provide and maintain a navy*," but at the same time a number of the States insisted on an amendment which would exempt from military service any person "religiously scrupulous." James Madison accordingly presented to the House an amendment designed to protect "the full and equal rights of conscience" and specifically stating that "no person religiously scrupulous of bearing arms shall be compelled to render military service in person." For the sake of brevity the substance of this provision was finally incorporated into the First Amendment of the Bill of Rights, which reads in part:

"*Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. . . .*"

Congress went even further when it came to pass the Draft Act of 1863, and exempted any person who did not wish to serve in the army, quite irrespective of his religion, provided he could furnish a substitute or pay the small sum of $300. The Act of 1864 allowed persons with religious scruples the additional alternative of being assigned "to duty in hospitals or to the care of freedmen." If in the days when the union was threatened with extinction it was so comparatively easy for a man to get out of his duty to bear arms, this duty could hardly have been regarded as a fundamental principle of the Constitution.

The various militia acts also exempted from military service "persons with religious convictions against bearing arms," and this provision was continued in the Act of 1916 which is still in effect.

When we entered the Great War the Federal Government resorted to conscription for the second time in its history. The Selective Service Act drew the line much more rigidly than either the Civil War draft acts or the subsequent militia acts had, and exempted from military service only "members of any well-recognized religious sect or organization whose existing creed or principles forbid its members to participate in war in any form." Men thus exempted were assigned to non-combatant service, while all other conscientious objectors were subject to imprisonment.

Such a sweeping draft law may be justified as an emergency measure, but there is room for argument whether Congress in passing this law did not violate that clause in the First Amendment which guarantees that no law shall be made prohibiting the free exercise of religion, although at the time the Supreme Court upheld the constitutionality of the Selective Service Act on every score.

The term religion may of course be used in a very narrow or a very broad sense. That the authors of the First Amendment intended to give it a broad connotation seems evident from a letter written by Thomas Jefferson in which he rejoiced over the adoption of the Amendment and went on to say, "Religion is a matter which lies solely between man and his God; and he owes account to none other for his faith or his worship." Many years later, in 1890, the Supreme Court clearly implied that a man's religion may be a personal and not an institutional matter, when it passed upon the case of Davis *vs.* Beason. In that instance Justice Field declared:

"The term religion has reference to one's views of his relations to his Creator, and to the obligations they impose of reverence for His being and character, and of obedience to His will.

It is often confounded with the cultus or form of worship of a particular sect, but is distinguishable from the latter."

Story, too, in his great work on the Constitution suggests that a man may have his own private religion, when he says:

"The rights of conscience are, indeed, beyond the just reach of any human power. They are given by God, and cannot be encroached upon by human authority, without a criminal disobedience of the precepts of natural, as well as revealed religion."

In view of these classic interpretations of religion it is difficult to see how Congress or the courts can justly distinguish between (1) Quakers and other members of religious sects whose revealed religion forbids them to go to war, (2) such members of Orthodox denominations as Dr. MacIntosh and Miss Bland, who consider it their duty as Christians not to bear arms at the behest of the state, and (3) such humanitarians as Madame Schwimmer who accept no revealed religion, but who base their abhorrence of war on the belief that "all human beings are the children of God"—to use her own words. Madame Schwimmer, it is true, calls herself an atheist, and yet she and all others who object to war on humanitarian grounds, must have a natural if not a revealed religion.

VI

In refutation of the theory that the First Amendment was intended to excuse all citizens with religious scruples from bearing arms, it might be argued that this Amendment was never meant to protect those who in the name of their religion commit an overt act against the peace, good order, and morals of society. This principle, it is true, was established by the Supreme Court in Reynolds *vs.* the United States and again in Davis *vs.* Beason, but both of these cases involved the rights of Mormons to practice polygamy, an institution which was held to be a crime against society.

Pacifism *per se*, so far as I know, has never been held to be a crime against society. In the recent Schwimmer decision—which can hardly be said to have become the law of the land as yet—the Supreme Court did distinguish between the kind of pacifist "who seeks to maintain peace and to abolish war"—purposes which it concedes "to be in harmony with the Constitution and policy of our Government"—and the kind "who refuses for any purpose to bear arms because of conscientious considerations, and who is disposed to encourage others in such refusal."

People like Dr. MacIntosh, who believe that under certain circumstances war may be justified, would, I should think, fall into the first category of approved pacifists. As for a citizen's right to decide for himself whether a war merits his support, that should be, if it is not, self-evident. Every war has had its dissenters, and frequently they have been great men. Pitt and Burke thundered their denunciation of England's treatment of the Colonies, and thereby won the world's esteem. Nor is Lincoln's fame, nor Calhoun's, less bright, because they strenuously opposed the Mexican War as an imperialist outrage. If we are to accept unquestioningly the judgment of the President and a 51 per cent majority of Congress when it comes to war, as Judge Burrows of New Haven appears to think we should, or if we are to subscribe once and for all to the doctrine of "My country right or wrong, but my country," as the Louisiana judge expected the Reverend Mr. King to do, then surely we shall have surrendered up the last vestiges of our democracy.

There remains the question whether the genuine pacifists—those who, to

quote the Supreme Court, "refuse for any purpose to bear arms because of conscientious considerations"—can fairly be considered a menace to the country. But this group, too, must be divided into two classes—those like Miss Bland, Mrs. Webb, and Miss Graber, who refuse to bear arms themselves but are apparently not of the proselyting temperament, and those like Madame Schwimmer who have such strong convictions and such forceful personalities that they feel impelled to influence others.

Under our laws native-born citizens with religious scruples against bearing arms have been permitted to perform non-combatant service, and they have never been considered disloyal to the country. On the contrary many of them have been highly respected, as were the members of the Friends' Service Committee during the Great War. There would seem to be no good reason, then, why we should not admit pacifist aliens who do not proselyte and who are furthermore prepared to nurse the wounded or perform other non-combatant service.

But we have still to dispose of Madame Schwimmer and her fellow pacifists who have dedicated their lives to the proposition that war must be abolished at any cost. There are in the country more than a few native-born citizens who hold the same beliefs. But they are only a necessary evil, according to the Ohio judge who declared in 1923: "It is enough that the country must endure the native-born pacifist whose citizenship is a birthright without extending their number by the favor of the naturalization laws."

The Supreme Court, too, obviously thinks that the number of radical pacifists must be kept down, for after distinguishing between the two schools of pacifism, it said in the Schwimmer decision:

"Whatever tends to lessen the willingness of citizens to discharge their duty to bear arms in the country's defense detracts from the strength and safety of the Government. . . . If all or a large number of citizens opposed such defense the 'good order and happiness' of the United States cannot long endure."

Yet George Washington considered the Quakers "useful and exemplary citizens." In a little known letter written at the time of the adoption of the first Amendment he said further, "I assure you very expressively that in my opinion the conscientious scruples of all men should be treated with great delicacy and tenderness. It is my wish and desire that the laws may be as extensively accommodated to them as the protection and the essential interests of the nation may justify and permit."

If believers in peace were looked upon as useful citizens in the early days of our Republic, how much more useful they must be in these days when we are committed as a nation to a permanent policy of peace. Surely they should be considered much more desirable as citizens than those patriots who are moved by so strong "a nationalistic sense"—to use the Supreme Court's phrase—that they make a practice of stirring up hatred and distrust of other nations.

Individuals who go about preaching the gospel of peace may seem at the present stage of international affairs to be impractical idealists, but in the opinion of Justice Holmes at least, they are not undesirable citizens. Himself a veteran of the Civil War, the dean of American jurists has this to say about Madame Schwimmer's beliefs:

"She is an optimist and states in strong and, I do not doubt, sincere words her belief that war will disappear and that the impending destiny of mankind is to unite in peaceful leagues. I do not share that optimism nor do I think that a philosophic view of the world would regard war as ab-

surd. But most people who have known it regard it with horror, as a last resort, and even if not yet ready for cosmopolitan efforts, would welcome any practicable combinations that would increase the power on the side of peace. The notion that the applicant's optimistic anticipations would make her a worse citizen is sufficiently answered by her examination, which seems to me a better argument for her admission than any that I can offer. . . . And recurring to the opinion that bars this applicant's way, I would suggest that the Quakers have done their share to make the country what it is, that many citizens agree with the applicant's belief, and that I had not supposed hitherto that we regretted our inability to expel them because they believe more than some of us do in the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount."

VII

It is only reasonable to suppose that if Congress had wished to exclude aliens who were pacifists it would have specifically mentioned them along with polygamists and anarchists when it amended that section of the Naturalization Act in 1929. Such an exclusion, however, would not be legally justifiable in the case of aliens who base their pacifism on religious belief. The Constitution, it must be remembered, grants no privileges to native-born citizens that it does not grant to naturalized citizens, with the exception of eligibility to the Presidency, and the Supreme Court has affirmed a number of times that the latter are on an equal footing with the former. Despite all that the conservatives say about citizenship being a privilege which we may confer or withhold at pleasure, it would hardly seem proper for our government to require an alien who objects to war on religious grounds to sign a promissory note that he will take up arms in defense of the country, so long as we have on our statute books a militia act which exempts persons "with religious convictions against bearing arms."

Nor are we morally justified in excluding aliens who derive their pacifistic beliefs from a humanitarian rather than a religious creed, so long as we suffer native-born pacifists to live and spread their doctrine in time of peace, which is presumably most of the time. I should think that if an alien wanted to take his chances on being treated as American citizens are treated in time of war and perhaps imprisoned should a stringent draft law be passed, he need not be grilled in advance as to his intentions, especially since as a pacifist he may do his bit toward prolonging the interval between wars and in this way promote "the good order and happiness of the United States."

The whole issue reduces itself to the question of how the Constitution and the laws of the United States are to be "defended." Before the question about bearing arms was introduced into the preliminary petition, an alien who took the oath "to support and defend the Constitution and laws of the United States against all enemies foreign and domestic" might well have thought, as did Miss Bland at first, that he could defend this democracy by working for its spiritual welfare. When President Hoover upon taking office swore that he would "preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution," no one seriously feared that his belief as a Quaker would prevent his living up to his oath.

The State Department for its part has gone on record as saying that it does not construe "the oath or affirmation of allegiance prescribed by the passport regulations as necessarily involving physical defense of the Constitution," and consequently "it does not perceive any good reason why

non-resistants should decline to accept it." This ruling was made in answer to an enquiry made in 1926 by Mr. Roger Baldwin of the Civil Liberties Union, who wished to inform himself of the construction put upon the oath before taking it. The Department further ruled that if he had conscientious scruples against taking the oath as it stood they would permit him to take an oath to support and defend the Constitution *so far as his conscience would allow*. The same privilege was extended three years later to Miss Dorothy Detzer, Executive Secretary of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

If the State Department sees fit to give protection in foreign lands to citizens who do not recognize the reciprocal obligation to bear arms for the country, it would not seem too rash for the Labor Department to grant the privilege of citizenship to aliens who wish to express their loyalty to the United States in some way other than by bearing arms.

As a matter of actual practice most aliens who take the oath of allegiance do not know what it is all about, and so the fuss and pother over its form seems futile, to say the least. It is true that an alien must, when applying for his final papers, sign a statement to the effect that he is prepared to take the prescribed oath; but it is no secret that many a foreigner has been admitted to citizenship who cannot read English at all and can only write it well enough to affix his signature on the dotted line. And when the general run of alien comes to court in company with tens or hundreds of other aliens, he will be questioned for only a few minutes by the judge and will then be passed on to the clerk of the court, who will mumble an unintelligible rigmarole to which he is expected to nod his head in assent. In this haphazard fashion the average alien takes the oath of allegiance and becomes an American citizen for better or worse. He may be ignorant, he may read nothing but foreign language newspapers, he may be totally unfit to exercise the franchise, and his sole motive in becoming an American citizen may be an economic one. Yet the Naturalization Bureau admits this type of alien by the thousands while it excludes intelligent men and women who are not only scrupulous about the oaths they take but who have sufficient moral courage to stand by their convictions even at the risk of losing something they desire very much. Such courage surely is of as high an order as that of the man who obeys orders and shoulders a gun.

VIII

Since the Naturalization Act specifies that an alien petitioning for citizenship must take an oath "to defend the Constitution and laws against all enemies," and since the Supreme Court has put a physical construction upon the word "defend," the only way to admit these desirable aliens is to change or amend the law. A step has been taken in this direction by Congressman Anthony J. Griffin of New York City, who was so indignant over the injustice of the Schwimmer decision that he immediately introduced into the House of Representatives a bill to amend the Naturalization Act as follows:

"Except that no person mentally, morally and otherwise qualified shall be debarred from citizenship by reason of his or her religious views or philosophical opinions with respect to the lawfulness of war as a means of settling international disputes."

Congressman Griffin himself served in the Spanish-American War and can hardly be classified as a pacifist. But he subscribes wholeheartedly to Justice Holmes's belief that free thought is a fundamental principle of the Constitu-

tion. His bill has been endorsed by a number of churches and religious organizations, and also by the American Civil Liberties Union, the National Council for the Prevention of War, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the League for American Citizenship, the League for Independent Political Action, and a number of other liberal organizations. To support the bill more effectively a Griffin Bill Committee has been formed under the leadership of Mrs. Lola Maverick Lloyd of Chicago, and numbers among its members Jane Addams, Robert Morss Lovett, John Dewey, and James T. Shotwell.

So far the bill has received a warmer reception from the public than it has from Congress. Chairman Johnson of the Immigration Committee of the House would not consent to public hearings until May of this year and then he condemned the bill, on the ground that "it sought to set up a sort of international citizenship." And when Representative Griffin asked that certain Quakers be heard in support of the bill, Representative Green of Florida shouted, "I am willing to hear members of Congress on this proposal but no one else. It leads directly to sovietism, communism, socialism, bolshevism, and anarchy. It means the tearing down of all liberty, and I won't listen to it."

The professional patriots who make it their business to keep America safe for democracy were much in evidence at the hearings. Major-General Fries appeared for the American Coalition, an association which includes the D.A.R. and the Key Men of America. The National Security League also went on record against the bill, and the New York Chamber of Commerce, for some curious reason, passed a resolution condemning it.

Despite the backing which the Griffin Bill has had from a long string of newspapers, including the Hearst and the Scripps-Howard chains, prospects for its passage are none too bright, in view of the present complexion of the Immigration Committee and the reactionary attitude toward immigration which the House as a whole has manifested of recent years. Outside of Congress there are those who think that Representative Griffin would have stood a better chance of accomplishing his purpose if he had simply introduced an amendment to the Naturalization Act deleting "defend" from the oath of allegiance, so that an alien would only have to swear to "support the Constitution of the United States," as was the rule before 1906. Whatever the solution may be, it is obvious to every thinking person that we cannot go on for long professing peace and yet denying citizenship to those who believe in peace.

In the light of the First Amendment and of our long tradition of religious liberty it is hard to see how the Supreme Court can in the final analysis refuse citizenship to conscientious objectors who base their objections to war on religious grounds. But more than this we cannot expect from the Supreme Court, since it has already tied its own hands. It remains for the people at large, through their representatives in Congress, to change a law which is so worded and construed at present as to exclude aliens whose only disqualification is that "they believe more than some of us do in the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount," to repeat Justice Holmes's ironical words.

Some such change in the law as has been suggested would assure the aliens within our gates that we have a democracy in fact as well as in theory, and it would assure the world at large that our professions of peace are something more than sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

WANTED: A MÄDCHEN FÜR ALLES

BY THEODORE STEARNS

IT DIDN'T occur to the generous backers of my grand opera who sent me abroad to finish the work in peace and quiet, that I would first have to become an impresario for German cooks and nursemaids and that, innocently enough, I was going to be haled before the authorities of the Republic for violating the dole plan protecting servant girls over there. How could they—or I—know the strange pitfalls which await the American who walks innocently into the tangles of the German servant problem?

Like every other young American mother whom fate leads to Europe to set up housekeeping for a few years, my wife fell for the idea that in Germany at last she was going to find the ideal maid-of-all-work. Furthermore, according to all that her friends had told her, one who was accustomed to toil early and late at a salary so low that my wife wouldn't be able to believe it—not in her wildest dreams. I tried to curb these, for Marguerite's friends had lived only in *pensions* while studying voice or piano abroad; what could they know about hiring and firing servant girls, discussing Art as they did over hot chocolate and pickles, instead of at a square meal on a round plate at their own table in their own apartment?

When we were crossing to Germany, I came into our cabin one afternoon and saw six pretty little white aprons which my wife had worn while singing an operetta role, spread out on the lower berth.

"What's the great idea?" I inquired.

"I want our maid to wear these when she trundles the baby around or serves that famous afternoon coffee cake you have been raving about," she replied.

"Listen. Your French and Italian won't get you anywhere in Germany. How are you going to tell your maid what it's all about?"

"I'll let you tell her," said Marguerite calmly. "Maybe she will have long, blonde braids hanging down her back and *heiss* Gretchen. Won't that be romantic?"

"Never mind the details," said I. "I'll hire your maid for you and do all the bawling out. Leave it to me."

We landed in the Dresden *Hauptbahnhof*, where I parked the baby and his mother until I could secure temporary rooms at one of the station hotels. To place a want ad in the morning papers for a *Mädchen für alles* would be quick work; and I planned that the next day I'd chase around in a taxi, find a furnished apartment with no radios in the building, hire a maid, move in, and get to work on my opera. My wife had to wait two hours in the station, for an Exposition was in full blast and most of the hotels were jammed. When I returned she had hidden herself and the baby in a dark corner of the station restaurant and was nursing the young despot to keep him from yelling his head off. She needn't have been worried for there were fifty

other mothers scattered about doing the same thing.

We piled into a taxi with our collapsible baby-buggy and my box of manuscripts on the front seat; four suitcases, typewriter, cane, umbrella, raincoats, a steamer rug, and a box of chocolates were heaped about us. Two porters hung on to the running boards. Our hotel was only a block or so away but it took us thirty minutes to get there. Taxi drivers are brothers under the skin the world over. The hotel elevator was out of order but an army of bell boys helped us walk up the four flights. I was surprised at the baby's philosophical quiet. Ordinarily he was like an owl: he slept in the daytime and worked at night.

It was two weeks before we found a suitable apartment and during that time my wife practiced her German interviewing maids whom I had told, down at the porter's desk, that they wouldn't do, but who nevertheless had gone on upstairs to speak to the *gnädige Frau*. It seemed that in Germany cooks were strangely reluctant to talk business with the man of the house. We finally selected a Wendish girl twenty-seven years old and all of us moved over to the apartment I had rented at the corner of Wienerstrasse and Richard Strauss Platz, only a couple of blocks from the home of Fritz Busch who, as General Music Director of the Dresden State Opera, would later on tell me whether my opera was good or bad.

Agnes had answered my want ad in the *Srbski Stovo*, the Wendish newspaper published in Bautzen, and said that she could cook and that she loved children. Her picturesque, huge Wendish headdress made everybody stare but she couldn't use my wife's little "Rose Girl" aprons because she wore long skirts. We paid her $8 a month with room and board and were charged $2.50 a month extra for her room in the attic, this latter sum being paid to our landlady, who was a rich bookbinder's widow with three small children and for ten months eternally pestered me for free tickets to the Dresden *Staatsoper*. On account of Agnes's striking costume we took her everywhere we went and she rode first class—particularly on the Elbe River excursion boats when we went up to Pillnitz to see where Weber finished his "Freischütz." At the end of a month she was thoroughly spoiled, to the extent that she began taking taxicabs instead of street cars when she journeyed over to the *Insel* to do the marketing. My wife thereupon wrote a rest in that melody and the next time we went to Pillnitz told the girl to *bleiben Sie zu Hause*.

But it was not until about two months after we started housekeeping that we collided with the government laws protecting servants against their employers. Going to the opera one night and discovering that the bill had been changed on account of the sudden illness of the prima donna, we returned unexpectedly—to be greeted by the baby screaming at the top of his voice and no sign whatever of Agnes. After a fifteen minutes' search about the neighborhood I finally discovered our maid down in our landlady's kitchen with the other servants, pitifully begging them for a handful of potatoes and telling them that we had taken the butter away from her and that consequently she was being starved to death. It appeared that Marguerite had asked her to put the butter on our table that day at dinner and hadn't dreamed of telling the girl to cut off a piece of it for her own use. Another thing, we had not yet accustomed ourselves to the European afternoon coffee habit and it hadn't occurred to us that German servants must have it. The second day Agnes was with us she had turned to me and asked if this were a house

without coffee and I had paused long enough in my composing to tell her that there were five pounds of it on the kitchen shelf. Our expenditure for food was recklessly lavish according to German standards and it had seemed sufficient to us simply to point to the loaded cupboard, store room, and refrigerator, wave our hands at the maid and tell her to help herself. But Agnes was being starved, and the domestic symphony was off key somehow or other as I stood there in that idiotic basement listening to a servants' chorus. I shooed them all upstairs into our kitchenette and yanked open drawers and closet doors. My wife, clutching the baby, shrieked at Agnes and wanted to know what had she been doing, leaving "*mein Kind! mein Kind!*"

"There's a whole sack of potatoes, *nicht wahr?*" I said to the servants passionately. "And eggs, butter, cheese, bread, meat, *wurst*, coffee—no diamonds of course—oh, what's the use!" The other servants looked at our maid sympathetically and said something that I didn't catch about the law being on her side. When I asked them if my wife was supposed to cut off a piece of butter and shove it down Agnes's throat they backed away and left. Agnes gave us her two weeks' notice then and there. The fact that she had neglected the baby during our absence didn't bother her in the least. My wife should have told her to help herself to the butter, our landlady explained to us later.

"Is there any law about that?" I demanded.

"No, not exactly. But the authorities side with the servant girls as a general rule and as servants are not allowed to help themselves without being specifically told to do so, in Agnes's case you might have a hard time proving your defense if she carried her complaint into court."

As a matter of fact, food had nothing to do with Agnes's notice to leave. She had merely seized upon that item as an excuse to get away. Her sister had obtained another job for her and she wanted to work where her sister worked. But the day she packed her bag she demanded a written "recommendation," and I said I'd be fried in butter before I'd let my wife give her one, and in an hour she returned with an officer, who ordered me to give the girl a "recommendation" or explain it to the judge. We signed a statement to the effect that Agnes had worked for us for two months and had shown herself to be industrious.

The wife of one of our vice consuls told us what had happened to *her*. She had received a few packages of pancake flour from America but their maid didn't like American pancakes for breakfast, or at any other time. She had the run of the larder, of course, but decided that here was a good excuse to leave. One morning, after the family left the house, she tore a cold pancake in two and dramatically flourished it in the servants' hall downstairs as "all the food that she had had for breakfast that morning." When Mrs. Vice Consul returned the maid gave her notice, and as the law provides that a girl discharged, or voluntarily leaving a place, is entitled to an extra weekly afternoon off to look for another position, she started right out to hunt for another job. Another way to get out when they are tired of a position is for the maids to take a dose of something that temporarily makes them sick and then they can leave without notice on account of "illness." We had a case of this later on and when I mentioned it to an attorney friend of ours he shrugged his shoulders and said:

"It might be cheaper in the end to give the girl her 'recommendation' and let it go at that."

II

The next maid I hired for my wife and the baby was just an inexperienced, attractive country girl seventeen years old. Her mother brought her to us in answer to our ad, "Wanted. A *Mädchen für alles*," and said that while Hilda had never been away from home before and couldn't cook, she was anxious to learn, was used to children, and would be satisfied with six dollars a month. Hilda had pretty red cheeks, long blonde braids, a shy, slow smile, and an enchanting drawl—but oh, she was dumb. Sweet and accommodating, however, even if the way she went about her work reminded us of a slow movie. The first morning she brought my early coffee into the music room she carefully moved aside a pile of music paper on my work desk to make place for her own cup and saucer and then naïvely sat down to enjoy it. Fixing me with her big blue eyes, she drawled:

"Isn't it fine to have a job like the other girls?"

"But Hilda," I said, "don't the other girls eat in the kitchen?"

"I don't know. You see this is the first time I ever left home."

"I'm afraid there isn't room here for two cups. I have to spread my music all over the table to dry."

She got up obediently, then bent over to look at a wet page of manuscript. One of her long braids dropped on to the sheet and I let out a yell of protest.

"Oh!" stammered Hilda, "I've got ink all over my hair!"

It took several days of patience and tact to put her in her place but she never did get over the feeling that she was my wife's friend instead of a servant. One day she was unpacking the little operetta aprons and trying them on when she ran across a pair of rubber gloves.

"What in the world are these?" she inquired. My wife told her that she wore them when washing dishes to protect her hands. Holding them up at arm's length, Hilda nodded her head. "Yes," she said thoughtfully, "and wouldn't they be fine to wear out in the rain."

It was Hilda's innocence—as well as our own ignorance—which nearly landed us all in jail; it was she who introduced us to the Servants' State Insurance problem, which has put such a burden on German taxpayers that it is little wonder the Reichstag has had to be dissolved and a dictatorship has been declared as I write this. She got us in trouble with the authorities in the following manner:

I had taxied her over to the police station a few days after her arrival in order to register her advent. This must be done personally by the employer. The sergeant behind the desk asked her if she had her disability card with her and if it was paid up to date. It is called the Workers' *Invalidenkarte*. She said yes, and handed it to me with her slow smile. Our landlady asked me about this the minute we returned. She said it was important—that all employers had to pay approximately one-third of this insurance, and see to it that the jiggers that look like little postage stamps and are purchasable at any post office were properly pasted on the little printed squares provided for that purpose, and that this must be attended to each week. The dues for this insurance are rated according to the wages received—in Hilda's case, about fifteen cents a week. This entitled the girl to a home when she was old or disabled permanently, provided she could show properly filled cards for as long as she had been able to work.

It is wise to assure yourself that this "invalid" card is kept in perfect order, otherwise you may run into the arms of the law. Another one of our vice con-

suls in the Dresden district cautioned me about that. He thought it was too much bother to attend to his cook's card, so he gave her the money instead and told her to look after it. But instead of buying the stamps she put the money in her pocket. When she left his employ she couldn't produce her card at her next job and to vindicate her theft she swore she had never received a cent for the stamps in question. Against her mere word the protests of the vice consul fell to zero; he had to appear before the proper authorities, buy a whole year's stamps all over again, pay a big fine, and suffer a red-hot reprimand.

After Hilda had been our "guest" for four months she cut her hand one day paring potatoes and with characteristic peasant carelessness washed it in greasy dish water, wrapped an old rag around it, and said nothing to my wife until her hand began to swell alarmingly and keep her awake nights with the pain. I sent her at once to a doctor but instead of lancing the hand he sent the girl back for me. I stopped composing and went over to his office. He eyed me sternly.

"This girl tells me she is not entered at the bureau of the State Sick-and-Accident Insurance Benefit Company!" (In German, the *Krankenkasse.*)

"I don't see what that has to do with me. If her hand needs lancing I'll pay for the medical treatment, naturally, since she hurt herself in my employ."

"It has a great deal to do with you," said the doctor accusingly. "Are you aware that Germany does not allow its working classes to be treated inhumanely by employers? Are you aware that by not registering this girl at the main office of the State *Krankenkasse* you are liable to arrest, as well as a heavy fine?" he thundered.

"No," I said. "I am a foreigner and know as little about such a rule as this girl does herself, evidently. Why didn't she tell me about it?"

"I'd advise you to register her at once. Meanwhile I must, of course, report you to the proper authorities." Then he lanced Hilda's hand and I paid the bill. Three days later I got an ominous summons from the Krankenkasse Bureau and I hot-footed it over to the American Consulate.

"Well," said the Consul General, "we'll have to do something about this at once. This German Republic is rabid about protecting the worker from his employer and ignorance of the law is no excuse over here any more than it is in the States. I'll telephone to the Bureau at once and see what can be done." Then he asked me to step out of the room for a minute—I suppose to spare my feelings while he 'phoned the officials that I was just a composer and didn't know anything about laws, other than the ones governing harmony and counterpoint. He made an appointment for me the next day and told me I must take Hilda along, so at the witching hour of 8 A.M. we showed up—one as scared as the other. But our consul must have put up a strong talk for when we arrived the police were all smiling.

I pleaded guilty to the charges as set forth in the indictment. Then, after a stern reprimand to us both—Hilda being apparently as deep in the mud as I was—I was let off by merely paying up four months' back dues for the time Hilda had been with us.

"Ach Gott," whispered Hilda in awe as they were making out the receipt, "will we have to go to jail?"

Now the law specifically states that the servant must pay two-thirds of the dues out of her earnings, thereby being educated in thrift and providence, but when I mentioned that fact (having read up on the law the night before) the head official waved his hand and said yes, but that the girl was young and

wasn't getting much anyway, and that it wouldn't mean anything to a "rich American" to pay the whole shot—especially under the circumstances. Then he demanded Hilda's *Invalidenkarte*, but he couldn't catch me that time for I had been smart enough to stick it into my pocket with my passport, birth certificate, marriage license, and the baby's vaccination card, before we left the house.

"Wait a minute—these stamps are not dated!" he exclaimed wrathfully.

"Not dated?"

"Each and every one of these and subsequent stamps must be dated from week to week by you personally, in pen and ink. For not having done this you are again subject to a fine."

"I pass," I said weakly. "But you've taken all my money already, unless you are willing to have the girl go back in a street car instead of in a taxi."

"Rich," he muttered; "rich, these Americans." Then, "Oh, go over there in a corner and date them now. But don't forget it in the future."

So with my fountain pen and a borrowed calendar, I sat down and dated sixteen stamps—"1/9/27 to 8/9/27" and so on—in the German fashion with the day ahead of the month. Thereafter, and as long as she worked for us at least, Hilda was entitled to free medical attention and hospital service if necessary.

III

We were to have another and still more interesting experience with German laws for the protection of housemaids after we moved to the little mountain village of Kipsdorf thirty miles outside of Dresden.

The place we took was a summer cottage called Villa Idylle by its owners, an old couple who were obliged to rent it because they had lost all their money during the inflation period. Perched on a hillside in a grove of pines, with a mountain brook hurrying through the garden, its six little furnished rooms and bath were a bargain at two hundred and sixty dollars a year. Only an hour's bus ride from Dresden and a two-minute walk to stores, it was a haven of godlike peace and quiet. We lived there two years and left greatly lamenting and lamented. I drove Hilda out there a day ahead of time to put the house in order. The pipes were frozen and the March air crisp at that elevation but she was country-bred and knew how to melt snow for water with which to boil the coffee. The next day a truck deposited our trunks, the piano, two canary birds, besides my wife and the baby, and my box of manuscripts. My wife was in ecstasies and the baby chortled with glee.

Our new neighbors across the street, four cultured women who conduct a modern and efficient kindergarten, told my wife that she was lucky to get a loyal nurse girl for thirty marks a month, which we were paying Hilda by this time, but pointed out that for ten or fifteen marks more one could probably be found who could also cook. Hilda had never graduated from her first lesson in that respect. After we were settled her mother sent word to us that her daughter must have another raise in salary. We were now in another zone where the girl's insurance dues were rated higher and I found that if we had moved thirty miles further it would have cost us still more, inasmuch as these insurance rates vary in practically every district. In Dresden the budget for Hilda had run as follows:

Wages	30.	marks a month	
Disability insurance	2.80	"	"
Illness insurance	12.	"	"
Board (estimated)	30.	"	"
Room	10.	"	"
Total	84.80	"	"

Paying all the insurance dues for eight months had therefore amounted to about 120 marks, which was four months' extra salary. If the girl had paid her legal two-thirds stipulated by the government of Saxony, she still would have been three months ahead of the game each year. In other words, she was in reality getting forty marks a month instead of thirty, besides full insurance against illness, accidents, disability and old age, as well as free hospital service and free medical attention whenever necessary.

This was clear as mud to Hilda, however, so when she demanded another raise and my wife said "Not this week, my dear," I sent her over to the burgermeister's office for enlightenment. She returned chastened, for they had found my figures to be correct. My arithmetic having thus confounded the government, I celebrated by calling up Erich the touring-car man, and drove the whole family up to Altenberg on the Bohemian border where they skin cats and sell the furry hides as a cure for rheumatism. The next day the burgermeister told me privately that even if the State of Saxony decreed otherwise, it was customary, to save argument, for the employer to pay all of the servant girl's insurance and let it go at that. Our neighbors at the kindergarten told my wife that another way to placate her maid would have been to give her five marks a month extra as a present, with the understanding that she pay her share of her insurance dues.

Thus, from three sources—the police station in Dresden, the burgermeister in Kipsdorf, and four representative German housewives—it was admitted that this government intention of inculcating in its working classes a sense of financial responsibility for the future by forcing them to save a part of their wages, is a flat failure. Domestic servants all hold paid-up insurance cards but, with rare exceptions, it is the employer who has paid all the dues—not the servant.

Unable to gain her point and getting the argonaut-urge, Hilda ate something that didn't agree with her—American pancakes maybe—got sick and said her half brother had married and left her father without any help on the farm so she guessed she would have to go back home and milk the cows. We secretly hated to lose her for she certainly was good to the baby.

Our next maid was also seventeen, neat, quick as a flash, but cinema-conscious. She developed a habit of sneaking out of the house after supper without permission and if we wanted to go down the hill to the Halali there would suddenly be no Ilse to stay at home with the baby. She belonged to the class of young German girls who apprentice themselves to some first-class housekeeper, usually the wife of a hotel or restaurant owner, and so get practical training in domestic science while finishing their last four hours a week in continuation school. But Ilse was disobedient and pert and this the government will not stand for. In this point at least it backs the employer to the hilt. We gave Ilse a furlough and forgot to put a limit to it and six months later heard that she had gone to St. Louis with her mother and because she had learned a little English from the baby had had no difficulty in snapping up a job as nurse girl at ten dollars a week. Enter our last and most significant *Mädchen für alles*, Gertrud.

IV

She was twenty-seven, a splendid cook, a good nursemaid and seamstress, careful about the marketing—thoroughly reliable. To crown it all she was silent as a ghost about her work. As she was the first woman I had ever seen who wouldn't talk, I got to mentioning this fact at odd intervals

until my wife threatened to fire her. By this time my opera was finished and produced, and as my wife now knew enough German to manage the household I began writing another. We paid Gertrud forty-five marks a month, her full insurance dues, and including everything she cost us a hundred and fifty marks a month. But she was worth it. It doesn't make a particle of difference, we now found, what a girl costs you for her up-keep. The State Krankenkasse decides that and the more salary you pay a maid, the higher the room and board is rated. For instance, supposing her wages are ten dollars a month and bread is five cents a loaf. If you increase her wages fifty per cent the Krankenkasse boosts its estimate of her food and lodging expenses accordingly, so that, in effect, your share of her increased insurance dues is then rated at nearer seven or eight cents a loaf than five. If we had paid Gertrud a hundred marks a month straight salary, the Krankenkasse would probably have classed her living expenses at Hotel Adlon rates.

A portion of these Krankenkasse dues are doled out to the workers in time of non-employment and we were now to witness an example of how this protective process works out, where we could watch it from our own doorstep. We were out walking one morning when two huge sight-seeing busses drew up in front of one of the hotels in Kipsdorf and deposited seventy-two young men and girls with their bags, skis, snowshoes, and other paraphernalia. They were part of the German army of jobless workers taking a vacation under the auspices of the Krankenkasse. Their paid-up dues now entitled them to support during their period of unemployment. They ranged in age from eighteen to twenty-two. To say that they were utterly care-free and indifferent to the future would be putting it very mildly indeed.

They had just spent two weeks in the Weisse Hirsch suburb of Dresden, were now here in Kipsdorf on the same mission for another fortnight, and were later to be sent to a hotel in the porcelain town of Meissen—and so on—until jobs could be found for them or until the exchequer of the Krankenkasse was empty. The proprietor of the Kipsdorf hotel told me that he was obliged to take them in at a rock-bottom rate that left him practically no profit, crowding out paying guests, and to feed them as follows:

Morning coffee with rolls and butter; a second breakfast of coffee and cake; a hot dinner of soup, meat, vegetables, a sweet, and black beer at noon; afternoon coffee; and a cold supper of sausage or cheese, bread, and beer or coffee at night. In addition to this the Krankenkasse allowed each "worker" fifty pfennige (fifteen cents) a day for spending money, and double that amount on Sundays and holidays. They had their own dance orchestra with them made up of their own members and consisting of a piano player, violin, flute, 'cello, cornet, and drums. They danced, gave private theatricals, and before they left Kipsdorf staged a big ball and variety entertainment to which, however, the public was not admitted. During the day they played all about the village and surrounding hills and spent what money they had freely enough for chocolates, cigarettes, and picture post cards. But the town was up in arms until they left. Our butcher and grocer, particularly, were openly antagonistic to these argonauts.

"Do you think those young people care if they ever get another job or not?" they complained. "Why should they care, so long as the government supports them? It is people like us, us tradesmen, the middle-class proprietors and tax payers, who have to foot the bill."

Still another resident told us that the

expenditures for such benefits were out of all proportion to the cash on hand for that purpose and that already the government was facing the necessity of using funds from the budgets of other State departments for this purpose or else the Krankenkasse must declare itself bankrupt. Furthermore, that instead of arousing a spirit of economy and preparedness for rainy days, the system was merely breeding indifference and callousness on the part of the younger generation and building up a race of spendthrifts. Our worthy neighbors across the street, who like most cultured and independent women of to-day are intelligent students of the labor question, hit the nail on the head, it struck me.

"Why doesn't the government annex these young men to the Forestry Department?" they protested. "There is always plenty of clearing and planting to be done. Or send them to industrial schools where they could take an intensive course and so fit themselves for more advanced positions when they are finally re-employed?"

In the interest of science I corralled a few of the "vacationists" and by the easy introduction of borrowing a match—they were invariably accommodating and courteous—asked them how they were getting along.

"Nothing to worry about. Say, if there was only a cinema in this dorf it would be *grossartig, nicht wahr?*"

"When do you expect to go to work again?"

They shrugged their shoulders. "Why worry about that? We'll be ready when the time comes."

While we were participating in a three-days' impromptu barbecue tendered us by the village on the eve of our departure for America, Gertrud reminded my wife that she was supposed to notify the Krankenkasse that on account of our breaking up housekeeping her maid was leaving our employ. This would then entitle Gertrud to a daily dole while she looked for another position, without dipping into her savings.

"But I thought you were going to get married?" said my wife.

"I do want to," replied Gertrud, "and I have been engaged for two years. But we can't get a place to live in, in spite of the fact that our application for the right to rent two rooms and kitchen has been filed with the Housing Bureau ever since we have been engaged. The waiting list is so big, and as the government naturally gives preference to already-married couples with children, unless we can get a pull it may be two years longer before we can start housekeeping."

Two days later the Stearns trio stepped into the bus for Dresden and the Boys' Trombone Band flourished a farewell chorale. Parting handclasps . . . *Auf Wiederseh'n* . . . *Auf Wiederseh'n* . . . the gears meshed . . . and we glided down the friendly valley beneath a sickle moon.

We were saying good-by to Germany, but there was one consolation: we were saying good-by also to the Krankenkasse.

THE OTHER ROOM

A STORY

BY DON MARQUIS

DR. HARVEY HERBERT was not only an M.D. but a Ph.D. His familiars referred to him as a "psychological shark"; but the world in general did not permit itself such slangy informality. What the world saw was a man who had attained an unusual position at thirty-eight years of age, who was acknowledged to be solid as well as brilliant, and who was spoken of with enthusiasm by his professional and academic brethren.

Doctor Herbert specialized as a neurologist, but his private practice was not large, and it was not easy to get him to take a case unless it had some extraordinary feature which piqued his interest. He lectured on psychology in one of the universities and he had written extensively on his subject. He was, among other things, a recognized authority upon criminology. He had devoted a great deal of time to the study of hallucinations.

Some strange cases came to the attention of Dr. Harvey Herbert, cases involving very fine ethical points, at times; cases in which a matter of conscience often lay concealed under the surface of some mental trouble, just as a bit of broken needle may work itself through the flesh of the body for years causing physical disturbances difficult to diagnose because its presence is unknown. Doctor Herbert was a rather acutely conscientious person himself.

But with all his exploration of the shadowy caverns of the subconscious mind, no case ever came to the attention of Dr. Harvey Herbert that was stranger than the case of . . . Dr. Harvey Herbert.

It was one day last spring that Doctor Herbert called at the office of his friend Dr. Howard Vokes, after telephoning to make sure that Doctor Vokes had time for a lengthy consultation, and dropped into the big chair in front of Vokes' desk, a picture of weariness.

Vokes, a general practitioner and a lifelong comrade, looked at Herbert with keen eyes, noted his fag, and offered him a drink. Doctor Herbert nodded his acceptance.

"Which one of my patients has been sneaking off to you, Harvey?" said Doctor Vokes. "I don't think I've sent anyone lately."

"None of them," said Doctor Herbert. "I'm here to consult with you about—about myself."

"Quit drinking," said Vokes, with a smile pouring a liberal allowance of whiskey into a glass for the famous psychologist. "Give up smoking," he went on, pushing his cigarette case towards his friend; "and have your teeth, tonsils, and appendix taken out at once; take a trip to Bermuda, play golf more, raise violets, eat pineapples, and come back in three days and tell me how you feel."

But this facetiousness elicited only the feeblest of smiles from his famous friend; Doctor Herbert was twisting his pointed brown beard with his slender fingers, his face and worried eyes averted. Doctor Vokes went on, seriously:

"Stomach, Harvey? Liver? Kidneys? Something in my line?"

"I wish it were," said Herbert, with a sigh. "But I'm afraid it's—nerves."

"Consult the eminent neurologist, Dr. Harvey Herbert," said Vokes. His remark was really a question as to why the specialist had come to a general practitioner to confer upon a case involving his own specialty; and Doctor Herbert understood it so. He shrugged his shoulders and said in a tired voice:

"I've been to Dr. Harvey Herbert. The man doesn't do me any good." And then, after a brief pause, "Howard, you're the oldest friend I have." He paused again, and resumed, with a smile which made his face very attractive in spite of the ravages of his worry, "And, with the exception of my wife, about the best one, Howard."

The two men exchanged that glance of perfect understanding which is so much more eloquent than words. Presently Vokes suggested, "I suppose you've been down in the sub-cellar of the human mind again, hunting your ghosts—and one of them has turned on you this time."

"Something like that," admitted Doctor Herbert.

"You prowl into some queer, dank places," said Doctor Vokes. "They almost frighten me."

"This time," said Doctor Herbert, "I was frightened. I still am. I saw . . ."

His voice trailed off into a brooding silence.

"What did you see?" insisted Dr. Vokes.

"Myself," said Dr. Harvey Herbert. He shuddered, took another drink, and presently began.

I'm hoping that when I'm finished (said Doctor Herbert) you and I may be able to get together and diagnose my case as something physical—but if we can't, at least I will have told everything to a friend. As a psychologist, I can assure you that there is sometimes great value in a sympathetic father confessor. And now that I've said that word, I recognize that I am really coming to you for the assurance of absolution—an assurance that I've not been able to give to myself.

It was about three weeks ago that I got the jolt I'm still staggering from. You remember Aunt Emma Hastings, who lived with us for so many years? Well, it was three weeks ago that Aunt Emma died.

She was distantly related to both my wife and myself, although Margaret and I are not related to each other. Although we both called her Aunt, she was really a second or third cousin of Margaret's grandmother; she was connected, even more remotely, with my mother's father. We were the only people left in the world who could by any stretch of the imagination be called kinsfolk. So we gave her a home, took care of her.

I don't mean that we took care of her financially. She was a great deal better off than I am. I've grubbed for knowledge, rather than money, as you know; always giving more time to research than to my practice. We took care of Aunt Emma Hastings physically; and not even our best friends have known what a strain it has been or how Aunt Emma tyrannized over us. Entrenched in invalidism, age, sentimentality, the habit of years, she was the very pattern of a petty domestic tyrant. Her death should really be a release and a relief to me;

but, for reasons which you will gather, it is anything but that.

The night she died Margaret and I had planned to go to the theater. We had dined early, and at a couple of minutes after eight o'clock I was waiting in the living room for Margaret, who was putting the finishing touches to her dressing. Getting out to the theater was more of a treat to Margaret and me than you might suspect, for Aunt Emma had grown increasingly querulous if one or the other, or both of us, were not with her. In fact, for some time had we foregone almost all social diversions.

Margaret came in from her room, her face shining with pleasant anticipation, and I picked up my top-coat and hat. "Ready at last!" she said, gaily.

But just then Miss Murdock entered. Miss Murdock was Aunt Emma's own attendant—nurse, companion, and maid all at once. There had been a long succession of these companions. Aunt Emma seldom kept one more than six or eight months, and she had had an astonishing variety. But they were all alike in one thing—they seemed to enjoy the tyranny which Aunt Emma exercised over Margaret and myself and to relish the opportunity to participate in it in a minor way. Miss Murdock said, with a prim exterior, but with a certain latent gusto:

"Mrs. Herbert, Miss Hastings sent me to inquire whether you and Doctor Herbert were going out to-night."

"Why, yes," said Margaret; "we're just starting. Does Miss Hastings want anything? I'll go to her if she wishes to speak with me."

Miss Murdock became a composite picture of the petty malice of all her predecessors as she announced:

"Miss Hastings said, in case I found you were going out, that I was to tell you not to do so."

"Not to do so!" I exclaimed. I felt a flush of anger, a sudden red rush of it all over me. If my face looked like Margaret's, I showed what I felt. This was a little too much!

"That's what she said," returned Miss Murdock; and I saw the tip of her tongue run along her lips as if she tasted a creamy satisfaction. "She said, in case you were going out, you must give up your plans and stay at home."

With a triumphant glance, Miss Murdock started for the door. But she paused to give us her final thrust. "Since you will be here with Miss Hastings," she said, "I think I'll go out myself." She left.

Margaret and I sat in silent humiliation for a moment. The anger that had gone all over me seemed to culminate in something that writhed in my head—fluttered and writhed as if a grub were turning to a butterfly all in one instant somewhere among the convolutions of my brain. I rose, with the words forming themselves upon my lips, "Come on, Margaret, let's get out of here at once—she's gone too damned far this time!"

But I did not utter those words. I saw something, suddenly, that made me pause.

I saw another room, with Margaret and myself sitting in it. Listen carefully, Howard; for just here is the beginning of the train of events that has brought me to you.

I say I saw another room. I should have said I saw the room that we were in, or a part of it. Our own living room, and she and I sitting in it, dressed to go out for the evening, just exactly as we were.

I saw it as if I were looking into a mirror, only it was dimmer than that, as if a fine gauze were in front of the mirror. No, not so much a gauze as a light mist, a faint fog. A somewhat denser mist, a heavier fog, made a framework around the finer mist—a framework irregularly oval in shape. And through the medium of the fine

mist I looked into a room which was the exact replica of the room in which Margaret and I actually were. I looked into it and saw ourselves there.

Our apartment, as you know, is high up in one of the new buildings on the upper East Side. The east windows of our living room look out over the East River. The apartment, which is large, is one of the corner ones. The north windows of the living room overlook Fifty-Seventh Street.

My first flickering notion, of course, was that I was seeing the actual reflection of our living room in the east windows, as in a mirror. But that comforting thought lasted only the merest fraction of a second.

For I, Dr. Harvey Herbert, was standing up—and the man who looked just like me in the other room beyond the mist was still sitting down!

I sat down myself and covered my eyes with my hands. I have been, as you know, a student of the various phenomena loosely listed as hallucinations. I have had a certain amount of success in my attempts to analyze the mental states back of these phenomena. But I had had no previous experience of a personal nature. And I realized, in the moment that I sat there with my hands over my eyes, that it is one thing to attempt to diagnose the condition of a patient, and another thing to give an answer to one's own problem during the time when it is actively presenting itself. That wriggling grub, about to become a butterfly, was still stirring in my head, trying to flutter his new, feeble wings; and I thought when he went away, as he should in a moment, that would be the end of my aberration.

Margaret spoke, and there was a struggle for kindliness in her voice—a struggle to regain the altitude of forbearance, love and pity, which was usual to her in her relations with Aunt Emma. I knew from her voice that she was not sharing my hallucination with regard to that other room.

"Aunt Emma isn't so well to-night, Harvey," said Margaret, "or I'm sure she would have put her request in some other way."

"Yes," I replied, trying to imitate Margaret's spirit, trying to conquer the anger that possessed me—and that, no doubt, had brought on my queer vision —"yes, she's getting pretty old, and we must remember that she's very fond of us. We'll have to bear with her."

I had hardly finished speaking when I heard another voice—and it was Margaret's voice, but yet it did not have in it the Margaret I knew. It said:

"She gets more spiteful every day! She knows her power; and the more childish she becomes the more malevolent delight she takes in playing tyrant!"

And then a voice answered—a voice that was my voice, and yet not the voice of any Harvey Herbert I had ever visualized in the full light of consciousness:

"Cheer up, Margaret! It can't last forever; and if the old hell-cat doesn't change her will before she dies it means fifteen thousand dollars a year for us. That's worth a little trouble, isn't it?"

"A little trouble!" said the voice of the Margaret whom I did not know, with a passionate vibration which I had never heard in the voice of the Margaret I knew. "You're away, at your office or your lectures, most of the time, but I'm here at home with her day and night. A little trouble! It's killing me!"

I took down my hands and opened my eyes. The other room was still there. The Harvey Herbert in it, and the Margaret in it, were on their feet now and were facing each other with a bitterness of face and tone that, surely, my wife and I had never permitted ourselves in any of our rare outbursts of irritation.

The room was still there, but it was not where I had first seen it. I had first looked towards the east wall of our real room, where the windows were that overlooked the East River. Now I was looking towards the north wall, where the windows were that overlooked Fifty-Seventh Street. I turned and looked towards the west wall, which had neither door nor window in it. The other room was there, too. I stepped to the middle of the real room and looked at the south wall, which had two doors in it and no window. The other room was there. I looked above me, and I looked up into it. I looked at the floor, and I stood upon the verge of it, opening below me. And the two figures were in it, the figures of Margaret and of me, walking and talking independently of us.

Let me tell you just what it looked like again, Howard, so that you can realize something of the effect I got, no matter how I turned my head. A thin, fine mist, and around it, framing it, a denser, heavier mist. Beyond the thin, fine mist, the other room. The opening in the thin, fine mist, framed by the denser, heavier fog, an oval in shape. I walked towards the oval entrance, towards the other room. It receded before me. It kept about ten feet ahead of me. When I turned it was still the same distance ahead of me. I went to one of the windows in the east wall and looked out. The other room was out there in the night, overhanging the water front!

I came back and sat down by Margaret. She was brooding.

"Did you see anything peculiar?" I asked her. She moved her head with a brief negative gesture, without looking at me.

"Or hear anything?" I asked.

"Why, no," she said. I was sure she had neither seen nor heard. But she looked at me with a glance that was strained and puzzled, as if she had *almost* heard and seen something, if you follow me.

The two people in the other room looked out at Margaret and me with a faint satirical smile upon their faces. I tried to ignore them, thinking maybe they would go away if I could get my mind off of them. No matter how much this interested me as a student, at the same time it was distinctly uncomfortable. I said to Margaret:

"What are you thinking of?"

"I was thinking, what a poor lonely old soul Aunt Emma is, Harvey."

And as if in answer to this, the man in the other room turned to the woman in there and spoke:

"Damn her! She'll live to be a hundred and ten!"

I made a gesture of repudiation—this creature, this vision, this person, whoever or whatever he was—did not speak for me, although he had somehow seized upon my appearance and my voice. I told myself passionately that I had never thought of Aunt Emma like that! And the man peered out at me with an immense, disconcerting knowingness.

I knew that Aunt Emma had come into the room before I saw her. I knew it by the actions of the people in the other room. They leaned forward eagerly, and there was a tense, rapid interchange of low voices:

"You see," said the man, "she stumbles!"

"She totters," said the woman; "she's getting weaker!"

Aunt Emma had, indeed, stumbled on the edge of a rug just within the door. Margaret and I ran to her and supported her to a chair and settled her in it. And as we did so, those other voices kept on:

"She's not really much weaker. She'll live forever!"

"Perhaps—the mean kind always do!"

Margaret, leaning over Aunt Emma in her big chair, said solicitously: "Shan't I get you a wrap, Aunt Emma?"

Aunt Emma lifted her petulant and sneering face and broke out in her high-pitched, feeble voice:

"You're mighty anxious about a wrap, Margaret! But you were thinking of going out and leaving me practically alone—with nobody but Miss Murdock!"

"But, Aunt Emma," I began, reasonably, "Miss Murdock is employed to—"

"Don't excuse yourself, Harvey!" she interrupted. "Can't I see you were going out? Can't I see your evening clothes?"

I could tell by the look Margaret gave me that she was schooling herself to gentleness—as she always did. I tried to imitate her.

Margaret said, "Aunt Emma, we're going to stay with you the rest of the evening—aren't we, Harvey? We'll go change to something else."

"No!" cried Aunt Emma. "Don't take off your evening clothes. I don't want you to! What do you want to take them off for? Are they too good for me to see? Ain't I as good as anyone you'd see if you went out? Eh?"

"But, Aunt Emma, I meant—"

"I know what you meant! You meant to slip out and leave me alone, both of you! It's lucky I caught you in time! It's lucky I have money of my own. I'd be left alone, to starve, if I were poor! I'd die of hunger and neglect!"

Margaret and I looked at each other helplessly. Aunt Emma put her hands in front of her face and began to whimper. Margaret tried to soothe her, to take down her hands and pet her, but Aunt Emma resisted like a spoiled and spiteful child.

In the other room the man murmured: "This is to be one of Aunt Emma's truly pleasant evenings!"

The woman over there retorted with vehemence, "This sort of thing happens a dozen times a day!"

I looked over Aunt Emma's shoulder at them. They were regarding Aunt Emma with a frowning intentness.

"She's not really crying," said the man.

"Pretense!" said the woman. "She works it up at will."

"The old hell-cat!"

Aunt Emma lifted her head with a startled look, almost as if she had seen and heard; and a puzzled expression, confused and puzzled, flitted across Margaret's countenance. But neither of them had quite got it; it was for me alone that the full perception of this phenomenon was reserved.

"Aunt Emma," said Margaret, soothingly; "you know Harvey and I try to be good to you, don't you?"

"You try to be good to my money!" said Aunt Emma. "But I may fool you! I may fool you yet! It's not too late to change my will! It's not too late yet to leave it all to charity!"

She spoke with a cunning leer. The man in the other room nudged the woman beside him and said, "The old cat's capable of doing just that, too, Margaret!"

Aunt Emma lifted to me a disturbed and pitiable face. She took one of my hands, she took one of Margaret's; she took them in both of hers, and she clung to us. For that moment, everything dropped from her except the expression of her dire need—her need to be loved. Her gestures, her manner, were infinitely pathetic. They were a plea for genuine affection. It was as if she had said that she was an isolated human spirit on the brink of the unknown, and that she dreaded the next step which she must take; dreaded it, and must have our understanding, our kindliness, to go along with her. What she really said was:

"Margaret . . . Harvey . . . you

really do care for me, don't you? It isn't all on account of my money, is it?"

I was profoundly touched. All religion, all life, all art, all expression come down to this: to the effort of the human soul to break through its barrier of loneliness, of intolerable loneliness, and make some contact with another seeking soul, or with what all souls seek, which is (by any name) God. She pleaded and she clung. She said:

"If you knew I hadn't a cent, you'd still be good to me, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," I said eagerly. And, "Yes!" said Margaret. Eagerly, and sincerely. And in that instant I know that both of us were grateful for the patience we had shown to the old woman through the years; grateful that we had been able to rise above our frequent exasperation, to trample it down, and act and speak from worthier impulses.

"If I lost it all . . . if I told you that I'd lost it all," said Aunt Emma, "you'd both still be just the same, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," I said unhesitatingly, still shaken with the vibrations of my own emotion and thankful that I was conscious of nothing in me that did not move spontaneously with my answer. "Yes," I said.

But the man in the other room said to the woman there:

"My God, you don't suppose she's really lost her money, do you?"

"No!" answered the woman. "This is just one of her cunning spells. She can be as crafty as a witch!"

This, while they looked out of their room at the old woman in her agony! I faced them sternly; I was minded to denounce them, these figures, whatever they were, that had stolen the outer aspects of me and of my wife and spoke from sentiments we had never acknowledged or acted upon! I was about to cry out to them that they did not represent us, that they were not we. But I did not cry out. Again they turned upon me that faintly satirical smile, those faces informed with an irony drawn from—from what? From some ulterior deep springs of knowledge? I became confused, and did not speak to them.

"I'm hard on you at times," said Aunt Emma. I have never found it very easy to face expressed sentiment, and now the old woman broke down into a mood that embarrassed me. "I'm unjust," she said, and there was no doubt of the genuineness of her contrition. "I don't mean to be spiteful, but I know I am spiteful. When you get old, you get suspicious of people." I tried to avert my mind from her self-accusations; it is neither pleasant nor inspiring to witness any sort of dissolution, and she was dissolving into a self-pity that I found it harder and harder to face. "Suspicion makes us spiteful and unjust—and I'm suspicious of everybody," she went on. "Oh, I know I'm not easy to live with, Margaret!"

There wasn't anything to say to that —God knows she wasn't easy to live with! The man and woman in the other room grinned at me with a touch of frank malice. My pity for her, momentarily clouded by my embarrassment at her own self-pity, returned. Presently Margaret said:

"Don't you think you'd better go to bed now, Aunt Emma?"

At that she jerked herself up in the big chair she was sitting in, immediately all suspicion and meanness and snarling petulance again, and spluttered at Margaret:

"To bed? Why to bed? Why do you want to pack me off to bed? Oh, I know!" Her pinched countenance was a mask of cunning malignance as she went on: "I know why—so you can talk about me, talk me over! So you can speculate on how long I will

live! I know you! I know what you talk about when I'm not around. I know what you've been waiting and hoping for the last ten years!"

She began to cry again. She stretched out her arms towards us. Once more there was that terrible appeal in her manner, terrible to witness, terrible to have directed towards one.

"Well, you won't have long to wait now," she whimpered. "The time's almost come." The tears ran down her cheeks in silence for a moment—those daunting, weak tears of the aged who accuse us and the gods because death cannot be delayed so very much longer—and then she said, "You'll get the money soon enough."

Distressed, Margaret said, "There, there, Aunt Emma; you mustn't go on like this."

"You'll live ten years yet," I added. It is one of the things one says.

"If I thought she'd live ten years—" began the man who was peering out from the other room.

"Well?" cut in the woman beside him. "If you thought she would—what?"

"My God—ten more years like the last ten!" he said.

The woman who looked like Margaret turned upon him fiercely and shot at him a tirade that mounted from step to step of bitterness:

"You see it mornings and evenings; but I have it all day long—and every day! I've had it for ten years. I go nowhere. I see no one. I have no pleasures. I have no friends. I'm losing my youth. I'm losing my looks. Harvey, I'm losing my very soul! I shed my life's blood drop by drop to keep that querulous fool, that dying viper, alive—just merely alive! I'm tired of it—I'm sick of it—I'm wearied, wearied, wearied to the soul! I'm dying from her, I tell you, dying from her!"

She sank to a chair, shaken and pallid; and there came a silent moment. But something—a note that had been struck—the impulsion of occult wings . . . something . . . vibrated in the silence of that moment.

I say a moment. But what are moments? What is time? Some theologians, some men of science, say there is no such thing as time; that we live, always, in eternity. A moment is long, or it is short, because of the stuff that is packed into it. Can we, somewhere in illimitable space, somewhere in the valleys of infinity, catch up with old moments and live them newly again? Well, I do not think we can ever again take out of a moment what we have put into it, even though we should catch up with it again. Am I speaking foolishly, Howard? I want to cling to the moment before . . . before it had occurred . . . before what happened, did happen. I want to . . .

Listen: for all the events of that night I can advance as good a theory as most psychologists. There are rational explanations for the phenomena I witnessed, and was a part of. I know them very well. The man in the other room—I can write you a thesis on who and what he was, and why I saw him and Margaret did not; I can discourse to you, as cleverly as anyone, on every angle of this case.

But it isn't the mechanism of this thing that concerns me now. I am concerned with the things that lie behind the mechanism.

I want to cling to the moment before . . . before it had happened: what did happen. To the moment before what we call the conscience had become involved.

Margaret said, "Come, come, Aunt Emma, you really should go to bed."

"I won't go to bed," she said, with

the pettishness of a small child. "I won't go to bed until I've had my medicine. I want my sleeping tablets now."

"Where are they?" asked Margaret.

"In my bathroom," said Aunt Emma. And Margaret went out of the room for them.

"See here," I said to Aunt Emma, "didn't Miss Murdock give you one of those tablets right after dinner?"

"No," she said. And then, "I don't remember. I want one anyhow! My nerves are on the jump. You've got my nerves to jumping! I'll take one and nap here in the chair."

The man in the other room said in a low, speculative tone:

"I suppose if one ever gave her the wrong medicine by mistake it would be called by some ugly name."

The woman answered him:

"People like her never get the wrong medicine given to them by mistake, and never take it by mistake themselves. They live forever."

I turned and spoke to them, "There is a volition in your words," I said sternly, "that is not my volition nor my wife's volition."

"What did you say?" asked Aunt Emma, looking about in bewilderment.

"Nothing," I answered. The two figures in the other room did not reply to me. They looked at me steadily, levelly.

Margaret returned with a small phial. I took it from her and examined it.

"I'm afraid she had one an hour ago," I said. "I don't think it is quite right to let her have another one so soon. They are what Dr. McIntosh prescribed, and they have a powerful, depressing effect on the heart if taken in excess."

As you know, Howard, I did not treat Aunt Emma medically myself—you once had her case until you gave it up—and she has gone from doctor to doctor, always intimating to me that she had little faith in me. That was one of her ways of annoying Margaret and me; but it was no real annoyance, as she did not come within the limits of my specialty.

"You did have one right after dinner, didn't you, Aunt Emma?" said Margaret.

"No! No!" said Aunt Emma. With a sudden monkeylike agility, for which I was not prepared, she reached and snatched the phial from me. She clutched it to her breast, in a childish triumph.

"I didn't have one," she said. "I will take one. You don't want me to get to sleep! You don't want me to get any rest! You want me to die!"

Her hands trembled as she hugged the bottle to her; her jaw chattered, and her lips shook; her victory in getting the bottle had made her all one tremor.

I took hold of her hands, and tried to take the phial away from her gently. She grasped it with her crooked claws until white spots showed on the knuckles, and rocked herself back and forth. Her fingers were interlaced about it.

"See here, Aunt Emma," I said; "you mustn't be stubborn about this. I think you did have a tablet right after dinner, and another one now might be dangerous."

I used a certain amount of force, and she whimpered and actually gnashed her teeth at me. Margaret interposed:

"Don't struggle with her, Harvey. Doctor McIntosh says the least strain is likely to prove fatal."

I knew that was true and released her hands. She had had a dilated heart some years previously, from which she had never really recovered. Emotional strain as well as physical strain was dangerous.

"You want me to die so you can get my money," she said, leering up at me from under her thin white eyebrows.

Tentatively, I reached my hand towards her again. She suddenly grasped it and sank her teeth into it. And then she pulled the cork from the phial.

I was in a quandary as to the right thing to do. If I struggled with her, I should almost certainly kill her. On the other hand, I was not absolutely certain whether she had taken one of the tablets previously or not. She had said she hadn't. I had heard Miss Murdock speak of giving her one; but I hadn't actually seen her take it. I wasn't sure.

I didn't know then what I should have done. And I did the wrong thing—I did nothing. It is easy enough now, Howard, to see that it was the wrong thing. It is easy enough now to say that I should have risked the struggle, risked killing her by the struggle. But I put it to you, man to man, how was I to know then that it was the wrong thing?

She shook two tablets from the bottle and put both of them into her mouth.

"Not two, Aunt Emma!" I cried. I actually tried to take them from her mouth, and I got myself bitten again.

The situation was now changed, in a way that no one could have foreseen.

Two tablets within the hour might not kill her; but three almost certainly would.

"Aunt Emma," I said, "you didn't have one before, did you?"

She had closed her eyes and sunk back into the chair, after swallowing the two tablets, as if thoroughly exhausted by such struggle as there had been. Now she opened them again, and looked up at me with a look indescribably impish—impish and foolish, and puerilely triumphant. She rocked herself from side to side, and she said:

"Yes!" And then, "I've had three, now, and I'm going to sleep—you hate me—you both hate me—but you can't keep me from going to sleep."

And she leaned back in the chair again.

"I don't believe she did have three of them," said Margaret. "She's only saying that now to worry us."

"She says she did," I returned; "but she doesn't know. I think you're right—she's probably only saying it to irritate us. I know she didn't."

She opened her eyes a little, opened and closed them, with a blink of cunning.

"You know I did!" she murmured.

I hadn't known it—hadn't been sure of it—but evidently the man and woman in the other room had been sure of it.

"She did have one before," said he.

"Yes," said the woman; "I know she did."

Margaret and I stood and looked down on the old woman, whose shaking agitation was now leaving her, who had now begun to breathe quite quietly, in a condition that was strangely helpless; in a sort of suspension of the will-power. I can think now of several things that I should have done. But I give you my word, I could think of nothing then; the only thing that filled my consciousness then was the desperate, working hope that she would not die. And while I looked down on Aunt Emma's silent and shrunken figure I heard the man and woman in the other room speaking. Their voices were cool and quiet; they came to me clearly enough, but they seemed to come from a distance, too.

"Will she die?" said the man. "Shall I see her die?"

"I should hate to look on while she died," said the woman. "But she will die; she is dying and I am looking on."

"She was very old."

"She was very old. She will be better dead."

"She has not died yet."

"She is breathing very quietly. Old people breathe very quietly."

"Old people die very quietly."

"And she is dying."

I heard this monstrous litany, and every fiber in my being was in revolt against it. But, for a time, it seemed impossible for me to speak or to move. I tried to combat, in my own mind, what they were saying in the other room.

Aunt Emma stirred, feebly. Her eyes said that she wanted to say something. Margaret and I bent over her, and she whispered faintly:

"Margaret . . . Harvey . . . you . . . you really love me . . . don't you? You really . . . really . . ."

She relapsed, relaxed. Her head was slightly on one side. She did not speak or move again.

Margaret said, with a note of alarm, "Harvey, she's scarcely breathing! She does not seem to be breathing at all!"

"If I had struggled with her," I said, "it would have killed her."

The man in the other room spoke, "And now she's dead because there was no struggle!"

Margaret cried out, "'Phone for Doctor McIntosh! I'm alarmed!"

"Too late for any doctor," said the man in the other room; and the woman there echoed, "Too late!"

Margaret said to me, "Harvey, I'm afraid . . . I'm afraid that Aunt Emma has left us!"

"Thank heaven," I answered, "that we've always tried to be good to her. You've been like an angel to her, Margaret, and I've tried to do my best. Poor Aunt Emma!" For the pathos of her last words clutched at my heart. "Poor Aunt Emma!" I said. Somehow I could not stop saying it for a moment; I chattered it over and over again, "Poor Aunt Emma! Poor Aunt Emma! Poor Aunt Emma!"

"Fifteen thousand a year! Fifteen thousand a year! Fifteen thousand a year!" chattered the man in the other room.

I turned angrily and faced him. I wanted to have it out with him.

For he was not I! Oh, I know what had happened—any man in my profession knows what had happened! In that other room I was seeing my other self. The part we all hide and deny, the ungenerous part, the selfish part, the hideous part if you will, had come up out of the caves of the underworld, out of the realm of the unexpressed, out of the repressed subconsciousness, and met me face to face. I need not dwell, in talking with you, on the mechanism of it—as I have said, the mechanism interested me far less than the things behind the mechanism. The man in the other room was compounded of all the unuttered things in my nature which I consciously disavowed, which I fought down, which I never permitted to get into the field of fact and deed. We have all fought them down or there would be no such thing as civilization to-day, not even the imperfect semblance of it which exists.

But I cried out within myself, and I cry out to you now, Howard, that the man in the other room was not and is not the real I! But he was saying that he was! He was claiming to be! It was his will that had triumphed here, for he had willed the old woman's death; while I, the conscious I, had fought against it.

I cried out and I still cry out against the monstrous injustice that he should be able to make the conscious I feel guilty because of a thing that was his doing! Are all the years when I was consciously kind, in spite of my exasperation, to count for nothing—all the years in which I fought down my irritation, all the years in which Margaret had acted, as I told her, like an angel? We had had our ungenerous thoughts,

our angers, our selfish impulses; but we had trampled them under our feet, and was that fight, that struggle, that victory, to be as if it had never been? Was not the better part of us, whose deeds were gentle and considerate, to be accepted as the real individual, the real ego? Were these cold and selfish usurpers to be able to pretend that they were we? Able to make us feel that, guiltily? Is the fight towards decency, after it has been won, after its victory has been sealed and signalized by deed and fact, to be lost again merely because of the sneering assertion of these creatures who come bursting up out of the unplumbed depths of life? Are the whispers and nods and looks of those cave men to impose on us and make us think that we are cave men again? I protested, and I protest, that this cannot be! It is not merely my own case that I have brought you, Howard; it is the case of all men, of all humanity.

I turned angrily towards the man in the other room with this protest rising to my lips. But again I was stopped from speaking. He was gazing down on the big chair in his room. Aunt Emma was in it—over there in the other room, beyond the mist. Her eyes were open, and she was looking out at me. On her face was the same faintly satirical smile as on the faces of the other two people in that room.

Margaret was bending over the big chair in our room, weeping. Aunt Emma, from the other room, gazed on Margaret's attitude with something like ironic amusement.

Doctor Vokes was silent for several minutes after Dr. Harvey Herbert paused in his narrative. Then he said, "No, the case is scarcely in my line."

"Nor in mine," said Doctor Herbert. "When I have considered everything that comes within the province of the psychologist, the essence of it all escapes me—the thing behind the thing."

"Why should a sense of guilt cling to you?" said Doctor Vokes. "That sense should belong to the man in the other room. Can't you make him take it and keep it, and dive down with it into whatever strange and shadowy hell he came up out of?"

"He won't stay down there," said Doctor Herbert simply, and with a despairing gesture. "He keeps coming up again, asserting himself."

There was another silence; presently Doctor Vokes said, "And his assertion—" He hesitated; then murmured, "I suppose it turns upon the fact that, after all, he spoke and acted with a direct and vigorous candor."

Dr. Harvey Herbert repeated his gesture.

"I have thought several times I was rid of him," he said; "but he keeps coming back. To-day I knew certainly that I was not rid of him. I discovered it when I found myself arranging with my lawyer to turn over Aunt Emma's fifteen thousand a year to a charity, a home for old ladies."

"You did that?"

"Yes. For a few moments after the transfer was completed I felt a relief. And then there floated in front of me the face of the man who had been in the other room, with a quizzically sarcastic grin upon his lips. The expression said he knew just why I could never touch any of Aunt Emma's money—he knew, that grin said."

THE BLESSING OF THE BEDS

BY ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

MAKE the bed,
And make the bed,
The sheets are smooth
And the blankets spread.

Back and forth
Round the bed we go,
I and the child
I do not know.

If it should be
A son I bear,
May he be wise
And kind and fair.

Or if a girl-child
It should be,
May the blessings on
Her bed be three.

The first bed
Is the marriage-bed.
May Joy and Tenderness
Stand at its head.

And when in child-bed
She shall lie
May Victory
Herself draw nigh.

And when at last
Comes the third bed,
May Peace bend down
Above the dead.

Ah, Love! ennoble
With thy breath
Bride-bed, birth-bed,
And bed of death!

Make the bed,
And make the bed,
The sheets are smooth
And the blankets spread.

THE SOVIET CHALLENGE TO CAPITALISM

BY CALVIN B. HOOVER

Professor of Economics, Duke University

The material upon which this article is based was obtained while the writer was a Fellow of the Social Science Research Council in Russia in 1929–30.—*The Editors.*

IT IS almost impossible to consider any aspect of life in Soviet Russia objectively. The world considers Soviet Russia emotionally or not at all. It is inevitable that this should be so, for this greatest of economic and social experiments has for its announced and determined purpose the creation of a new order of life not only in the one sixth of the world's land area which comprises the Soviet Union, but in the entire world. To create this new civilization it is proposed to destroy all classes of society except the proletariat. It is a human enough reaction on the part of the classes which are slated for destruction to regard such an incredible program only as a chimera utterly beyond the bounds of human possibility or to view it with horror and red hate. Its protagonists, as naturally feel for it the same fanatic enthusiasm which has been felt for other new religions which have arisen with the determination to conquer the world.

Russian Communism is a religion, but a religion completely divorced from theocracy and superstition. Russian Communism believes neither in gods, fairies, witches, nor the Devil. Russian Communism yields to no religion, however, in its fanatic enthusiasm, in its faith in its destiny, in its missionary zeal for the propagation of the Faith, and in its determination to spread that Faith by the sword to the uttermost parts of the earth. Those who fall in the crusade to communize the earth cannot be promised a place in the paradise of Mohammed, but they are assured of canonization as Red Saints, and if they survive to the day when the new civilization has conquered the earth they may look to find themselves rulers of the newly won domains.

No one seems able to escape the moral point of view in appraising the net results of the October Revolution in 1917. It is always taken for granted that Russian Communism must be economically successful because it is right and good, or it is assumed that it is sure to fail because it is an unholy thing. It is possible in this way to account for the fact that American capitalists, who conclude that the economic future of the Soviet Union is secure enough to warrant making contracts with the Soviet government, always sagely state that Communism has failed in Russia and that the trend of events is toward the re-establishment of a modified form of Capitalism. Nothing could be farther from the truth, and nothing could afford more amusement to the Communists with whom they deal. Nevertheless, it is a normal human instinct. Not only is the capitalist convinced that only a capitalistic economic system can suc-

cessfully operate, but he also is convinced that Communism is innately wrong and, therefore, cannot possibly be successful. He is faced with the fact of the great program of capital construction in Russia which is already partially realized. His emotions will permit only one answer: Capitalism is being re-established.

European capitalists are not so naïve. A German manufacturer who operates a successful concession in Soviet Russia said to the writer, "We are traitors to our class. We are helping to instruct Communist Russia in capitalistic technic. We are serving a Frankenstein monster which will some day devour our class throughout the world."

But the vast majority of all classes in the United States have thought about Soviet Russia hardly at all. In October of this year it will have been thirteen years since the Russian Revolution. During this time public interest in the results of the Revolution has been intermittent and dependent upon the occurrence of events in Russia which were dramatic enough to arouse passion and prejudice. Whenever stories of extreme religious persecution have reached the outside world, for example, the result has been that a momentary interest in Soviet Russia has flared up, only to die again when the news value of these stories has worn away. Events in Russia seem too remote to have any significance for America. It has been unfortunate that interest in Soviet Russia should develop only at a time when it could be guided by emotion rather than by reason, and that this interest should be so intermittent as to prevent the growth of any cumulative knowledge in the public mind.

If one were to attempt to sum up the extremely vague and chaotic notions about the Soviet Union which characterize the public opinion of the western world, one would be compelled to say, tritely enough, that a small section of the public regarded Soviet Russia as the incubator of a new Utopia, while the vast majority would consider that the experience of Russia had proved beyond doubt the depravity of all Communists, the impracticability of Socialism, and the infallibility of Capitalism.

The general conception of the organization and operation of the economic and social system in Soviet Russia crystallized immediately after the great famine in 1921, and the inauguration of the New Economic Policy. Since that time the public has remained uninterested or unimpressed by the course of events in the Soviet Union. It is extremely unfortunate that the famine and the establishment of NEP served to establish in permanency the legend of the failure of Communism. It is extraordinary that the world has continued so long to believe that the New Economic Policy was simply a confession of the failure of Communism, accompanied by the introduction of quasi-capitalistic elements into the Soviet economic system. Once this belief took root, the world has merely waited for the time when Capitalism will have peacefully or violently displaced Communism in Russia. If Communism has brought famine to Russia, and if capitalistic elements have had to be re-introduced into the economic system in order to make it function, then the rest of the world need not worry about the possibility of the spread of Communism outside of Russia. To such simple terms has the capitalistic world reduced the Russian experiment with Communism.

II

The legend of the failure of Communism was apparently substantiated by the series of events which attended the conflict between Stalin and Trotsky

and Trotsky's subsequent expulsion from Soviet Russia. The capitalistic world interpreted the struggle as a battle between the Left and the Right, and when the so-called Left was defeated, the complacency of that world found reassurance. It was assumed that the Soviet economic and social system would turn more and more toward the capitalistic model as conservatism triumphed in Russia. The recent writings of Trotsky have supported this interpretation of events. Trotsky still persists in considering the triumph of Stalin as the victory of Thermidorean Reaction over the Socialist Revolution, although events during the last year have shown beyond doubt that such an interpretation is entirely erroneous. Stalin won his battle inside the Party largely by his claim that the Trotskyists were Left only in phraseology, and that they concealed their conservatism and defeatism behind a screen of radical phraseology. Stalin's claim that he represented the truly militant and dynamic wing of the Party was to be proven a just one by the events which were to follow. During 1929 and 1930 Stalin carried on a struggle against the Right elements in the Party which was certainly more relentless than would have been the case if Trotsky had been in power. Bukharin, Rykov, and Tomsky, who were the leaders of the Right, were forced to recant publicly, and the Right was as completely crushed as the Trotskyist Left had been.

Trotsky had maintained that the establishment of a truly Socialistic system in Russia must wait upon the success of the World Revolution. Stalin declared that the World Revolution could be best forwarded by the establishment of a completely Socialistic system in Russia. There was never any real foundation for the comfortable assumption that Stalin had eschewed the World Revolution. Trotsky had declared that the *kulak* (the so-called "rich" peasant) was gaining in wealth and that there was imminent danger that a class of conservative, land-holding peasants would develop who would constitute a serious menace to the development of Socialism. Pressed forward by the shortage of grain which for the last two years has reached famine proportions, Stalin and his supporters decreed that there should be forcible collection of grain from the peasants and that collectivized agriculture should replace peasant husbandry.

The opponents of Stalin in the Right wing of the Party had declared that the experiences of the famine of 1921 had proven that it was impossible to extract grain from the peasants by force. As it turned out, the power of resistance of the peasants was greatly overestimated. Wherever necessary a quota system was introduced, and all grain above a fixed minimum was taken from the peasant at a fixed price, just as had been done during the period of War Communism. Since the peasants were suspected of hiding their grain, it was customary to fix the quota while the harvest was still standing in the field. German peasants from Siberia who were waiting near Moscow for the chance to leave Russia during the fall of 1929 told the writer that an official sent out by the Soviet government set their quota at a rather low figure because there had been a crop failure. This official was arrested and another one sent out who doubled the original quota. In many instances the peasants were then under the necessity of buying in the private market enough grain to meet their quota, even though the price in the private market was many times the fixed price which the government in turn paid the peasant. If they did not deliver the required amount they were forced to pay a heavy fine, and if this fine was not paid all their possessions were sold,

including the cows, chickens, and household goods of the unfortunate delinquent. Such a man was branded as a pariah, and not even his own son dare give him shelter lest he, too, should feel the wrath of the Soviet power.

The campaign for forcing the peasants into the great collective farms was pushed forward at the same time. Many peasants joined the collectives since they saw that there was no future for the peasant proprietor if all his surplus product was to be requisitioned. But the majority resisted to the utmost. Their support during the Civil War had meant success to the Bolsheviki and defeat to the Whites. They had accepted literally the slogan of Lenin, "Peace and the Land!" Now the land was to be taken from them, so that they would have welcomed war, the return of a tzar, even intervention from the hated Poles if only they could keep the land. They regarded the workmen from the city who were sent out to run the large collective farms with the same hatred which they had had for the landlord in the days of serfdom. Peasants, inspired by the *kulaki*, killed cows, sheep, and even horses, rather than turn them over to the collective farms. Nevertheless, the campaign for collectivization and effective nationalization of the land continued with unabated energy. Peasants were threatened with deportation to the northern forests for forced labor if they did not join the collective farms. They were told that the armed forces of the government would be sent against those peasants who continued to be recalcitrant. In other cases those who opposed collectivization were threatened with deprivation of irrigation water for their fields. Any peasant who opposed the campaign was automatically branded as a *kulak*. The *kulaki* were not permitted to join the collective farms even if they had wished to do so. Life seemed to hold no possibilities for them, and they fought the movement for the nationalization of the land to the death. Thousands of *kulaki* were shot, in some cases for armed resistance, and in other cases for anti-collectivization propaganda.

Thousands of German peasants abandoned all their possessions and came to Moscow in the hope of being permitted to go to Germany, Brazil, Canada, the United States, anywhere outside of Russia. A few thousand were allowed to leave, but others were forcibly returned to the villages from which they had come, and all others were forbidden to attempt to leave the country. Only such measures prevented the emigration *en masse* of the several million German peasants in Russia. The Russian peasant, unhappily, had no country to which he could flee.

Finally, in December 1929, Stalin announced the policy of the "liquidation of the *kulaki* as a class." This policy meant that the land, houses, livestock, poultry, tools, furniture, and in some cases even the surplus clothing of the *kulaki* were confiscated. They were left only the clothing in which they stood. Thousands were deported to the northern forests for forced labor in getting out timber, and other thousands were transported to the more desolate parts of the Soviet Union. In May 1930 the writer met a trainload of these unfortunates, who with their wives and children were being sent in box cars from the Urals to Tashkent in Turkestan.

Driven by despair and hate, the peasants, during January and February, 1930, rose in desperation throughout the Soviet Union. They massacred hundreds of the proletarians who had been sent out to administer the collective farms. These risings were unorganized and disconnected, but they took place in such widely separated regions as Turkestan, the Caucasus, and

the district around Riazan. The risings were accompanied by frightful atrocities, such as have characterized the insurrections of Russian peasants since the days of Stenka Razin and Pugachev. Although these risings were drowned in blood, they frightened even Stalin for a moment, when there began to be cases in which detachments of troops refused to fire on the peasants.

These revolts led to an announcement by Stalin, in March 1930, of a mitigation of the policy of enforced collectivization. The policy of the liquidation of the *kulaki* as a class was maintained, however, and the process of collectivization received only a temporary check. Although the percentage of collectivization declined from 50% to about 30%, an enormous step toward the complete nationalization of the land had been taken. Stalin thus demonstrated his determination to carry out that nationalization of the land which had always been the dream of the Party, but which few would have had the ruthless determination to carry out at such a pace, and in the face of such resistance.

The requisitioning of grain and the enforced nationalization of land, accompanied in the village by a reign of terror, had its counterpart in the cities where the Nepmen were almost completely forced out of business, and great numbers of them sent into exile or to prison. Lenin had induced the Communist Party to permit these merchants to restore private trade as the central principle of the New Economic Policy. Nevertheless, they were always hated by the Communists who regarded them as exploiters and as a shameful survival of Capitalism. The fact that they were temporarily necessary to the Soviet economic system had won for them only the barest toleration. Now they, too, were "liquidated." Their property was confiscated and hundreds of people were shot by the G. P. U.

By these acts Stalin showed beyond doubt that he was indeed more Left than Trotsky. It can also be seen how ridiculous it is to compare the situation in Russia at the present time with the period of the Reaction of Thermidor at the close of the French Revolution.

III

By the end of 1929 it had become obvious that the end of the New Economic Policy was near. In an address by Stalin given in December of that year, he declared that when NEP no longer served the ends of the Party it "would be thrown to the Devil." The decline in the relative importance of private trade had been continuing at an accelerated pace. From 1924–25 to 1928–29 the share of private trade in the total retail turnover declined from 43% to less than 20%. The share of private trade in wholesale turnover was negligible. By the spring of 1930 the share of the Nepman in retail trade had also declined nearly to zero. For a time during the winter of 1929–30 even the sale of produce by the peasants to housewives had practically ceased on account of administrative prohibition. Although this practice revived somewhat following the announcement by Stalin, in March 1930, of a milder policy toward the peasantry, the march of collectivization made it inevitable that even this primitive form of trade would eventually disappear.

The policy of encouraging foreign concessions in industry in order to obtain capital from abroad and to increase the productivity of industry, was a failure from the outset. No important amounts of capital were ever attracted by this method, and many of the small enterprises which had been established as concessions had been

liquidated by the summer of 1930. Consequently, all manufacturing of any importance is and always has been carried on by state industry. It is true that an important share of small-scale industry is carried on by the so-called producers' co-operatives. But "co-operative" associations are, in reality, only another form of state industry.

Co-operative associations in Soviet Russia were reorganized at the time of the inauguration of the New Economic Policy in order to bring within the orbit of the socialistic system those elements of the population which were not immediately connected with state industry. Thus the associations of producers' co-operatives were designed to include the small artisans of all sorts. The agricultural co-operatives were to include the peasants. The consumers' co-operatives united the consuming public and set up a system of distribution which was to rival, and eventually to supplant, the system of private trade introduced as the central principle of the New Economic Policy. During the last few years these co-operative associations have become completely dominated by their Communist membership, and have been more and more integrated with state industry and commerce. They cannot be considered co-operative in any real sense.

A great program of industrialization and capital construction has been drawn up and has been successfully carried out during the first year of this Five Year Plan. This program has been carried on at the cost of the greatest privation and suffering on the part of the population, and wholly without regard to their wishes. Great factories, railroads, and power stations have been built at a time when millions of the population suffered from undernourishment and in some cases from actual starvation. In order to obtain the necessary mechanical equipment from abroad for this ambitious program, foodstuffs have been exported and sold on the foreign market at a price far less than the hungry populace would have been willing to pay for them. Never in modern times, at least, has so large a proportion of a nation's income been saved and reinvested. This circumstance partially accounts for the great difference between the standard of living in Russia as one actually sees it and the standard of living which one would expect to see from the reported statistics of the growth of productivity of Soviet industry.

Soviet statistics show that industry has been increasing its productivity at a tremendous pace during the last few years. During the Soviet economic year 1928–29 the productivity of large-scale state industry increased over 23%, while all industry increased its productivity by almost 17%. The productivity of large-scale state industry is to increase by 32% during the economic year 1929–30, if present plans are realized. The writer believes that these statistics should be heavily discounted, but even after this is done they compare very favorably with similar data for the United States, where the rate of increase in the productivity of industry is about 4% per year.

The quality of production remains unbelievably bad and will probably remain for a long time considerably below that of the capitalistic countries of the West. Emphasis is placed upon the production of mechanical equipment and the heavy industries are favored in every way at the expense of the light industries. Both the low quality of production and the emphasis upon production in the heavy industries rather than in the light afford an additional explanation of the apparent discrepancy between reported increases in production and the low standard of material well being. The policy of capital investment and of concentra-

tion of production in the heavy industries, while partially responsible for the present low standard of living, makes it certain that the standard will rise in the future if some catastrophe does not interrupt the development of Soviet industry.

Productivity in agriculture has remained low. The great pre-war exports of grain have never been attained. In fact, grain exports have been negligible, and in some years grain has had to be imported. The low productivity of agriculture has made the general standard of living much lower than it would have been had the standard depended alone upon the productivity of industry. Not only has the food supply been inadequate, but the scarcity of raw materials for industry, such as wool, cotton, and linen, has necessitated the use of substitutes which have been partially responsible for the incredibly low quality of the industrial output.

For the first dozen years after the Revolution, Soviet industry could only succeed in demonstrating that it could actually repair and operate the industrial equipment which was its inheritance from the capitalistic regime. During this period there was no possibility of attaining the degree of productivity which characterized the industries of the capitalistic world. The capitalistic world, observing that Communism had not attained a level of competitive productivity, overlooked almost completely the significance of the fact that a socialistic state had actually succeeded in carrying on the processes of industry, although for generations it had been solemnly denied that this was possible.

At the present time Soviet industry has reached an entirely new stage in its development. For the first time, a considerable part of production is being carried on with mechanical equipment which has been provided by a socialistic economy. It is now being demonstrated that such a socialistic economy can not only operate industrial equipment inherited from Capitalism, but can also carry on the necessary social saving and construction required to replace and augment that equipment. It is indeed possible that such social saving in a socialistic economy could take place only under a regime of force such as characterizes the present dictatorship in Russia, but the fact remains that another of the supposedly insurmountable obstacles to the successful operation of a socialistic economy has been surmounted.

The present year is the critical one for the future of the Soviet state. The opposition of the peasantry to the nationalization of the land and the collectivization of agriculture has been so bitter that the individual peasants have refrained from sowing anything more than the barest minimum which they will require for their own use. The decision to "liquidate the *kulaki*" has meant that the productive services of millions of the best farmers of Russia were not available this year for sowing and harvesting the grain. It seemed possible, therefore, that the Soviet Union might be confronted by famine conditions if meteorological conditions were unfavorable this year. If a famine had resulted, it would probably have meant the end of Stalin's dictatorship, or might even have brought the end of the Soviet regime. First reports on the results of the harvest indicate, however, that it will be adequate.

The Soviet government strained every nerve to expand the sown area of the state and collective farms in order to compensate for the shrinkage in the sown area of the individual farms. If enough food is produced this year to prevent famine, it is almost certain that the agricultural situation will improve with each succeeding year. This year marks the last stand of the indi-

vidual peasant. His spirit is already broken, and if his passive resistance proves impotent this year, his attitude can be disregarded in the future. The *kulaki* have been the core of the opposition to the socialization of agriculture. They have now been destroyed as a class, and any effective peasant opposition could not be organized without their leadership.

By the spring of 1931 large numbers of tractors will have been produced in Soviet plants and still more will have been imported from abroad. The great dearth of horses this year, which was caused by the slaughter of work animals to avoid turning them over to the collective farms, will have been overcome. The new irrigation projects will have added considerably to the amount of the sown area. The increased production of cotton in Turkestan will serve to augment the supply of textiles on the home market, and also to relieve the intense strain upon the foreign trade monopoly which has been caused by the necessity of providing foreign *valuta* for the purchase of raw cotton abroad. The food situation will no doubt continue difficult for several years, for the problem of the supply of auxiliary foodstuffs, such as poultry, dairy products, and vegetables, cannot be solved simply by the introduction of large-scale methods of agriculture.

IV

It is almost impossible to comprehend the degree of insulation which the Soviet government is able to maintain between the communistic and the capitalistic worlds. From the point of view of the Communist, any contact with the capitalistic world must take place only with the assumption of an armed truce or of covert warfare between the two worlds. The Communist Party considers that the civilization of Communism is irreconcilable with the civilization of Capitalism, and that it is the mission of the Party to bring about the overthrow of the abhorrent capitalistic civilization as soon as possible. During the period of armed truce it is not allowable that any information should reach the enemy which would in any way delay the destruction of Capitalism. This is perfectly understandable. No nation in wartime permits espionage. The proletariat can no more be expected to permit espionage in its battle with the international bourgeoisie. The success of the Soviet government in preventing espionage, once the point of view of the Communist is accepted, must win one's admiration.

The efficiency of the censorship which is maintained can be judged from the fact that the peasant uprising, to which reference has been made, never appeared in the despatches which the foreign correspondents sent from Moscow. In spite of the fact that one of the centers of these uprisings was in the district around Riazan, which is only a few hours by train from Moscow, none of the foreign newspaper correspondents made any attempt at investigation. It would have been perfectly useless to have done so, since no despatches would have been allowed to go out, and the correspondent would perhaps have been expelled from the country.

Since the exclusion from Russia of Scheffer of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, last fall, the correspondents understand that they are no longer confronted merely by the problem of getting their despatches through the censorship. If a correspondent attempts to send out too many unfavorable "stories" he is in danger of expulsion. Nor is this all. Even if one of the regular Moscow correspondents is transferred to an assignment in another country he is not free

to write of conditions as they really are, lest the result should be that his newspaper or agency would be refused the right to have a correspondent at Moscow. Moreover, newspaper editors are not interested in the true story of how it happened six months after the event. If the correspondent cannot send out information at once, he can make little use of it later.

The correspondents feel the restriction on their freedom of expression very keenly. They attempt to write their despatches so that their readers can read between the lines. It is hopeless, however, to expect the public to be so subtle. The result is, unfortunately, that the reading public accepts the despatches at their face value or else simply ignores them altogether.

Considerable numbers of tourists enter the country every year, and it would seem that under such circumstances it would be impossible to maintain the control over information about the Soviet Union which the Communist Party considers necessary. Certain special circumstances render this possible, however. The number of tourists who have any acquaintance with the Russian language is extremely small. Nor is even the barest minimum of knowledge of the language easily acquired. Moreover, every member of the Russian intelligentsia realizes that it is extremely dangerous to have any except the most formal and official relations with foreigners. The execution of several persons for no other reason than the fact that they were known to have had communication with English people at the time of the severance of diplomatic relations with England, and the constantly recurring cases of arrests by the G. P. U. of persons charged with imparting information to foreigners, have deeply ingrained this fear of relations with foreigners. Those who visit Russia should realize that they may be innocently jeopardizing the life and liberty of Russians with whom they have contact.

The tourist is, therefore, compelled to rely upon interpreters and guides who have been carefully trained in showing the tourist what the government desires him to see, and in explaining away any unfavorable impressions which he may, nevertheless, have received. The point is emphasized by an amusingly ridiculous story which is current in Moscow. A tourist observed a long line of people in front of a bakery waiting for bread. He inquired of his interpreter why it was necessary to stand in line in order to get bread. The interpreter replied that it was not necessary at all, but that the Russian people had a passion for extremely hot bread, and had therefore lined up in order to have it hot from the oven. Soon the tourist saw another line of people waiting for butter. He inquired once more why it was necessary to wait thus for butter. The interpreter replied that the Russian people also had a passion for very, very cold butter, and that they were waiting in order to get it off the ice with the least possible delay!

The result of this careful shepherding of the tourists is that part of them feel that they have not had a real opportunity to see conditions as they actually are, and as a result they have a feeling of general discontent and suspicion and are driven into an unreasoning antagonism to the whole Soviet system. Others obtain an unfavorable impression on account of their inability to reconcile what they have seen and heard through official guides and interpreters with other things which they have observed around them. Still others, in tourist fashion, base their estimate of the economic and social system upon the prices charged and the service rendered in the hotels in which they stay. It is probable, however, that

most tourists believe what they are told without any attempt at analysis.

V

One is forced, then, to recognize the fact that world opinion remains either uninformed or misinformed about the progress of the greatest economic and social experiment in human history. It is not too much to say that the history of the world for the next fifty years, and perhaps for a much longer period, depends upon the result of events in the Soviet Union during the present year. If this year's harvest is successful, it is as certain as anything in an uncertain world can be that the great issue which will confront the chancellories of the European Powers will be the imminent danger of the spread of Communism from the confines of the former Russian Empire to other parts of Europe and Asia. In the face of such a crisis, the rivalries of France and Italy, the enmity between France and Germany, and all other disagreements between the Great Powers must sink into insignificance. It is another question, however, whether these disagreements between the capitalistic powers will disappear in time to permit the creation of a united front against a danger which threatens their existence.

When the problem of food supply and of raw materials has been solved, the increased productivity of Soviet industry will begin to affect more directly the standard of living of the Soviet worker. Quality of product will probably improve as the supply of raw material becomes more adequate. When the standard of living of the Soviet worker reaches a point where it is somewhat above that of the poorest paid half of the workers of Western Europe, the full significance of the results of the experiment in Soviet Russia will become apparent. The Western world will receive a rude awakening, for in the face of propaganda for the World Revolution the capitalistic countries of the world will no longer be able to appeal to the self-interest of a large fraction of their population for support against the forcible spread of Communism. For it will be impossible to convince the masses that they are better off under a capitalistic regime when the communistic masses of Russia are visibly better circumstanced.

In Soviet Russia the New Economic Policy has been almost entirely liquidated. The policy of Stalin, far from being conservative and pacific, is extreme and militant. Within the next two or three years the land will have become effectively nationalized, and the agricultural difficulties which have prevented the complete development of Communism will have largely been liquidated. Communism will have demonstrated its ability to settle its agricultural problem to an extent which Capitalism might well envy. Soviet industry is increasing its productivity and will be able in the course of a decade to offer a standard of living higher than that of the more poorly remunerated workers of the capitalistic system.

It is a serious mistake to suppose that these developments will not affect the United States. It is no doubt true that this country would be the last stronghold of Capitalism if Communism were to sweep over the world. But the experience gained in the World War demonstrated the impossibility of remaining aloof during a struggle of the sort which would engulf all of Europe. It is likewise erroneous to think that the development of Soviet Russia may be of interest to future generations but not to the present generation. The first serious clashes between bourgeois civilization and Communism will take place within a decade.

In the last analysis the fortunes of this struggle will be determined by the

relative economic strength of the two opposing systems. Repression of the handful of Communists in the United States, stricter laws against Communist propaganda, police action against Communist agitators at the present time are futile and ill-advised. A recognition of the very real achievements of the Soviet system and a determination to adapt such experimental data as have been developed in Russia to the needs of our own country is all-important. If bourgeois civilization were to be entirely supplanted by that of Communism, the loss to the world would be incalculable. But if bourgeois civilization is capable of learning from the social and economic experience of Soviet Russia, then the Russian Revolution will have been as real a contribution to human progress as was the French Revolution.

The present misconception of the status of affairs in Soviet Russia may prevent those timely measures of internal reconstruction which would enable capitalistic civilization to resist the spread of Communism. The social order, the standard of living, and the whole civilization of Communism in Russia would be repugnant to the intelligentsia, the rural population, and the upper strata of the laborers of the Western world, even after the improvement in production and in standard of living which is likely to occur in the Soviet Union within the next ten years. But unless the capitalistic order can find ways and means to improve very measurably the standard of living of its lowest classes of laborers, and at the same time to reconcile the economic rivalries between nations, a militant and fanatic Russian Communism will be hammering at the gates of Berlin by the end of the present decade.

OUR MUSICAL ADOLESCENCE

BY DANIEL GREGORY MASON

ART is an activity, not a product. We Americans seem to find it difficult to realize this simple truth, probably because our predominantly industrial life has given us a slant toward estimating everything in terms of production. We are good workers, but poor players and resters, since play and rest require a certain voluntary irresponsibility, not to say contented inefficiency. The amateur does not do things so well technically as the professional, but from his irresponsible and joyous doing of them arises a unique set of values. It is in this set of values that our wealthy and powerful America is pathetically poor, that we are indeed a sort of "poor little rich girl" among the nations.

In our attitude toward musical art, for example, to what extent was the Englishman right who said, "When we English get together for an evening, each one of us sings, dances, tells a story, acts in a charade, or does whatever he can to help amuse the company. You Americans each 'chip in' twenty dollars, and hire a singer from the Metropolitan to entertain you." Broadly speaking, has he not seized truly the contrast? Is it not a part of our national timidity and self-consciousness systematically to undervalue our own artistic activities, and to attempt, by the hiring of professionals, the impossible feat of taking our art vicariously? The sterile conventionality of our concert life in New York, for instance—what is it but the inevitable result of taking all our music professionally, of paying the biggest salaries possible to the most world-famous conductors, demanding of them in return no interest in our local musical life, but rather the effective smothering of any possible faint stirrings of it by the imposition of a "standard" repertory of European music, played with the last degree of technical skill and brilliancy, and with personal "interpretations" sufficiently striking to afford plenty of material for gossip to people too passive and regimented to have any reactions of their own to the music itself? (Of this state of things the recent visit of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra to Europe, under Toscanini, was a striking example, almost a *reductio ad absurdum*. Among the flood of press comments, few noted that about this super-orchestra, with its foreign leaders, players, and repertory, there was nothing American but its dollars.)

And what, on the other hand, happens when some especially energetic and enthusiastic musician tries to get up an orchestra of his own to serve a local public? It was tried not long ago in one of our provincial New England cities, about the size of those German cities each of which maintains its own municipal orchestra. When the pioneer conductor, after heartbreaking difficulties in assembling, drilling, and educating his players and firing them with his own enthusiasm, appealed to his local public for their support, their

reply was virtually that, since his name was not world-famous (and "nationally advertised") they were not interested in anything he could give them, and would rather spend their money on a single concert of the celebrated Blank Symphony Orchestra, under the leadership of the unique Blank Blanksky, than listen to his entire series. . . . Our system, in short, consists on the one hand of a few professional stars who make all the music and get all the artistic delight, and on the other of a big, standardized, herd public who accept all the labels, pay all the bills, elude all the culture, and miss all the joy.

Out of this practical system spring certain peculiarities of ideology dishearteningly omnipresent with us—certain fallacies we repeat like parrots, and erect into added obstacles to any life-giving approach to art. There is, for instance, the fallacy that art is something old and queer. This beguiles us into strange crazes such as fads for antiques or for the imitation of the antique, as in Childs' Old England restaurants, or Alice Foote MacDougall's "Venice," "Florence," "Seville," or what not. Some of us even proceed to the fatuity of trying to make our electric bulbs (one of the few unequivocal successes of our age) look like the far inferior candles of our forefathers. Genuine artistic feeling avoids this spurious and hypocritical regard for mere age and is enterprisingly contemporary. We study the beauty of the past chiefly to help us make more beauty for the present and the future. And after all, our world to-day has in it much that is beautiful, such as some of our skyscrapers and many of our motor cars, power boats, and airplanes. Another and a kindred fallacy is that art is something far away in space. Europe is "artistic"; we are "inartistic"—opinions dictated, of course, by our early, not yet outgrown sense of inferiority. Here, unhappily, the superstition tends to induce the fact. What is more pathetic than to see a New York Sunday crowd gape at the Egyptian objects of beauty in the Metropolitan Museum and then go out and scatter old newspapers and empty cracker-jack boxes over their own greensward?

Such fallacies are legion, but all of them proceed from supposing art to be something old, distant, and exotically strange, and not seeing that all vital art is contemporary, local, and as natural as breathing.

II

This devitalizing separation from spontaneous artistic activities of our own, formerly almost universal, and still responsible for the sterility of our orchestral concerts and other such traditional aspects of our music, is happily beginning to give place nowadays to a more cordial, informal interest in making music itself, a disposition to take it less as work and more as play. Like children long dominated by our elders and by our own timid notion of what is "correct," we are now healthily commencing to throw off conventions, to try things out for ourselves. We are in fact just emerging, so to speak, into musical adolescence. And we are overjoyed to find out what splendid fun artistic activity is, how well it is within the reach of all normal people, and how easily it does what nothing else can do to relieve our tensions, to relax the strains of modern life.

Naturally we are discovering all this first of all through singing, since many more of us can sing than can play an instrument. Practically all boys and girls can learn to sing, except possibly a few so-called "monotones"—and with modern methods of training even many of these. Under expert and sufficiently inspiring guidance they can sing some of the simple but most beautiful music

in existence, such as Bach's chorales, the folksongs of all nations (including our own, derived from the English, and among the most beautiful of all), and the less complicated works of masters from the sixteenth-century Palestrina to the twentieth-century Vaughan Williams. Just that is what our American boys and girls have actually been doing in the last ten or fifteen years, as a result of the school and college glee club movement so magnificently pioneered by Dr. Archibald T. Davison of Harvard.

There is a story that the Harvard Glee Club, in the early days of that transformation of it by Doctor Davison which has so profoundly affected our whole choral life in America, found itself one evening, after giving a concert in Detroit, in the railroad station with an hour to wait for the train. After a brief consultation it proceeded to amuse itself—and the waiting passengers—by singing Palestrina. Think of it, Palestrina, not in one of those peaceful medieval cathedrals where his music grew up so naturally, but in the Detroit railroad station! And yet, why not? For in so singing, these Harvard boys were finding three values emerging for them, such as always emerge, in any time or place, when people get together to sing great music.

To begin with, each of them was discovering the value we all find in doing something that appeals to us deeply, and that we can do in co-operation with our fellows, but not alone. This splendid social value was what the schoolboy had in mind who, asked what part he sang, tenor or bass, replied that he "sang quartet." Any good baseball or football player understands this peculiar value of team-work, knows that he is strong not by himself but in loyalty to his group. This social value, of which we always hear a good deal in discussions of the usefulness of choral music to "Americanization" and other such social processes, is in little danger, important as it is, of being underrated. Rather the reverse; for, as we shall see, it ought to remain secondary to more purely artistic values, expressive and æsthetic, and cannot be made primary without defeating them.

Each of these singers was experiencing, in the second place, the relief, reacting through the whole range of his mental health, of giving spontaneous expression to feelings that but for this channel would have remained pent up and repressed. Children know frequently the relief of crying as well as of laughing; grown-ups less frequently because of what correctness imposes. Swearing can purge the soul, and whistling has often kept up a man's courage. The emotional satisfaction it gives is one of the supreme hygienic or therapeutic values of music, highly beneficial in a civilization which, as ours does, postpones most of its satisfactions (as in the case of everything done for economic motives). Most of our life is drab and immediately unsatisfying. Art presents us with immediate, intrinsic values, and thus calms the nerves and solaces the heart.

The third and greatest value that these singers were finding was the rare joy, painfully rare in a world where as in ours there is so much inescapable ugliness, of making something beautiful. Our æsthetic interest is brought to bear on such a bewildering variety of subject matter in our daily lives that we are prone to lose sight altogether of its presence there, and to fancy it held in reserve for special grand occasions. Yet it is omnipresent. The tiniest children like to build blocks into symmetrical shapes, to combine worsteds in harmonious colors, to intone stories in primitive rhythms, sometimes with rhyme. The humblest peasants love a plot of flowers or a bright window box. Even we, the

sophisticated, prefer the commodities we buy to be not only sound and pure, but prepared in pleasing colors, put up in pretty boxes, with the printing nicely spaced and margined. (And though we do not know it, we like sounds to be patterned for the ear in our sentences, like the *p*'s and *t*'s in that last one.) Well-nigh universal is the joy in beauty, that unique joy of which art is only our most purified and concentrated expression.

In Doctor Davison's insight, so fraught with promise to our musical development, there was something of the simplicity of genius. He did not make the mistake of the second- and third-rate men: he did not consent to subordinate the best thing in music, its beauty, to inferior effects such as its social stimulus or its emotional relief. He did not apologize for it, nor make it a handmaid to something else, nor attempt to prove its "practical" value by an appeal to commercial motives, nor, in short, give any of the thousand bad reasons by which stupid people habitually misrecommend good things. Uncompromisingly he took his stand on its highest value, beauty. People, he realized, whatever their social or emotional releases, cannot take permanent æsthetic satisfaction in mediocre music, such as has gradually sapped the enthusiasm of so many old-type college glee clubs and of the more recent "community singing" movement, any more than they can in mediocre motor cars or adulterated food-stuffs. He saw that the best in music—which is by no means the same as the most complicated—is the only thing good enough for sound American youth, that Palestrina, in fact, or for that matter Bach, Beethoven or any other writer of great music, is really just the right thing to sing in the station at Detroit, a city which has nurtured, besides Ty Cobb and Henry Ford, the Detroit Symphony Orchestra and one of the finest art museums in the country.

III

Doctor Davison and the others active in the movement which eventually embodied itself in the Intercollegiate Glee Club Association wisely made the most of the social motive by appealing to our American instinct for competition. The first intercollegiate contest was held in the spring of 1914, in the form of a concert in Carnegie Hall, New York. The contestants were Columbia, Dartmouth, Harvard, and Pennsylvania. A few years later a similar group of midwestern colleges organized a contest group in Chicago. By 1927 the system extended widely over the country. The concert that year was given by the combined glee clubs of Wesleyan University, University of Missouri, Yale, Columbia, Dartmouth, Princeton, Middlebury, Penn State, Furman, Fordham, New York University, Ohio Wesleyan, and the University of California. The music critic of the New York *Times*, Mr. Olin Downes, was so impressed that he devoted to the movement an extended article. The interest spread also to the preparatory schools, which formed their own groups and held their own concerts.

From all this activity fresh life has come into our music. Even for the audience a new and more living view of musical art seems to be encouraged by hearing their sons and daughters, nephews and nieces taking part in the production of it. It is brought from cold and distant professional altitudes into the warmer, more intimate circle of everyday life. The deadening fallacy that music is something to be paid for and endured rather than participated in, criticized, and enjoyed is revealed in its absurdity when we actually see and hear John and Jane singing before us. Mr. Downes, painfully familiar as critic of the *Times* with the perfunctory and snobbish attitude of the usual Carnegie Hall audiences, insists that

he has seldom witnessed an occasion "when the auditors as well as the performers were so earnest and so intelligently interested in what was going forward." He notes that hundreds of letters were received the day after the concert from a vast radio audience, and that their criticisms substantially agreed with those of the judges. And he ends with this impressive statement: "The audience listened and noted the results with an intelligence, sympathy, and absorbed interest in the proceedings not paralleled on the part of any other audience which supports music and opera in this city." (Incidentally, the phrase "music and opera" is worth notice.)

But of course it is the actual participants who gain most in vitality of taste. When a glee club is actually singing from day to day the best music of the world, it banishes from its mind trivial music and snobbish, pretentious music as naturally as light banishes darkness. When in addition, as the Harvard Glee Club is in recent years doing, it joins a great orchestra like the Boston Symphony Orchestra in producing masterpieces such as Bach's B Minor Mass and Brahms's German Requiem, it imperceptibly develops an enlightened and cultivated attitude toward art. . . . As these undergraduates grow up, they will unconsciously hold a different view of music from the stupid old one that it was an amusement for the women.

With this changed attitude will go important practical changes. "The American mixed chorus," remarked the critic of a Schola Cantorum concert in New York a year or so ago, "still continues to expose what our European critics point out as the prime failing in the cultural life of this country, to wit, that it is mostly limited to the women, because the men, all busied with the job of providing leisure, music lessons, and so on for their wives, have no time for it. . . . Every mixed chorus reveals this gulf of the sexes. The women's voices show training, many of them. . . . Not so with the poor men, who are so truly fond of music that they are willing to attend tiresome rehearsals after the day's work. . . . As a rule, the men are inferior save in moral character. Their voices are not flexible. They don't know how to sing. They can read difficult music only with the herd." But nowadays this "gulf of the sexes" is slowly being bridged by the modernized glee clubs; choruses are spreading from the children to the fathers. This very spring there was held at White Plains, in the newly built county center, the sixth annual Westchester County Music Festival. Groups which had been rehearsing all winter in twenty-one neighboring localities were there joined in one huge chorus of nearly two thousand voices. The men, poor fellows, still came in for a few journalistic jibes. A New York City reporter, commenting on excerpts from Borodin's highly-colored Russian opera, "Prince Igor," stated that "there were luscious spots and extremely tame ones, for the males that hailed their supposed warrior chief do not drink goat's milk, and they ride not wild horses but New York Central locals." Nevertheless, he said of Bach's "Break Forth, O Beauteous Light": "Affording stunning proof of the way the salubrious airs of Westchester develop the lungs, even of commuters, the mighty continuities of Bach were sustained admirably, with effects massive and beautiful too."

On the work accomplished by the Westchester Festival in general, the comment of Mr. Percy Grainger was: "I count your endeavor the most life-giving of all the varieties of musical activity known to me." Secretary Wilbur brought the greeting of President Hoover in similar words: "You are to me the pioneers in the great field

of organized constructive recreation now so vital to our nation."

IV

After the young people in our schools and colleges have once formed the habit of singing good music in their choruses, the natural next step is for them to wish to play it also, in orchestras of their own; and this they have actually in the last few years begun to do. The animating spirit in this movement is Mr. Joseph E. Maddy, founder of the National High School Orchestra. The initial idea was to draw boy and girl players competitively from the high school orchestras spread over the country, and combine them into a single large orchestra for a few days of intensive training and playing. For the first three years, 1926, 1927, 1928, these meetings took place in April, in the cities of Detroit, Dallas, and Chicago respectively; and the orchestra of between two and three hundred young players was conducted not only by Mr. Maddy but by well-known symphonic conductors who had conceived a lively interest in the movement, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Howard Hanson, Frederick Stock.

By 1928 it became evident that it would be worth while to organize a summer camp, to which students from all states might come for a month or two of musical experience in common, and the National High School Orchestra and Band Camp came into being at Interlochen, Michigan. Here each summer an orchestra of two hundred, a band of a hundred and fifty, and a chorus of a hundred rehearse two hours daily, and give symphony and popular concerts weekly throughout the term. Resident musicians teach individual instruments and ensemble playing. Thirty-four residence cottages, nine classroom buildings, two practice buildings, two clubhouses, assembly halls, and other buildings including an outdoor theater seating 10,000—the Interlochen Bowl—are at the disposal of students. The National High School Orchestra, brought into being in this way, was drawn in 1930 from forty-two states, and consisted of 118 violins, 30 violas, 24 cellos, 23 doublebasses, 16 flutes, 12 oboes and English horns, 22 clarinets, 11 bassoons, 12 horns, 15 trumpets, 15 trombones, 5 tubas, 9 percussion, 6 harps, and organ. While we are thus marshalling figures, let us add that "all-state" high-school orchestras, and even district and county high-school orchestras, have sprung up as natural feeders to the central organization, until no less than 45,000 school orchestras are now said to exist in the United States!

It is inspiring to think what all this means in opportunity to young Americans to get into direct contact with great music—not merely to "listen in" to it over the radio, but to make it themselves. As the prospectus points out, there is being developed "a system whereby every member of every school orchestra may win his or her way through the various county, state, and sectional orchestras to coveted membership in the National High School Orchestra." "No movement in the history of the country," the prospectus goes on to claim, "has ever promised so much toward the musical development of the Nation," and adds: "We must look to the musical and artistic development of our citizens for relief from the lawlessness of to-day which is born in idleness and inspired by the monotony of present-day labor." Fine as is the ideal here expressed, we shall be put a little on our guard by the social rather than æsthetic form it takes, especially if we bear in mind the over-emphasis on the social motive we have seen ruin the old college glee clubs and stultify community singing, and if we note, as we cannot help doing, the quantitative

terms in which the movement largely describes itself. What, we shall be obliged to ask at once in the interests of the candid criticism that alone can guide such a movement to its highest potentialities—what is the *quality* of this playing? An opportunity to judge it for ourselves was afforded by a series of six concerts given early in 1930 in Atlantic City, Philadelphia, New York, and Washington. At the Carnegie Hall concert it was at once evident that the creation of a truly musical school orchestra is something much more subtle and difficult than that of a chorus, and that the inclusion of every citizen, however democratically desirable, is certainly æsthetically less likely to lift our society from the "monotony of present-day labor" than to degrade our art to a monotony scarcely less unrelieved. For while almost everyone can sing a little, and the admixture of a few crude singers may remain almost undetected in the mass effects of a chorus, by no means everyone can play, even a little, and an orchestra is so sensitive and transparent a medium that a few unmusical or crude individuals in it can disastrously coarsen its tone, and substitute a mechanical stodginess for that living flexibility of rhythm and phrase which is the very life of instrumental music. If you have ever flinched at the relentlessly literal way a youngster will thrum out his accents on the piano, you will think twice before you confide the *Allegro con grazia* melody in Tschaikowsky's "Pathétique Symphony" to the graces of twenty-four conscientious cellos, thirty virtuous violas, and a hundred and eighteen enthusiastic violins!

A problem possibly even more subtle than the adjustment of quantity and quality is that of formulating purpose aright at the start, and then always keeping it clearly in mind as the guide to policy and organization. What is the true aim of the High School Orchestra? Is it to foster a genuinely amateur activity, in the fine sense of the word amateur we have been considering? Is its work to be undertaken for the direct joy of it, for what it means in delight and cultivation to the players themselves? Or is it to be allowed to sacrifice its unique possibilities by thoughtlessly aping the conventional and commercial policies of the professional orchestras—falling short of them, to be sure, in the technical skill which is their best achievement, but emulating and perhaps equalling their unadventurousness, their uncreativeness of attitude? One is willing to concede a certain amount of organization, a plentiful use of publicity methods as probably necessary to a movement so widely extended. But remembering the universal American tendency to paralyze by over-organization all artistic activities, one noticed, in the prospectus, with some qualms the ambitious scope of this scheme of six concerts, and with positive distress the "proposed European tour." It is good news that this has fallen through, as it seemed more suitable for the Philharmonic under Toscanini than for boys and girls who are being encouraged to enjoy their own music. And then one's suspicions became certainties as one noted the program: Tschaikowsky, "Pathétique Symphony"; Liszt, a piano concerto with Mr. Ernest Hutcheson playing the solo part; Ernest Bloch's epic rhapsody, "America." A totally conventional, routine program, in short, such as would form an ideal exhibitory medium for Toscanini with the Philharmonic or Stokowski with the Philadelphia. But what sort of a program is this to give children playing for pleasure? How much spontaneous pleasure can ordinary healthy children take in Tschaikowsky's melancholy introspectiveness? How can they form a wholesome taste on Liszt's pyrotechnics and empty virtuosity? And as for the

pompous rodomontade of Bloch's "America," so immeasurably inferior to his earlier and sincere Jewish works, what normal youngsters would even sit through it, unless their æsthetic sense were overruled by obedience or paralyzed by "patriotism"? Why not let them have some Grieg or Bizet or even Moszkowski, or Brahms Hungarian Dances, or Dvořák Slavonic Dances? Why not give them some Mendelssohn, or some easy Haydn, Beethoven, and Schumann, or even a little Mozart, to acquaint them with the simplicity that is really difficult, and put them on their mettle? But alas, it is only too evident that this program was never made for children, but for advertising, for the blasé Carnegie Hall audience, and for the "proposed European tour." And it seems clear enough that so long as such confused counsels rule it, the National High School Orchestra cannot fully achieve its great work of making our people feel and think music spontaneously.

V

Yet even if it has not yet solved all its problems—being still not a decade old—the school-orchestra movement is undeniably both an evidence of the musical renascence that is stirring widely in America, and a promise of splendid future growth. The main thing about it is that it is presenting children with the great music of the world, letting them, so to speak, shake hands with it and pursue its acquaintance. The rest will follow automatically. Any sensitive child who plays the two pieces often enough will see for himself that Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance March," let us say, though not beloved of the highbrows, is jolly, spontaneous music with which he can have no end of fun, while Bloch's "America" is behind its pretentious façade hollow and empty. The perceptiveness of the young, in this way, once they are introduced to music and left alone with it, is almost uncanny.

Those not actually in touch with undergraduates in our present colleges do not perhaps realize to what a point their enfranchisement and enlightenment in such matters has proceeded. The change since war days is startling. Just after the War a young Columbia man came back from service telling how he had met there a Belgian poet of his own age with whom he had conversed, read, and exchanged confidences, and how he had finally been enabled to throw off his old American shame at confessing an interest in poetry. "Now I am happier than I have ever been," he said. "I am writing poetry, and not concealing it but glorying in it." Everyone over forty is familiar with that old shame of ours at confessing an interest in poetry or any of the fine arts. Many over forty still themselves suffer from it. But to an increasing number of the young to-day such a view seems hopelessly old-fashioned and queer. They have scrapped such Victorian notions, along with corsets and side-saddles. They sing in glee clubs, play in orchestras, write, sketch, paint, or model in a quite unashamed matter-of-fact way. If you overhear them conversing at dinner you will find that a play of O'Neill's, a novel of Dreiser's, or a composition of Deems Taylor's is apt to run in and out of their talk as easily and unself-consciously as football or dancing.

A year or two ago a dozen Barnard girls and Columbia boys got up a madrigal club, under the leadership of one of their number. They met from time to time to sing the beautiful old English and Italian madrigals. They had no organization, and received no college credit. They simply sang madrigals for their own pleasure as they might have played contract. The

prestige of the Glee Club in colleges is now quite equal to that of the more ancient traditional literary and dramatic societies; for Harvard's there is a long waiting list. In at least the leading colleges the student orchestras are beginning to share the cultural enlightenment and the consequent social prestige of these older groups. During the next decade we shall probably see great choral works with orchestra performed entirely, save perhaps for the soloists, by college talent.

And so, now that the youth of the country are thus sensitized to the appeal of music by first-hand acquaintance with it, it seems not unreasonable to hope that our country is beginning to emerge from the crudeness of its artistic infancy and from the self-consciousness and shyness of its awkward age. Perhaps we are even on the threshold of our maturity, and about to add the happiness of recognizing and of making beauty to the material power we already possess in such full measure.

WHERE THE DANGER LIES

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

"NO lone woman
Should let in
A stranger, be he
Drenched to the skin,

Or parched or hungry.
If she drew a cup
Of cool well-water
Or gave bite or sup

Anything could happen!
Let her look to the latch,
And make night rounds
Of each window catch.

Snuffing out her candles
Let her creep to her bed
To pray for the daylight."
That's what they said.

Yet nobody warned me
When I turned a wife,
That I'd let a stranger
Into my life.

THE ROMANTIC MAN

A STORY

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

PEOPLE were always wondering what a brilliant scientist like Paul Hammersmark could see in his pretty little wife. A year after their marriage they were still wondering.

"The matter with you," his friend Stillman told him, "is that your paternal and sex instincts got crossed when you married Rita."

Hammersmark, for some reason, thought this funny. Rita was very young. Hammersmark first met her in a small college town where he had gone to lecture. She was the daughter of the professor of geology, and she was impersonating the role of the fatal enchantress. She mowed men down, she devastated them, and her eye play would have taught things to a lighthouse with a thirty-second flash. Hammersmark, watching her with appreciation, had a feeling of warm content. Then he had fallen in love with her and married her.

He had spent one evening in thought as to the best means of attack and decided on a sudden rush. It was one of his private amusements that no one but himself suspected that that smashing courtship of his had been the child of cerebration. The enormous Hammersmark had come rushing down upon Rita and scattered her numerous admirers to the wind like chaff. He had brushed aside the man she was engaged to like a fly. His jealousy had been gigantic. If a twittering college boy had come near her, Rita was convinced that he would have been crushed by Hammersmark's great fists. It had been a great courtship and Hammersmark a romantic figure.

Then he had married Rita, bought her a big house, and suddenly Rita had only to wish, to have anything she wanted. Once married, where was the enchantress, the woman of the fatal glance? Gone—gone over night. Rita was now a chatelaine and a devoted wife. Hammersmark had watched the sudden change with appreciation. Rita's new role had touched him at first, but after a year he had become accustomed to it and so had she. Lately she had become a little pensive.

"Rita needs to go out more," Hammersmark told his cousin Mildred Graham. "We've been married over a year and the little thing has been buried in the house listening to me talk. The psychological moment has come for a little mild flirtation."

"You mean the psychological moment for a baby," his cousin replied.

"No, not yet," Hammersmark said with tenderness. "The little thing's too young. She needs some romance which I can't furnish."

He glanced across the ballroom where Rita was sitting with a man whom Hammersmark sought to place and who vaguely reminded him of an Arabian snake charmer. Rita had

been dancing with him all the evening and there was a certain ostentation in her manner when she passed her husband. Once, when Hammersmark had rolled his good-natured bulk towards her, she had introduced Danton, but with a shrinking air as though she expected her husband to commit murder. When Hammersmark next danced with her:

"Paul," she ventured, "you don't mind my dancing so much with Danton, do you?" He stared down at her with innocent blue eyes.

"Mind?" he said, "*Mind*, Rita? Why, of course I don't mind."

"You know his reputation," said Rita darkly; "it is terrible!"

He knew he shouldn't have done it, he should have said:

"Let him try anything," with a fee-fi-fo-fum expression. Instead, he threw back his head, and rotund, satisfying, deep laughter boomed out across the ballroom. It was this inopportune laughter of his that was always making him trouble. He couldn't help it. He was always laughing at Rita. She was so inconsequential, so pretty, and so absurd. She afforded him unending diversion.

"My husband," Rita said proudly, "is a terribly jealous man," and she recounted the days of her romantic courtship.

"That," said Danton, "was before you were married. Has he ever been jealous since?"

"He's never had any cause," said Rita.

"Now he would be like all the rest," said Danton. "He takes you for granted."

She had used her fatal eyes on Danton. It was fun. She had forgotten all about how devastating she could be. In the meantime she kept a wary eye on Paul. Any moment he would come down upon her roaring and snatch her away from Danton. To her surprise, she looked around the room and he was gone. She thought hopefully that perhaps he was too angry to speak to her. Maybe he had even gone home without her. But there he was, developing one of his theories with that everlasting bore, Stillman.

Hammersmark had watched her manœuvering with Danton, gazing at her with affection and loving amusement. Then, when he encountered Stillman, he forgot Rita in a discussion of the psychology of social gatherings and their relationship to mob psychology. Hammersmark maintained that each social occasion had its overtone created by the composite spirit of the people in the room. He branched out into a dissertation on the overtone of parties where only men were present, and forgot Rita so completely that she had to look for him when the party was almost over. She slipped in furtively. Hammersmark put his arm around her and drew her toward him. She looked enchanting.

In the car he went on developing the theory of the overtone of parties.

"Now this was a good party," he said; "it had an edge. It was on the verge of breaking into flame. I like that. The trouble with some parties where everyone drinks a little, is that they have the essence of orgy, you want to go on from there."

"Much you know about this party," said Rita, "off in a corner with Stillman all the evening. You might as well have been at home."

"Oh no," protested Hammersmark, "I could feel it vibrate. I could feel it getting to the point of an explosion. That's all right in big parties. But small parties where there are both men and women should be more philosophical than they are. People drink and get excited, they get to the point of orgy until someone passes out from sheer frustration."

Rita wasn't listening; she seldom listened. How could she when he talked to her so perpetually?

"Paul," she said seriously, "I hope I didn't make you uncomfortable to-night." With a wide good-humored gesture he drew her to him.

"Me uncomfortable?"

"I hope," Rita explained, "you were not jealous." Hammersmark roared. His deep laughter echoed into the night.

"Jealous of the handsome sword swallower!" he said. He laughed again.

"In that case," said Rita coldly, "I'll 'phone him I can have tea with him to-morrow."

"Now a party of two at tea," said Hammersmark, "a man and a woman who haven't known each other long and are a little excited about each other, has a peculiar flavor." Rita withdrew herself into the corner of the car.

"Tired?" Hammersmark asked sympathetically. He drew Rita to him again affectionately and put her head on his shoulder. She's bothered about something, he thought. He puzzled upon what was disturbing her. He remembered her furtive, almost guilty manner when she had interrupted his conversation with Stillman. Her embarrassment when she had introduced him to Danton. Poor little kid, he thought, she's afraid I'll spoil her fun by being jealous. He felt suffused with tenderness. She was adorable. He wanted to put his arms around her. He glanced at her. She lay relaxed upon his shoulder, her eyes closed. Poor kid, he thought, she's tired.

Rita was undressed first. She sat up in bed, looking at Hammersmark.

"You never would be jealous," she asked in a forlorn voice. He bent over her reassuringly.

"Never worry about me being jealous," he said paternally, "you can have all the sword swallowers you want." Rita clenched her fists. That was what Danton had told her. "American men," he had said, "do not understand their wives. Take your husband—he's buried in vast experiments which he makes profitable. They care for their wives less than animals for their mates. Animals are at least jealous."

Danton was right. And now, this final insult. Her husband had the assurance to tell her he would never be jealous of her.

She met Danton at tea the next afternoon.

"He wasn't jealous?" Danton inquired.

"Not in the least," said Rita. "He told me he never would be jealous."

"Romance," said Danton, "has gone out of the relations between married people in this country. And yet, romance is the most necessary thing in the world. Why are the women of this country so restless? They are starved for romance. It is as necessary as air. You yourself—" his voice trailed off. Danton painted for Rita an entrancing picture of love as it should be while the other side of his mind rolled over contentedly the knowledge of how much money Paul Hammersmark was worth. He probably lets her have everything she wants, he reflected. The afternoon sped by.

"There is an Englishman writing, Sydney Sunderland, who has shown how life can be lived. When I see you next time, I shall bring you a book of his," he said.

Time! What time was it? Panic seized Rita. Paul would be home and she wouldn't be there.

"I must go. I must go right away!" she said. Danton's ambiguous smile told her that, in his opinion, her anxiety was wasted. She got home just in time for dinner. Paul was buried in one of his books that Rita could not understand.

"Hello," he said. He stretched out a big arm and put it around her without lifting his eyes from his book. "Lord! But I'm hungry."

At table, Rita watched him observantly. How he ate! How luxuriously and yet how enormously. Romance? She was surprised that she could ever imagine there could be romance with a man like Paul. She saw a mountain of a man. Good-looking, yes. Distinguished, of course. But what was that when he engulfed food so prodigiously? He ate and drank Gargantuan meals. And he had always done it, only she had never observed before how revolting this was. She watched Paul curiously as though she had never sat with him before at table. For indeed he had a great gusto for life. He loved play and work and Rita with engrossing intensity. At present he loved eating. Rita turned away from him.

He had always seemed to her the man who had come swooping down on her, powerful and godlike, and carried her off without time for her to say "boo," carried her off from a small-college town life into an interesting world—from a world of modest ease into a fabulous world where, like a fairy princess, she had only to wish to make her dreams come true.

His hunger appeased, Hammersmark looked smilingly toward Rita.

"What are you pondering on so deeply?" he asked her.

"I was thinking how awful it is to live in a world where there's no romance," she said.

"Romance," boomed Hammersmark, "there's always romance. Romance is right here. It always exists, but like air in different altitudes in different places, it has its rarity and its density." He was off.

"No romance," he cried. "With the very face of the world changing under our eyes. With great empires crumpling within a few years. With the new experiments in government being tried in Russia and Italy. Think of China—plunge your mind into it." By the time he was through he had imagined the marriage of Slav and the Asiatic, the suicide of Europe and a new culture rising, while a human yellow tide slipped softly, irresistibly over the surface of the earth. He pointed out to her that man's scientific knowledge had outstripped man's power to use it. The white races had unleashed power too vast for them. Suicide or salvation stood before the door, and no one knew which.

"Do you see nothing of romance in this?" he pleaded earnestly.

"I meant the romance of personal relations and the relations between men and women. You, Paul, are too engrossed in your experiments to realize what I mean."

"Engrossed!" he boomed, "of course I'm engrossed! The men of my generation are engrossed in a conquest of nature that may destroy us—or we may hit on something that will change the surface of the earth as much as the discoveries that led to the industrial revolution. As for human relationships, you might as well talk of the steam engine destroying the biological nature of man," he was off again. He explained to her patiently how the human drama of desire, hate, love, jealousy, the recurring drama of birth and death, went on unmindful of the incalculable forces changing man's life on earth.

"Why?" asked Rita, "are the women of America so restless? They are starving for romance."

He threw back his head with a copious laugh which boomed through the room. He shook the glasses. He rolled with laughter.

"Do you mean to tell me, Rita, that you think that the restlessness of American women is caused because we

have no more gentlemen under windows twanging on lutes? Then *are* American women restless? Which women? Ever since the seventeenth century, when the culture of the Middle Ages cracked forever, life has been in a turmoil, with a froth of women on the top of it bobbing like corks. Restless? Again, which women are restless? The bubbling froth or the cool, unchanging mass of women engrossed in their immemorial pursuits? You think there's no romance! Even in your sense of the word you can't go round the corner without running into it. Why, I know the story of a coal miner, an epic—to be classed with the great loves of history!"

"Oh, I know life could be beautiful even now," said Rita wistfully. Silence had fallen on Hammersmark. He puffed at his cigar, arose deliberately, his eyes fixed on some vague distance. He paused at Rita's chair, patted her shoulder with a big paw, lifted up her face, kissed her heartily, said "pretty girl" in an absent-minded voice. Rita sighed. She knew what had happened. Paul had an idea; now he had gone to his library and she wouldn't see him again before she went to sleep. Very likely he would be absorbed for days in the laboratory. She would see him only at meals and there would be no talk. His talk always made pictures for her. It did to-night; she saw blinding explosions and a soft yellowish tide of men creeping vastly over shattered Europe. She shivered. He was really too awful.

He emerged from his absorption a week later. Meeting Stillman on the street:

"Stillman," he said, "I've got hold of the tail of an idea."

"You get hold of the tail of too many ideas," said Stillman, "and while you're trying to catch ideas Rita is running around with that bounder Danton."

"She'll find him out," said Hammersmark easily.

"She'll find him out after he's pried a lot of money out of her."

"So? So?" mused Hammersmark. He had a vague memory of Rita saying that she should run the house and asking him to deposit the money for everything to her account. He walked home in good humor. Rita hadn't come in yet, and he felt a shock of disappointment. Now he was going to play and have a good time. He went up to Rita's room and sat down, meditating with satisfaction on Rita and her funny ways. He loved her. He picked up a book lying face downward. Its name was *The Summit*, and it was by Sydney Sunderland. There was an inscription from Danton. He dipped into it a little way. He read on, shaking with laughter, then he rose and telephoned the club where he knew he would find Stillman.

"Stillman, what do you know about this fellow Danton?"

"I know enough to land him in Sing Sing if I wanted the trouble of the beastly mess. Awful bounder. Got a fat wife and eight children in Chicago." He explained with some picturesque detail what he knew concerning Danton.

"I'll have to stop this," muttered Hammersmark. "Can't see the poor little kid's fun all spoiled." Rita greeted him affectionately. He sat down in an armchair.

"Come over here and sit on my knee," he said in a wheedling voice. Her good temper vanished. He treated her like a child. It was as bad as Nora in the *Doll's House*. She was a plaything to be picked up and put down. She perched herself on his knee, however. He stroked her hair. He had only to say, he reflected, "Danton has a fat wife and eight children in Chicago," and then her little soap bubble of romance would

evaporate. He couldn't do it. Got to fix it some other way.

The next morning early he rolled into Danton's apartment. Danton stared at him and drew himself up awaiting hostilities.

"Look here, Danton," he began with deep and shamefaced embarrassment, "it'll about wind me if you ask me to what you owe this pleasure. It's awkward enough having to come anyhow. You see how it is, though. I can't have Rita in a mess like this. Hang it all, I don't want her fun to be spoiled for her."

Danton opened his mouth.

"Don't," implored Hammersmark, "don't. Let me do the talking. It's really a favor to you. They've found out all about you. You'll have to get out, you know—that is, you understand, unless you want to be arrested." He was horribly embarrassed.

"You can't bully me," began Danton, "or bluff me into leaving town either."

"Bully? Bluff? Why listen here, Danton." Hammersmark recounted some of the details Stillman had given him.

"I don't want Rita annoyed, so I'm doing you a favor. Now, see here, you sit down and write Rita a romantic letter. Tell her about how you can't see her any more because she's too dangerous to your peace of mind, and about how if you don't see her again your love for her will always be spring in blossom, an eternal spring, see, and then you add that you've changed your mind about the money. What'd you want the money for, anyhow?"

"It was for a young sculptor. A year in Paris," muttered Danton.

"Well, you just tell her you've changed your mind about that. Something about her memory being too precious to let the thought of money be among your memories. Something like that. Now don't, don't," he implored, "bluster. Be a good fellow and save trouble and go ahead, and then you leave for Chicago on the next train, of course, and don't try to see Rita or write to her or telegraph or anything. It won't be any use, you know. No use at all. You see it won't be any use," he said shamefacedly. "I've got a lot of beastly detectives that are going to watch everything you do. And anyway, if you stay, the police will get you."

He shook himself when he got into the street and, drawing a long breath, he thought:

"Gee, I feel just like a fellow in a comic strip. I bet that fellow up there is writhing around the room hissing, 'Foiled'."

His thoughts dwelt with tenderness upon Rita.

"Well, I saved her romance anyway," thought Hammersmark. "But now how is she going to get on?" was his next disquieting reflection. "Her appetite is just whetted, she's just tasted blood." He thought of Rita's longing for romance as a mild disease suitable for a young woman of her years which in time would run its course.

"She's got to romance with a nice chap," he thought. In his perplexity, he sought his cousin, Mildred Graham, who adored Rita. He told her the story of Danton.

"The matter with Rita," said Mildred, "is that she's arrived at the period when a young wife imagines that her husband no longer loves her."

"You don't understand Rita," said Hammersmark, "she can't think that. She knows I adore her. Rita's playacting. Don't you remember when I first saw her how she was impersonating the fatal woman who was so dashed irresistible?—took me in, too. Then she gave a fine performance of the devoted wife. She's sick of that now. I saw it coming on. She wants a little mild

romance, as I told you before. Look at me, Mildred. Can I supply that want? Am I a romantic figure? Am I a Valentino?"

"You might be a dark Othello," Mrs. Graham suggested.

"Jealous!" he cried, "What! jealous of Rita? Spoil the poor little kid's fun and scare her half to death?"

"Paul," said Mrs. Graham, "you know about as much of psychology as a walrus."

At a tea a few days later at Mildred Graham's, Rita had never looked more lovely. Danton's letter was in her bag. The affair had ended perfectly, and she was glad to have him out of the way. He had been making her vaguely uneasy. Across the room sat a man, slender and dark-eyed, who had been staring directly at her ever since she came in. She had caught his eyes only once, but she knew he was looking at her. Presently Mildred introduced them. He sat down beside Rita.

"I've got to paint you. I've been looking at you all the afternoon, and I must paint you. Please let me tell you about it. Once in a very long time one sees someone one *has* to paint. I'm unknown, and it's an awful impertinence just to rush at you like this, but please think it over. Don't say no right away. You can't know what it'll mean to me!" He was sincere and eager and boyish. Rita promised. She was staying on for dinner.

"Do you think that Paul will like your posing like that for Bobbie Pierce?" asked Mildred Graham.

"He won't care," said Rita lightly. "He lets me do exactly as I like."

"Of course he lets you do exactly as you like," said Mildred, "but this is different. You don't understand. You happen to have made an impression on Bobbie. Do you think Paul will like your spending your time with a fascinating young man? Paul's older than you, and being proud he'd be the last one to let you know if he were jealous."

"Paul, jealous of me?" said Rita lightly. "Paul isn't romantic enough to be jealous. He'd be just as apt to be jealous of the kitten."

"Paul could order your portrait painted, and that would be putting it on a business basis, and you could take someone along if you wanted to."

"And spoil everything," said Rita.

Paul's huge form loomed in the doorway.

"Paul," said Rita, "Mildred's positively mid-Victorian. There's a young painter wants to do a sketch of me, and Mildred thinks you won't like it. She thinks I ought to take a chaperon along. It's the young painter, Bobbie Pierce, you know."

"For heaven's sake, why?" said Paul, and he laughed. He added with a puzzled look at Mildred, "I think it's fine."

The picture was finished. Rita and Bobbie Pierce stood before it. Rita put her hand in his.

"I want to buy it," she said.

"Listen," said Bobbie, "don't let's talk about things like that. Not today. It's the last time you'll be here. Will you do one thing for me, Rita? I want you to have lunch with me here. Don't say you won't. Just a funny little make believe—as if you and I always had lunch together. Don't say no. It's already ordered. Please stay," his words tumbled up on top of each other. "It means so much to me. You don't know how much it means. This isn't a luncheon like other luncheons—it's a sort of ceremony.

"First," he said, "cocktails to drink to the success of the picture." Rita saw the cocktail was cool and frosted the glasses. It was intricately made, delicious and warming, not a hot, heady drink. It slipped down like sunshine. Bobbie pulled out an oak

table and put on it a Venetian cloth. He decorated it carefully and painstakingly. There were flowers and pieces of silver and old-fashioned, long-stemmed glasses. Rita watched him as he came and went. How quick he was and how deft. The thought of Paul crossed her mind. Paul, rolling huge and jovial into the room. Paul, with his sudden deep laughter about things that she didn't understand. She put the thought from her.

Something was rattling at the door of her memory, something that was very far off was asking to be let in. Then she knew what it was. She was a little girl sitting on the sand. Rocks towered above her in which there were pools where you could find sea urchins and shrimps and little fishes left by the tide. The sea stretched before her like a blue floor. She and a brown-eyed boy were arranging a luncheon, a white napkin for a cloth, shells for dishes. There were tiny, tiny sandwiches. It was an hour marked apart from the rest of life, solitary and beautiful. This moment was like that enchanted hour.

"You look happy," said Bobbie.

"Of course I'm happy," said Rita. She told him about the picnic on the beach.

"This is where we step out of life just as you did then. It's our moment, it's ours, and we belong to each other for an hour. Here's to our moment!"

They drank from the fairy glasses. It was a very gay luncheon.

Everything Bobbie said made Rita laugh. He was carried away on the tide of his own imagery. He worked on the theory that telling women how lovely they were made them more beautiful. As he talked Rita felt herself transfigured.

"Oh, what's the use of talking," said Bobbie. He walked to the picture. "I have it all there. It's beautiful, it's the best thing I've done. People will stop to look at that picture, and every one of them will fall in love with you. Oh, Rita, you darling!" He kissed her.

The afternoon was over. Rita struggled to say a gay good-by. She reflected that this hour of innocent romance was like an unexpected gift to a child who had no toys. She felt sorry for herself. The days they had spent together, the things that he had said and the things that he had kept from saying had formed a bond between them. Something quite lovely had happened, and now it was over. The romance was finished. This afternoon was the last chapter. She would go home, and there would be Paul. He would dress to go to one of those scientific dinners of his, and she would go to the opera.

Tears came to her eyes, her shoulders drooped.

"What's the matter, Rita?" said Bobbie. "Why, you're almost crying." He put his arm around her. "Rita, you're unhappy. You've never told me, but I've always known it. It's awful to live with people who don't understand you." He had said this often before. It almost always worked. He always forgot that he had said it, and always felt as if he said it for the first time, for he adored philandering. He philandered charmingly, and it had no relation to the main purpose of his life.

"Why are you crying, Rita?" he implored, for slow tears were sliding down her cheeks. She had the sensation of acute homesickness.

"It's because it's over," she said forlornly.

"It's only over because you want it to be over," said Bobbie. "Rita, I love you." She gazed at him in silence. In a flat, incredulous voice she repeated:

"It's over only because I want it to be over?"

"You can step out from real life when you want to."

"I must go," she said sadly.

"Only because you want to," said Bobbie, "and when you want to come back I shall be waiting for you."

"Perhaps I'll come back to-night," said Rita. She smiled at him tenderly, mockingly, her head on one side.

"Rita," said Bobbie, "don't laugh at me. I mean it. To-night, to-morrow, forever—always you'll find me waiting for you." He kissed her solemnly.

"Good-by," said Rita. Bobbie held the door open as she went down the stairs. Then he walked to his picture. It had been a lovely third act to a comedy. Rita was adorable, he reflected. She had a true gift for delicate and light encounters. He reflected how few women there were in the world with her understanding. There were so few women to whom one could say the foolish things that a moment required.

As Rita drove home one thing emerged from the confusion of her thoughts. She must tell Paul. He would be furious. It would take her golden hour from her, but she must tell him. She needed to be protected from herself. There was Danton—there was Bobbie. She couldn't go on like this. She would make a clean breast of everything and then start anew.

Paul was in his study. This was forbidden ground. He went to his study to work. She opened the door of this forbidden room and Paul, like a bluebeard, turned toward her a shaggy head.

"Paul," she said, "I have to tell you something." He put up a protesting hand.

"Later," he implored.

"Paul, Bobbie Pierce—wants me to —come to him! He kissed me!" Paul looked at her blankly.

"Rita," he said, "I have an idea by the tail!"

He turned to his work. Rita walked softly from the room and shut the door behind her. She went to her own room and stared before her. The truth had stepped out and confronted her. She had always known it, she had refused to recognize it. Paul didn't love her. He didn't care what became of her. She couldn't stay another minute in this house where she could have everything but love. She had started to confess to him, and he hadn't even listened—he hadn't even cared. The thought of Bobbie came consolingly to her. She would go back to him. She could imagine the rush of surprise when she came in. But in fairness to Paul she would tell him. She went to her desk.

"*Paul*," she wrote, "*since you no longer love me I am going. Bobbie loves me and he is waiting for me. You could have stopped me, Paul, if you had cared.*"

She left the note where he couldn't fail to see it when he dressed for dinner. How awful he was, how awful! At a precise moment he would be called for dinner. Then he would drop his idea for which he had shoved her aside. She was filled to the brim with fury.

As she drove down Fifth Avenue she felt like an atom being whirled into darkness. Where? She didn't know. Then like an explosion she knew she couldn't do it. Who was Bobbie Pierce? A young painter who said pretty things to one. She didn't love him. In desperation she realized that she loved Paul, and Paul didn't love her. Now she had cut herself off from Paul. It was too late to go back. By now Paul would have read her note and very likely he would be glad. No, he wouldn't be glad, he would be disgusted. She hungered for someone who loved her and who could advise her. She tapped at the window and gave Mildred Graham's address. But

Mildred wasn't home. She sat down drearily to wait.

Hammersmark slowly left his study. He searched around in his mind for what Rita had said to him. He was full of tenderness for her. She must have been awfully upset, poor little kid, he thought, to rush in like that—and he hadn't listened to her. What was it she had said? Oh, it was about Bobbie Pierce having made love to her, and she had taken it seriously, wanted to confess to him. In spite of himself Paul laughed aloud.

He knew Bobbie Pierce with his philandering ways, which didn't interfere in the least with his work or his love for Mary Deane, to whom he was engaged. Still laughing, "Rita certainly has hard luck," Paul thought. Then he saw the letter. He read it and his laughter filled the room. He could see with what dexterity Bobbie Pierce would turn this aside.

"I shouldn't laugh," he thought, "but Lord, it's funny." He laughed while he dressed. While he was shaving, laughter swept over him again, irresistible, overwhelming. His hand slipped. He had gashed his throat, a bad cut, deep and bloody. The housemaid tapped and, receiving no answer, came in. She gaped at him in horror.

"I've cut my throat!" bellowed Paul. "The gauze, quick—over there!" The maid hesitated.

"God, it's worse than I thought!" Paul groaned. "You'll have to 'phone the doctor! God damn it!"

The girl was speeding downstairs.

The telephone in Mrs. Graham's apartment buzzed. Mechanically Rita answered. An excited voice came over the 'phone.

"Oh, Mrs. Graham, oh, Mrs. Graham, Mr. Hammersmark's cut his throat! Oh, come quick, Mrs. Graham!"

"Is he dead?" Rita managed to gasp.

"Oh, no, he won't die, I got there in time! He was cutting it when I came in! And I saw Mrs. Hammersmark's letter open on his dresser. She's eloped! No, he won't die, Mrs. Graham! Oh, come quick!"

Rita hung up the receiver and started for the door, and ran into Mildred on the way out.

"Why, Rita," she cried, "what's the matter, what's happened?" With awful calm Rita told her what had happened. In silence they hastened into a waiting taxi.

"But I can't understand it," said Mildred. "Paul, *Paul* cutting his throat! And you running away!"

"Oh, can't you see, can't you see what's happened?" sobbed Rita. "I thought he didn't love me, but when he got my letter—he's been suffering all the time and absorbing himself more and more in his work so I wouldn't see it. Then when I—I left, I wrote him. And he read my letter—and he cut his throat!"

They arrived at the house.

"Go upstairs first, he may not want to see me," Rita said bleakly. As Mildred came in Paul was lying on the bed, a bandage around his neck.

"Where's Rita?" he asked; "has she come back yet?"

"Paul," said Mildred, "what happened?"

"She wrote me a letter saying I didn't love her and that she was going to Bobbie Pierce. I got thinking about it while I was shaving. I got to laughing so I gashed myself; slashed my throat open, I laughed so hard." Deep chuckles shook through him. Mildred said fiercely:

"Don't you ever dare tell this to Rita, do you hear me? You cut your throat from despair when you got that letter!"

"Cut my throat?" said Paul, "for heaven's sake why, Mildred?"

"Will you never learn anything?" Mildred answered. "That poor child has been thinking you didn't love her. What did you think Danton was about? What do you suppose Bobbie Pierce meant? She was trying to get some reaction from you! Now you've cut your throat for her she *knows* you love her! From now on you're the most romantic man in the world!"

Again laughter shook Paul.

"Me romantic?" he gasped.

"You idiot," said Mildred. "Rita's coming."

Rita crept into the room and knelt beside the bed.

"Paul," said Rita. A slight shudder passed through Paul. As though through the end of an opera glass he saw himself as the Romantic Man—forever. In the flight of a second, his scientific imagination constructed the future. He saw grinning people turn to look at him—the Romantic Man. He heard them snicker—"He cut his throat!"

He saw the story permeating the scientific world—"Have you heard about old Hammersmark? Cut his throat! His wife left him!"

He felt he couldn't do it, for, like all men, Hammersmark hated ridicule.

Mildred was standing above him. He felt her eyes.

Rita was holding his hand tremulously. He loved Rita. They have to have Romance, he thought. His hand groped for Rita's head. He shivered again. The monstrous future walked before his closed eyes. He made his great sacrifice.

"My Rita!" he sighed.

SOME AFRICAN ANIMALS

BY JULIAN HUXLEY

AFRICA is the continent most remarkable for the number and variety of its large mammals. Where else can you see a hundred great aquatic beasts like hippos in one glance, find creatures, like giraffes, as tall as watch towers, see herds of a thousand heads—zebras, gnus, gazelles, and all the other various bucks—or hear the roaring of lions so often and so readily? Where else can one still discover big animals new to science, like the okapi, the giant forest-hog, or the strange hyena-like creature only this year sent back from Uganda? Africa boasts the largest of all living land animals, the largest fresh-water mammal, and two of the three lone survivors of man's nearest kin, the higher anthropoid apes.

Many have marvelled at this abundance of large life, so spectacularly displayed before his train windows to the traveler arriving from the coast; but why is it so?

We can marvel, partly because at home in temperate countries we have killed off all the big creatures until there is little left to marvel at. Partly, too, because Africa is tropical; for though in sheer numbers of animals temperate regions may rival the tropics, yet the tropics, with their richness and their permanent luxuriance, will always excel in variety. And partly because Central Africa, though tropical, is largely dry.

Where the tropics are not dry, all the solid ground in them is covered with forest. And forest is bad country for seeing game. Game there may be in abundance; but it will not be in large herds, nor will it ever be conspicuous. But Africa east of the Congo basin and the western Rift is largely a dry country, with broad arid plains, three to five thousand feet above sea level. Here you can see any game there is to be seen. And though the grass may often be scanty, and much of it dries right up in the dry season, yet the extent of the country is so vast that the great herds can simply migrate from one plain to another, from open plains to river-banks, from river-banks to foothills, as the need arises.

The pampas and other plains of Eastern South America might show us a fauna almost equally amazing; but during the last Ice Age some strange fate overtook the great majority of its members, and the horses, the tank-armadillos, the giant sloths, the toxodonts, and other queer ungulates of many types no longer found upon the earth, were all mysteriously extinguished, at most a few hundred thousand years ago.

But if climatic changes in other parts of the world have helped to leave the African zoo unique, man has also helped. He has cleared the lions out of the lands north and east of the Mediterranean, the elephants out of the North African littoral, the wolves out of England, the bears and urochs out of Central Europe, the bison out of the great American plains. And he has been at

it since the Stone Age; it is quite likely that the extinction of creatures like the mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros is due as much to human destructive skill as to change of climate.

Whatever the multiplicity of causes, the East African fauna of large animals is unrivaled. May man at last turn preserver and destroyer and keep it in its full glory!

II

But in many ways the birds and small creatures of Africa are more remarkable than the large mammals and certainly less well-known. I will begin with a fact about flowers which links into animal life. Even the most casual observer in East Africa must be struck by the abundance of red flowers —not pink like our temperate campions or thrifts or pinks, nor mixed with blue to give a purple-red like our foxgloves or milkworts, knapweeds, or dead-nettles, but real red, pure scarlet or pure flame. The erythrina tree lights innumerable hillsides with its tufted fires of scarlet, all the more conspicuous because every leaf is shed before it blooms. Then there are the flame-trees and the flamboyants which make Dar-es-Salaam so violently bright in their season. There are the leonotus, common plants of the wayside, tall herbs with a series of round balls of flame-orange flowers; there are scarlet frizzy-headed lilies in Uganda woods; there are the magnificent hibiscus, big red trumpets with stamens and pistil protruding far and proudly like the trumpet's jet of sound made visible; red hot pokers, orange-red aloes, and many other red-flowered plants.

I had been struck by this riot of red, but had not troubled my head to ask myself why. However, I suppose the habit of looking for reasons gets so ingrained in the scientist that I had asked the question subconsciously. Anyhow, one day the answer flashed into my mind unsought. It is because of the many flower-visiting birds, the abundant members of the family *Nectariniidæ* or simbirds which get most of their nourishment from nectar, supplemented by the insects they find in and by the corollas. Now bees have eyes which are sensitive to some of the ultra-violet rays invisible to us; but to red they are not attuned—it is no color to them at all, but merely blackness. Birds, on the other hand, are sensitive to red; and whether they actually prefer it, or whether the flowers that set out to attract birds have developed a color invisible to insects so as to remain unvisited by creatures to which they are not adapted, and by which they cannot be fertilized, it is certainly true that, just as the generality of moth-flowers, destined to be visited at night, are white and scented, so the generality of bird-flowers are red.

And this scarlet of the bird-flowers, forced on them by natural selection, is in itself further dependent upon tropical conditions. For birds to exist whose staple of existence is provided by flowers, you must have a land where flowers can bloom all the year round. Not only that, but birds small enough to visit flowers must live in a warm climate, for in a cold one the relatively huge amount of surface which they expose would make it very hard for them to keep up their temperature.

If tropical warmth is one of the chain of causes which gives rise to simbirds, honey-eaters, humming-birds, and the red flowers with which their existence is bound up, it has other more direct and more serious consequences. It encourages reptiles and insects at the expense of birds and mammals. Birds and mammals share a peculiarity which is one of the triumphs of evolution: their tissues are

no longer subjected to the varying temperature of the outer environment, for they live in an internal environment whose temperature is constant. They possess not only their own heating system, but one whose heat is regulated. It is on account of this that mammals and birds can penetrate far up into high latitudes, while reptiles and amphibia cannot. To take but one example, the British Isles possess half a dozen species of amphibians, and all north central Europe only a dozen; East Africa, over 200. The difference of mean annual temperature between northern Europe and Central Africa is about 20°C; and as a result the mean annual activity of a cold-blooded animal is about six times as great in Uganda as it is in Yorkshire. Thus it is no wonder that mammals and birds, while pre-eminent in temperate latitudes, have to share their supremacy with reptiles and insects in the tropics.

It is perhaps the insects that impress one most of all in Africa—the mere numerical quantity of them (where but in the tropics could you have lights put out by insects and run the risk of suffocation by them, as is narrated of the lake-fly?), their appalling variety (the layman perhaps does not grasp the fact that the number of kinds of African insect is to be reckoned not by mere thousands, but is of the order of magnitude of a hundred thousand, nor that dozens of new species are being discovered and described every year), their ceaseless activity all the year round (for there is no winter, and the dry season is only a very relative check to their activity), and the number of them that are engaged in spreading disease, attacking crops, or otherwise damaging man and his property.

Africa's big animals have been photographed almost *ad nauseam*. I endeavored to get pictures of some of these smaller creatures. One should, of course, have a great deal of time and patience for any sort of nature-photography but with a fixed program I had no chance of searching for subjects, and could only take the rare opportunities that presented themselves. And even these I sometimes missed. I bungled a fine chance of five dung-beetles making themselves balls of dung out of a single piece of excrement, and owing to sheer laziness (no one who has not walked a long way under an equatorial sun knows the distaste for further expenditure of energy which one can thus acquire in Africa!) I failed to walk a quarter of a mile to get my camera for a picture of a river—there is no other word—of driver ants, and another day another quarter of a mile for about two hundred butterflies of about twenty different kinds, all drinking at one little patch of wet mud. But a very large praying mantis having flown into the rest-house one night, I secured him in a glass and made a portrait of him next morning. The mantidæ are among the relatively few carnivorous insects—a fantastic epitome of miniature but cruel voracity. And later I got a photograph of a large caterpillar still crawling about though covered with the white cocoons of ichneumon flies and, therefore, eaten out inside to little more than a walking shell—another horrible product of Nature's amorality—refutation in itself of all the sentimentalism about a purposeful and beneficent Creator.

It is, however, the ants and the termites which are the most wonderful small creatures of the tropics; and I secured one or two pictures of these. One of the most familiar sights in East Africa is gall-acacia scrub. Gall-acacias grow in dry, barren country; they are pretty when in leaf, and still more when covered with their little scented flower-balls; but for most of the year they are nasty little trees, anywhere from three to thirty feet

high, armed with formidable spines an inch and a half long, and dotted over with peculiar black swellings the size of a large chestnut. These swellings are the galls, and they are almost invariably inhabited by living colonies of ants. Tap a gall, and out of the little entry-hole which they have gnawed there swarm a couple of dozen little black ants, to rush about angrily, with abdomen stuck straight up in air, looking for the intruder. There must be many millions of gall-acacias in East Africa; each acacia will bear scores or even hundreds of galls; and most of the galls will harbor dozens of ants.

There seems little reason to doubt that the ants help in protecting the plant. The thorns keep bigger animals from the leaves, while the ants deal with lesser enemies. There is also no doubt that the ants take on the role of guardians merely because they find convenient houses provided for them in the shape of the galls. But nobody knows for certain whether the acacia grows these structures unaided, or whether some irritation or secretion of the ants is needed to set the plant proliferating the gall, as that of other animals is needed for other galls. In favor of the latter alternative is the fact that now and again you see a gall-acacia without galls, though growing in the midst of gall-bearing trees.

Termites are more essentially tropical than ants; one has no idea of their prevalence till one goes to a hot country. Coming back from the Congo through western Uganda, we came round a corner into view of a plain extending several miles and apparently covered with corn-shocks. Corn-shocks —on the Uganda plains! It gave one a queer feeling of unreality; but then suddenly we tumbled to the fact that they were all termite-nests, hundreds upon hundreds of them, five or six feet high, spaced over the plain at regular intervals of about thirty yards.

These were comparatively small nests; other kinds of termites build nests fifteen feet high or more. One biggish nest was dug open for me. It was exciting to see their little underground gardens, chambers filled with the white mass of the special fungus which they cultivate. And most exciting of all was the royal chamber in which lives the bloated queen, repulsive beyond all belief in her flabby pink-whitishness. Her stretched skin is so translucent that you have a view of tubes and strings floating about in the liquid interior: one thanked God for the opacity of the human abdomen. By her side is the king, her spouse, not a hundredth of her bulk, but yet larger than any of the other misshapen specialists that make up a termite nation. The natives call him the *askari*—the policeman. I took the queen out and put her in a soap-dish for the night. She is so tuned up to egg-production that she cannot restrain herself; before morning well over a thousand eggs—little long-oval whitish things—had been laid by her.

Another peculiarity of ant and termite life in the tropics is that with the intensity of competition many species have taken to the trees, where they make compact nests either of rammed earth or of carton—chewed wood-pulp. None of the tree-termite nests that I examined had any of the typical soldiers, huge-jawed and massive-headed, which defend the ordinary ground nests. In their place there swarm out as defenders the most fantastic creatures, their heads swollen and drawn out like the neck of a phial. In point of fact, their heads *are* phials. They are filled with glands which secrete a horribly adhesive material, and their method of fighting is to squeeze some of this out at the hole at the tip of the phial-spout, thoroughly gumming up their enemies. They thus share with a few other insects,

modern men, and skunks the distinction of having invented chemical warfare.

All worker termites—another fantastic and rather horrible fact—are white and pigmentless and cannot stand the light of day. In order not to waste any working time, however, they build tunnels of wood-pulp down the trunk of the tree so as to get at decaying wood and other food in the ground below. Break open one of these tunnels and you will see the double file of these wretched gnomes hurry away into safe obscurity.

And protective coloration and mimicry, with the greater intensity of competition in the tropics, run to a pitch beyond what one is accustomed to at home. Gray-brown grasshoppers pulled out to look like sticks, green grasshoppers striped like grass-leaves, brown grasshoppers with their bodies and legs all distorted to give them the semblance of a dead leaf on the ground, bugs modeled to seem like thorns or like seeds, spiders like bird-droppings, spiders mimicking ants, with their pair of legs too many held out to simulate the antennæ which they lack—the most casual search reveals wonder after wonder.

It is a matter of great surprise that more people in Africa do not take up some branch of natural history as a hobby. If you have the collector's instinct, there are still thousands of new species waiting to be discovered and described. There is always the chance of enduring fame—*ære perennius*—in having a new animal baptized *Smithi* or whatever your name may be. If you are more interested in the habits of living things and the meaning of natural phenomena, the unexplored field is much more vast and rich. And yet ninety-nine out of every hundred white men and women in Africa neglect all this, prefer to spend their superfluous energies on golf, tennis, and bridge, and when not pining for their next leave home make their lives as faithful a copy as possible of what they would have been in a London suburb or an English county town, instead of taking advantage of the unique opportunities which Africa spreads before them.

HELPING INDUSTRY TO HELP ITSELF

BY FRANCES PERKINS

Industrial Commissioner of the State of New York

FOR years government has tried by threat and coercion, by the use of such weapons as fines and revocation of license, to force industry to observe arbitrary standards of safety, health, and fair conduct towards its workers and towards the consumers of its goods. Government, with its fundamental duty to insure the health and happiness of the people, has the responsibility of deciding what is reasonable and necessary in the way of hours of work, fire protection, guards on dangerous machinery, sanitary work-rooms, and so on; and industry has been ordered to accept these standards.

Unfortunately, the continuance of this boy-and-cop relationship between government and industry has been made easier by the attitude of many government officials who have got into the habit of being policemen and rather enjoy the feel of a club in their hands. The officials, quite as much as non-co-operative employers, have helped maintain friction and misunderstanding between government and industry, holding us back from more civilized methods of solving the problem of regulating modern industry in the interest of us all. So long as government's only role in industry is the policeman, there is scant hope of permanent results. An intelligent relationship between government and industry, one which naturally presupposes understanding and integrity on both sides, can result from the co-operative, or conference, method of industrial regulation. To one who believes that really good industrial conditions are the hope for a machine civilization, nothing is more heartening than to watch conference methods and education replacing police methods.

The conference method means, first of all, the establishment of professional standards in industrial management. A non-ethical industry is as dangerous to the community as a non-ethical doctor. But in most industries there is at least a small group of employers who have moral standards, men who are socially motivated in their dealings with other employers, with their workers, and with the public. The ethical position of such employers is now strengthened by the established fact that such practice pays. When government substitutes conference and voluntary agreement for the big stick, one of the first gains is in giving that enlightened group a chance to set standards for the whole industry.

Let me cite an example of the conference method and how it works from the industrial life of the State I know best.

In New York's canning industry the labor department, functioning as a policeman, has never been able to deal adequately with violations of the law regarding child labor, unguarded machinery, and hours of work for women.

The canning industry is by its nature a difficult one to regularize. The farmers come to the canneries at about three o'clock in the afternoon with tons of green peas, or corn, or string beans. The vegetables are likely to spoil if they are kept overnight. The machines and the women are ready. In the face of such a situation, few employers will tell the women to quit at six o'clock. Here was an industry long and futilely attacked by the big-stick method. The problem was no greater than those solved by other industries which have managed to iron out their steep production curves. Was there a chance for government to help the canning industry to become not only law-abiding but a positive social force in its communities?

A conference was called at the beginning of the 1929 season. Canners and the Department of Labor officials went over the problem. They were not in agreement on the wisdom of the Labor Law as it applies to canneries. But in conference they came to an agreement on one point—to abolish voluntarily child labor in the New York canneries. The result—a canning season with an unprecedentedly small number of child-labor violations, and only one prosecution for a second offense. A further and more significant result was that the whole industry in its annual meeting, again in conference with the Labor Department officials, agreed to wipe out child labor completely and forever, and second, to start the new 1930 season with all machinery safely guarded according to law, and third, to make an honest attempt to comply with the regulations of the law in regard to hours of work of women. In the furtherance of this last they agreed also to study with the Department of Labor, and under the direction of an efficiency expert of the U. S. Department of Commerce, the causes of overtime, methods of production, crop planning, etc., for the purpose of eliminating the long hours—illegal, unwholesome, and inefficient—which have cursed the canning industry. The conference method had made marked improvement in a difficult field.

Government, representing the general public, can hardly take the lead in developing technical experiments because it cannot afford the risks and the losses which are inevitable in any laboratory. But government can foster and encourage vigorous industrial pioneering. This can be done very simply and directly under the system in effect in New York, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin, where, by the administrative order or code-making method of extending and revising the labor law, new provisions can be added without drafting a bill and pushing it through the legislature. The labor law defines the basic standards of human welfare below which administrative rulings may not go. But when improved methods and technics are worked out the State Industrial Board can, after public hearings and discussion, issue an order which will set up a new standard, based on the successful results of experiment and discovery. By the intelligent use of this procedure government often stimulates the development of simpler and more humane technics of industrial management.

The regulation of spray painting, for example, is a question that has been before the labor departments of most States for some time. The introduction of the spray brush into the painting trade has added a new hazard for those who are exposed to the poisons contained in many types of paint and lacquer, particularly lead and benzol. The spray method is a quick, economical, and effective way of laying paint on solid material, but in the process the air the worker must breathe is often polluted with particles of paint.

The resulting health hazard is much greater than anything the worker had to face under the old method of laying on paint with a brush. In trying to regulate spray painting for the protection of the worker, labor departments have found their efforts ineffectual because there was no known exhaust system adequate to remove lead and benzol fumes from the spray painting room without at the same time exhausting the oxygen content of the air, or creating a gale. The Labor Department of New York has held conferences on the subject, and the Industrial Board has tried to work out a satisfactory code. No opportunity has been lost to encourage industry in experiments in safe spray painting. And this long effort is finally bearing fruit. Within the next two or three months the Industrial Board will be able to make a perfectly reasonable demand on spray-painting employers for a method which betters the results and at the same time purifies the air which spray-paint workers have to breathe.

In New York, as in most industrial States, the great manufacturing plant is the exception and the little employer is the rule. New York has some 70,000 separate factory establishments, about 75 per cent of which employ fewer than 50 persons. When I think of the manufacturers of our State I do not think of two or three great, overshadowing industries employing thousands of men, with complex and well-managed organizations which include research workers, personnel managers, etc. As I know them, the manufacturers of New York are busy men with limited resources, doing business on a small capital, engaged in a highly competitive enterprise, and with neither time nor money to consult engineering and personnel experts on their individual problems. Their unit of production is too small to make it either possible or economical for them to add to their overhead the cost of that kind of specialized service. It, therefore, becomes the duty of government to serve as a clearing house for information on the technics of industrial welfare and human relations. Through the State Department of Labor the best methods in these fields should be made available to all employers who may wish to take advantage of them.

When industrial law develops from the inside out, when, as the psychologists say, it is first "inwardly realized," it follows the same pattern as all nature and is harmoniously and successfully expressed in reasoned action. Good conditions obtained in an industry by the conviction that such conditions are both right and practical, and sustained by the joint opinion of associate and competitor inside the industry, are invulnerable and will not pass away as soon as the factory inspector closes the door behind him. A law which rests on the consent of the governed is always secure. It is, therefore, always worth the time and energy it takes for government officials to reason it out, even with the most obtuse and recalcitrant employer. The official who secures the voluntary co-operation of the group with whom he deals will inevitably make a more lasting contribution toward social progress than the big-stick man.

II

Sometimes the conference method includes industrial reaches that do not come within the boundaries set by law. Such a joint adventure is being shared by the New York State Labor Department and the construction industries of New York State in an effort to prevent the devastating disease of silicosis among men employed on rock drilling in foundation and tunnel work. This disease has long been recognized as the great hazard of these industries, and

many battles have been waged in this country to include silicosis among the occupational diseases for which workmen's compensation is paid. Excavation and tunnel work are not covered by the New York State Labor Law, in the code-making authority of the Industrial Board, as such premises are not factories. Nevertheless, the toll of sickness and death among workers in these trades was shocking. The percentage of men suffering from silicosis in the subway construction work has been estimated by responsible authorities at forty-five per cent. It seemed important to the health and welfare of the community to prevent this toll. No one had ever devised a method of collecting the silica dust in these open cuts and tunnels and keeping it out of the lungs of the workers. Similar processes in factories are under fair control. Grinding and drilling processes in factories where the same dust is created are far less hazardous because of the fact that under the rules of the Industrial Board such dusts must be collected by an exhaust system working on the principle of the vacuum cleaner and placed directly over the point of origin of the dust. A conference was called, including Department of Labor officials, excavation and tunnel contractors, industrial physicians, hygienists, and ventilation experts. The problem was stated and discussed. It was mutually agreed that it was highly desirable and necessary, first, to invent a method of keeping the dust out of the workers' lungs, and second, once invented, to require the use of such a method. A year of study and experiment followed. Engineers, employees of contractors who had never thought of this problem before, began to put their minds to the devising of mechanical and practical means of collecting the dust before it reached the workers' lungs. The problem was not simple because of the fact that the tools are in constant motion and must be carried from place to place and used at different angles, dependent upon the lie of the rock. A number of devices were invented and examined by the committee, tests were made of their efficacy under all sorts of conditions, and now there is emerging after this year of study a good method of dust collection which is perhaps ninety per cent efficient for the fine silica dusts, and a set of rules for the use of such a device and the collection of dust which are to be adopted by voluntary agreement.

On the basis, therefore, of government leadership, the expert brains in the employ of the contractors' groups have carried on the experiments, met the standard of government responsibility for the health of the workers, and brought about the situation which will render this industry relatively free of an ancient evil.

In its broader relationship with industry, government has a chance to dramatize the social values in the right conduct of industry and to direct emotional drive into constructive channels. The New York State fire prevention law, as it applies to factories, was adequately written and enforced only through the emotion aroused by the ghastly tragedy of the Triangle fire. The driving power of common danger can be harnessed under adequate leadership, as it recently was in the dry-cleaning trades of New York. There the constant menace of fire and explosion led to the working out of a code for this hazardous and unorganized trade and to its unanimous adoption by the employers in a trade convention even before it had been accepted by the Industrial Board. The manufacturers of fireworks cooperated in building a code for the conduct of their industry which is now before the Industrial Board for adoption, and there is a code in process for the chemical industry.

This co-operative method of regulating industry, to be valid and trustworthy, must, of course, include full representation of the workers and their interests. Participation in such plans and conferences helps the workers to see the needs of various industries for safe practice, for sanitary precautions, and for practical programs of hours and wages, so that presently the whole range of industrial efficiency and welfare can be put on a participating basis.

Needless to say, I am not speaking of this kind of co-operation between government and industry as though it were more than a hopeful beginning. I can point from first-hand knowledge to a few examples of how it works. But there are many directions in which government and industry have not made even a start toward better technics because the ground must first be cleared by competent study and fact finding. There is almost unlimited opportunity for college and university departments, learned societies, groups of engineers, experts, and intelligent citizens in almost every division of human endeavor to contribute to the joint effort of industry and government to get factory production on a more socially desirable basis in this country. A number of important industries are already making valuable contributions in this field through research and experiment.

There is special need, for example, for a study of pension plans in relation to the employment of older workers, an economic as well as a business and human study. Some method must be worked out whereby the benefit of pension and group insurance schemes may be secured without jeopardizing the employment opportunities of men and women who have passed the age where they are cheap insurance risks. That has been one of the unfortunate and unforeseen results of well-intentioned effort to set up old-age pensions and group life insurance in some of our most enlightened industrial plants. I am sure there are ways out of this situation, and someone must chart them for us. The General Electric Company announced last summer a new method of administering its pension and group insurance fund, to offset the discrimination against older workers. Middle-aged men were not being dismissed because of their age, but men in the forties were considered less desirable for filling vacancies because of the extra cost to the company's pension and life insurance plans. The revision includes a provision under which the employee over forty-five years of age pays the difference between the cost of carrying a man under forty-five and the cost of carrying an older man, or accepts inverse benefits. The premium thus remains constant, whatever the age of the individual. Whether or not that plan is adaptable to other industries or to other types of old age pension and insurance we do not know. Obviously, only investigation and study will make it possible to recommend to all employers a scheme of pension and group insurance which will not operate unfairly against the older workers in the community.

III

There is need for knowledge of safe work habits, the psychology of acquiring such, and for definite, accurate, understandable recommendations which are applicable to industrial conditions as they exist. My own department sponsors a little group of lecturers who travel around to the various factories and make speeches to the workers about the importance of safety on the job. But that does not go far toward solving the problem of industrial accidents. We need to know how to establish habits which make people automatically move in a safe way in relation to the machinery

they handle. Though we live in a mechanistic society, none of our bodily mechanisms is geared to the swift pace of modern machinery. All of us are unsafe in a machine-run world. It is comparatively easy to set up a safety habit which enables us to dodge automobiles or at least to watch for them. But people who are exposed to dangerous machinery day in and day out, month after month, during weariness and strain and all the ups and downs of human life have got to develop some new power of co-ordination which will enable them automatically to carry out their work in a safe way.

Not long ago a boy of fifteen put his hand down on the table of one of the guillotine paper cutters that are used on small stock work in the printing trades. No substitute for that dangerous type of cutter has ever been found for certain processes—it is a necessary machine. But when that boy absentmindedly rested his hand on the machine, his hand came off. Why did he rest his hand on that table? There, of course, is the problem I am talking about. He had not been properly educated, and so he had inadequate co-ordination habits. He told me he knew there was a guillotine paper cutter there when he put his hand down, but he had forgotten for a moment where he was. The one fact he needed at that moment failed to register. In his mind the table was a place to rest his hand—and nothing more. Here is an area where industry and government must turn to the psychologist and the educator to work out certain definite but very simple habit principles which can be taught and which will to some extent cut down the margin of risk due to the "human factor" and his reaction speeds in industry.

How to make industrial life an educative as well as a productive experience for the individual suggests another unexplored field. One of the most stimulating episodes of my youth was a visit to John Dewey's experimental school in Chicago. There I saw children who were learning by making all sorts of things out of clay—bowls, pitchers, candlesticks, animals, birds, houses—whatever seemed to them interesting and important. It was a new theory at that time that through the mastery of material, through making something with your hands, "creative expression," so to speak, comes real educational experience. I at once leaped to the conclusion that industry is, therefore, the best of all fields for education, because industry is fundamentally a creative process. But the potter with his clay is far removed from modern machine production, with no single unit conceived, planned, made and used by the worker. The educational aspects of industrial life to-day have not been considered or developed. But if so many of us are going to spend the greater part of our lives in industry, our working time should be a good time, not just an arid waste between brief periods of leisure activity.

Industrial leaders have themselves a great opportunity in working out improved industrial technics. Sometimes out of better methods of production have come great improvements in working conditions. Time and money have been lavishly spent, for example, to keep the air in film manufacturing concerns at exactly the same temperature the year around. The Eastman film works, at Kodak Park in Rochester, New York, is warm in winter and cool in summer. I know of no more delightful atmosphere in the world. But the even temperature and the exact degree of humidity have been worked out and are maintained for the sake of the films. It is only incidentally that the workers enjoy temperature and humidity that are almost ideal for their health and comfort.

Similarly, the steel industry has spent vast sums to get in its enormous storage warehouses an unchanging temperature and humidity because variation in temperature and humidity would injure the steel. American industry often accomplishes miracles for the improvement of its product, where human welfare comes as a by-product. At this stage of our progress we can be thankful for that by-product, wherever and however we find it. Government's final job in relation to industry, as I know it, is to see to it that this by-product of human welfare is put on the market, that it is advertised, and, finally, that it is required for entrance into a civilized industrial society.

IT SHALL NOT MATTER

BY FREDERIC PROKOSCH

IT SHALL not matter whether the gray wind
Tears from its root each fragile thin-stemmed flower
Or bends these birches low; I shall not mind
This rain that flattens hour after hour
Its drops upon this pane, or the black sea
That sends its heavy rhythm through my bones.
Only these watching stars matter to me
And the small bits of lichen on the stones.
It is these things I find at evenings after
The wildness and the storm have gone away,
After the songs, after the shouts and laughter,
After the sun has dipped behind the bay.
Always these stones will lie here, calm and still,
Always these stars will look upon this hill.

The Lion's Mouth

LUNCH

BY EMILY HAHN

"MY FRIEND," said Lise, with a most ambiguous smile, "has a strange prejudice against Americans. You must convince him."

"Of what?" I asked.

"He hates what he calls Americanism. He knows no other word for it. I cannot explain it. It is an attitude. It is sometimes found also in Germany, sometimes in France."

"And even sometimes in Holland?" I suggested.

"Even in Holland," she admitted. "I cannot explain it. But if you wish, we will have lunch to-morrow, we and my friend. We will meet, yes?"

"All right. Where?"

"At Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese."

"All right. Twelve forty-five."

I was a little late. This was unfortunate, for others had arrived ahead of me. The general effect was that of any movie palace on Broadway at eight o'clock on Sunday evening. Eyed closely, however, these people had an unhappy expression. It was the complacent grief of the sardine. The pavement before the door was jammed with co-eds and matrons listening sadly to a guide, who held forth on the subject of Samuel Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith. I plunged into the crowd and was almost throttled. My one impression of the floor, during the period that I floundered there, was of the "olde" sawdust, giving forth a very "olde" odor indeed. I found Lise crowded against the wall, next to a tall, melancholy young man with a chin and spectacles. She introduced us, and he nodded limply and handed me a cigarette. The little dumpy lady under my left elbow resented the cigarette, and jabbed me in the eighth rib while she remarked to the chubby man under my right elbow, "I don't think so much of this. I can do this any time, at home."

Spurred by the taunt, the chubby man reached out and plucked feebly at the head waiter's arm.

"In a few minutes, sir," said the head waiter. "Room for all in a few minutes. I 'ave you in mind, sir. Gangway, sir."

We shrank farther into the wall to let a boy walk past with a tray of soup. A man came out of the dining room and shouted up the stairs,

"Three pies. Waiting!"

Three girls suddenly tired of it all and decided to go home: they took one of my gloves along with them by sheer power of friction. Another little woman squeezed past us and asked the head waiter for one Mrs. Watson. He had no Mrs. Watson and he sent her away again.

"Waiting, tart!" bellowed the man up the stairs, and we all tittered. A tall paterfamilias made a futile grab at the head waiter and said, "Sh-h-h!" to his weeping family.

"Very soon, sir. I 'ave you in

mind, sir. If you'll please not to block the passage, sir."

Another boy went by laden with steak and kidney pie. We had been there for half an hour, and my feet were tired. Three school teachers came out wiping their mouths. . . . "My dear, did you see the jar with all the long pipes? Oh, Laura! Where's Laura? Laura, did you see those pipes?"

"It is not very interesting," said Lise to her young man.

"But it is," said the young man. "Why are they so eager to dine here? It is historical, this place?"

"Very historical," said Lise. "Samuel Johnson has eaten here also."

"Who," asked the young man, "is Samuel Johnson?"

"That I do not know."

He turned inquiringly to me. "Who is Samuel Johnson?"

A tall, heavy woman trod violently on my instep just then, and I answered viciously, "It doesn't matter. He never ate here anyway. His biographer never mentioned it; it isn't in Boswell." I spoke loudly, glaring about me, and my stomach growled menacingly. Three quarters of an hour.

The young man mused for a minute and then said decisively, "These English are remarkable. They are so fond of their history."

I protested, "These are Americans."

"So?" He stared at me. "There are no English here?"

"No English," I said firmly. Just then someone tried to puncture my lungs with an umbrella. I added, "It is a well-known game at English gatherings. Someone suggests that they all go down to see the Americans. With a cry of joy they come down to the Cheshire Cheese and peer through the windows, standing at a safe distance. A harmless little fad, very amusing."

"Extraordinary," said the young man, and felt for his notebook.

Just then there was a surge in the mass, followed by an overwhelming apparition. A glorious woman, majestic, colossal, impressively garbed in royal purple from her towering hat to her suede slippers, swept through the crowd with a rustle of silk, as if it were a mere bevy of bowing slaves. In her wake came a man, a large man in his own right, but dwarfed by reason of this Leviathan who owned him. He was a globular fellow with a clean-shaven face and a clean-swept head. This head he bowed submissively as he trailed the purple draperies. Her head was high; her face was as impassive as a Christmas pudding.

The head waiter ran to meet them and then retreated, bowing, murmuring, luring them to a seat in the corner, the very seat where Johnson supposedly had a few in the evenings, long ago. He sat them down and tucked them in with napkins and listened raptly while the Purple Royalty commanded him. Afterwards he came back to the wistful throng and announced proudly,

"They are millionaires. American millionaires."

"I must see," said our young man, excitedly. He craned his neck and added wonderingly, from the height, "Oh. Yes."

"They sleeps at the Savoy," the waiter continued, "and eats 'ere. All the time."

"My God," I muttered.

"I admire your American literature, however," said the young man. "It seems so continental. Your Sinclair Lewis is fine, and Dreiser—how I admire Dreiser!"

"I bet you do," I said.

"Oh, yes. But tell me, why is it—"

Lise cried feverishly, "He is beckoning to us, he is beckoning. We may go in."

We sat down at a table with three eager spinsters who were eating Ye Famous Pie.

"Tell me," said the young man, "why it is—"

Lise interrupted. "Let us order. I want the pie."

"I do, too."

The young man studied the card and said to the waiter, "Three Famous Pies. Now, tell me why it is that the Americans are so eager for the history of another country? Why do they come here to see relics of English history?"

"We want some history," I said, "and we haven't much of our own, so far. We need some traditions so we come over here to look at them."

"But why do you want traditions? I should not want traditions. What happiness to be free of them! They must be mad, your people. Why?"

"I don't know. In America it is called Culture. Culture," I said, "is a very splendid thing. I do not know just what it is."

"In our country, too," said Lise, "no one knows just what it is. But everyone speaks of it."

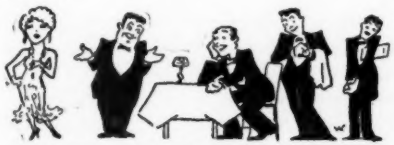
"Culture," said the young man thoughtfully, biting into his Famous Pie.

"A wonderful thing," I repeated.

He turned and looked again at the lady in purple, across the room.

"Extraordinary," he said softly.

"And now," suggested Lise, "let us hurry. We have yet to see St. Paul's."



TO MEN OF MODERATE MEANS

BY ANTHONY ARMSTRONG

FOR the man of moderate means life holds nothing more grim than a confident entry into a highly expensive restaurant under the impression that the place is just a cheap dump. It is as lowering to the dignity as to the bank balance. It is sheer hell. Luckily in London and New York you are able to avoid this tragedy, for you can generally tell from the outside what class of restaurant the place is. London, for instance, leans to façades and commissionaires: the more expensive the fare inside the more imposing the façade, both of the restaurant and of its commissionaire. In New York, on the other hand, if you can get a free peep through the doorway, the magnificence of the waiters' livery or the shortness of the hat-check girls' skirts will provide the necessary clue. If, for example, you see food being served by what looks like an Azerbaijan vice-admiral, or hats being taken by a couple of sylphs showing the aggregate leggage of one show girl and two débutantes, you know for certain you won't be able even to pick up your napkin under a dollar.

Paris, however, is unfortunately quite different. The more expensive the restaurant the more unprepossessing its exterior. If you do see a thing that looks like an Oriental palace it probably serves a four-course lunch for five-francs-fifty, while places famous the world over are more like closed-down speak-easies than anything else. You actually hesitate outside, in doubt as to whether it is wise to go in. You hesitate equally on the next occasion you pass, but for a different reason. The third time you don't hesitate at all; you just pass—jingling two-franc pieces in a defiant manner.

Everyone, I suppose, who has ever tried to live cheaply in Paris—I am still speaking of the man of moderate means, and in the year following the break in the Stock Market there are far more of him than there were—has at one time or another been had like this. I remember years ago strolling into what I thought was a cheap little

dump (the name, say La Montagne, conveyed nothing to me) with only forty francs in my wallet on the lookout for a cheap lunch. The moment I was inside I had a vague suspicion that something was wrong, but by that time my hat had been furtively subtracted from me, and before I could do more than bleat "Er—" (in French) I had been plumped down at a table by somebody who looked like a Senator or a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. For all I know he may have been both. A lesser planet handed me an enormous food card, and then, supported by two minor asteroids, he backed away to a reverent distance as if to give me that religious quiet necessary for Composing an Artistic Repast.

I looked at the card—and when I had come to I looked for my hat. Had I seen it then, I think I should have risen with a courtly bow, said patronizingly, "Yes, that's O. K.! You may carry on!" and departed before they could recover. But I didn't see it, and so hurriedly I assumed my most supercilious air and frowned judicially upon the *carte* in the manner of one who has never seen such a list of offal in his life, but might conceivably just find something among the garbage that wouldn't actually make him sick.

Under cover of this expression I calculated that, adding in the tip to the waiter, the tip for safe storage of my hat, the cover-charge, and a residue to take me home, I should just be able to manage a half-portion of clear soup. Some of this I would of course pour into my glass instead of wine and thus frustrate the *sommelier* who, with a poised dictionary of wine, was now also revolving on a satellite orbit round my table. On the other hand, of course, I might order and eat and drink till I didn't give a damn and then let them throw my gorged and stupefied corpse into the street. Or again I might seize my hat, which I had now located on a peg by the door, and, apologizing for absent-mindedness, explain that I had just remembered I had already lunched. Or I might even say I had forgotten my money, if I were brave enough. . . .

About then the satellites suddenly closed in on me. My time for solitary composition was up. A respectful forefinger indicated *Spécialité de la Maison—Le Coq au Vin Henri IV, Pommes Neufchâtel.* The price looked like an extract from Rockefeller's passbook. I quailed. My toes curled up in my boots. I could see no way of getting out of the place without incurring as much scorn, derision, disdain, and contempt as a cock-eyed reveller who had wandered into a Middle West Temperance Meeting. Then, as a lady, lovely but unaccompanied, sailed down the fairway en route for the door, I had a flash of genius.

I dropped menu and napkin and stared after her with a fixed and fatuous look. "*Adorable!*" I murmured to the *sommelier.* I clasped my hand on my heart, rolled up my eyes and appeared to go into a brief trance from which, as the damsel reached the exit, I awoke with the dazed look of a pole-axed ox who suddenly sees all paradise.

"*Epatante! Merveilleuse! Vraiment angélique,*" I burbled, half rising from my seat and breathing rapidly in and out.

It worked. I had not misjudged the Gallic temperament and love of romance.

"*Oui, oui, elle est bien jolie!*" commended the head-waiter, enchanted at this Anglo-Saxon approval of French loveliness. The table waiter was diagnosing it to a friend as love at first sight; the *sommelier* wore the look of one who tenderly remembers his hot youth. I laid my hand again on my waistcoat, and then kissing my fingers to the ceiling I stood up in determined fashion.

They made a delighted and approv-

ing lane for me as I moved dreamily to the door in the train of the siren. They sighed and turned their eyes upward. An impressionable young waiter sobbed with the sheer beauty of it all. The cloakroom dame softly handed me my hat like a mother who sees her son standing on the threshold of romance. I caught the whisper "*Vive l'amour*" from the *maître*, as I passed out, an erstwhile luncher now led captive in the sweet chains of love.

I disappeared abstractedly from view in the charmer's wake, then turned briskly into a Duval restaurant and lunched for twelve francs with tip.

Vive l'amour! Should any man of moderate means find himself similarly placed, I can recommend my method. I didn't, in fact, even pay for the return of my hat.

IF BABIES WERE NOVELS

BY WORTH TUTTLE

"OH, Mrs. Newmother," the head nurse entered the hospital room filled with the reminiscence of ether and the scent of congratulatory roses, "I have something very nice for you! The delivery nurse has turned in her review! Isn't that swell? She has to be speedy—for fear of mixing them in her mind. But I know you're anxious to read what she says about your baby. All our mothers feel easier after they've read Miss Smith's report."

"But—I didn't know one got—a written criticism. I thought where so many are received, it is impossible for the—editors to give the authors . . ."

"Not here at Modern Maternity Method, Inc., nor in any really up-to-date hospital any longer. And it's a grand thing, Mrs. Newmother! You can imagine how our system has helped to keep incompetents out of the profession—after the first mistake, of course. For I ask you, why should some women continue bringing out babies if they have no real talent? Aren't there enough second-rate people in the world already? Oh, yes, we insist upon reviews of every baby born. If it did nothing more than counteract the extravagant enthusiasms of maiden aunts and childless uncles it would be worthwhile! But I know you want to read the first dispassionate opinion of your child! Who knows, he might be the Baby-of-the-Month, or be selected by the Maternity Guild for its April offering!" And with a smile and a pat, the head nurse was gone.

Fingers trembling with eagerness, Mrs. Newmother turned back the protective sheet of foolscap. Here was an impartial, professional opinion of her perfect child, an opinion that would justify those nine months of proper diet, sleep, and exercise.

John James Newmother, Jr., by Margaret de Val Newmother. Modern Maternity Method, Inc. New York, 1930. In this thin little baby, weighing only six and a half pounds, Mrs. Newmother has managed to include all the objectionable features of her own and her husband's family—if one may judge by the representatives milling about in the halls prior to the delivery. The inheritance of his father's voice was noticeable with the first cry, the utter lack of personality one cannot but suspect derives from the maternal grandfather. As for the nose—but why go into details? One can only hope if the author of *John James, Jr.* and her collaborator insist upon another, they will make it a girl. Then Mrs. Newmother's penchant for the petite might show itself to better advantage. The infant seems normal.—N. R. S.

Three weeks later, when Mrs. Newmother was wheeled out on the convalescent balcony, where the sun shone and the sparrows twittered, it was

deemed safe to give her the verdicts of the doctors.

"But, Miss Nesbit, if you don't mind, I'd rather not see them. I'm still a bit upset."

"Now, Mrs. Newmother, you mustn't take such an attitude. It isn't hygienic. If mothers could harden themselves in the beginning, they would be saved much disappointment and suffering later." Miss Nesbit smiled brightly, and with "There, there" and "You'll be grateful to us some day," put a batch of papers in Mrs. Newmother's lap.

Mrs. Newmother made no further protest but waited until she had had her glass of milk and had seen the woman in the adjoining chaise-longue smile over a batch of reviews. If a little shrimp like that could produce a baby that got good reviews. . . .

She opened Doctor Sleeper's first. He had seemed pleased with her and her effort when she had come up out of the ether.

John James, the Second, but Why?

Mrs. Margaret de Val Newmother, though she embarked bravely on the actual labor of her undertaking, brought it to a somewhat disappointing conclusion in this her first baby. There is nothing out of the ordinary about this child. I felt this to be true in my first cursory reading, and my later ones have only increased my certainty. While I do not wish to imply that the young author of *John James, Jr.* is without talent, I do say that thus far she has given us no reason to think her the potential mother of a Prize Baby. Perhaps I should add that the infant is pleasing in appearance, with bright eyes and clear skin, and is easily handled.—B. M. SLEEPER.

Mrs. Newmother, hot tears in her eyes and a lump in her throat, made ready to tear up the remaining one—Doctor Rumson's. It was too short to be complimentary. It was numbered 19 in a column "Recent Babies in Brief Review.' But she saw the other woman looking at her. *She* was chuckling aloud now, in pleased satisfaction, and was busily sticking her review in a scrap-book. So Mrs. Newmother smiled, too, and opened her last one:

Another first baby, *John James Newmother, Jr.*, is a somewhat unexciting infant, cried without treatment and had the suckling instinct well in hand. Why he fails to be convincing I cannot tell. One can only say that he is a promising performance and wait to see what Mrs. Newmother will do for us with her next.—N. Y. R.

"Oh, Mrs. Newmother—you are Mrs. Newmother, aren't you? I met you at the Doctor's Tea for the This Month's Mothers yesterday, didn't I? Don't you want to read my stuff?"

"Indeed I do," Mrs. Newmother said, rather too eagerly. Then she added, "They're rather—drastic, don't you think?"

"Oh, mine are fair—but not so good as my last ones. I think I tried too hard this time—took calcium and watched my diet. But they're already trying to sign me up for a contract next year!" and she handed over her scrap-book!

Another Star in the Maternal Firmament

With the arrival at Maternity Method, Inc., on April 1, of Barbara Ann, another star, whose presence we had long suspected, was definitely added to the maternal galaxy. Mrs. Jupiter Jones, who last year established a style of her own with the two-volume Elizabeth and Leicester, has now surpassed herself in this her third baby. Barbara Ann had to be slapped into breathing and coaxed into nursing. She has well-developed adenoids and tonsils that should be removed at three years of age, and, unless her diet is meticulously watched, rickets and future anæmia may be looked for. All in all, we can never be too grateful to Mrs. Jones for delivering these three valuable additions to the new generation.

Editor's Easy Chair

CONAN DOYLE AND THE SPIRIT-WORLD

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

ON July seventh Sir Arthur Conan Doyle died. His death was the chief item of news for that day and several days after, for the world had lost a friend with whom it was well acquainted, and whom it had an unusual variety of reasons for remembering and discussing.

No question about his being a famous man! He was one of the best known men of his time. He created a character of fiction that is better known than any other character of fiction of his day. Outside of the Sherlock Holmes stories he was a notable writer, particularly of books of adventure. He got the handle to his name by writing a defense of the British government in the Boer War. And then there was his spiritualistic activity! He went into spiritualism with all he had—a little science, a good deal of sportsmanship, an immense publicity, and a vast, tireless energy and experience of life.

One result of his coming out so strong for communication with the dead was that he was a going concern to the last minute of his life. In that movement Conan Doyle has been for twelve years or more the most conspicuous figure. Though there were other spiritualists, whom he considered more important than himself, Sir Oliver Lodge in particular, there was no one that compared with him as an apostle in active support of what is commonly called the supernatural. No Wesley, no Moody, has been more earnest, more indefatigable to spread the faith. In his last decade and longer he was ceaseless and dauntless in his labors for spiritualism; and so while Sherlock Holmes might have got to be an old story and his other books might have faded out before the competition of new writers, his fight for a great, unpopular novelty really gave him a new start in life.

He came of a family of artists. His father was one. His uncle, Richard Doyle, drew the cover for *Punch* and was one of the best known illustrators of his day. Conan Doyle's father drew fairies, which made William Bolitho say that Conan Doyle's interest in fairies and in spirits ran in his blood. No doubt it did. Scratch a spiritualist and you are quite likely to find a Celt.

The real question about it all is whether the game of spiritualism was worth Doyle's candle. I think it was. Of course one does not know exactly where the spiritualistic movement is coming out, but it seems to be spreading, and quickening the minds of men in a notable degree, especially in England. To many people it comes as a revelation. It gives them an understanding of many things that were perplexing before. It gets the Bible up on its legs so that it walks along. It has done for thousands of readers what Swedenborg did for John Bigelow, who

after he had discovered Swedenborg in his writings, wrote for his family a little book called *The Bible That Was Lost and Is Found.*

The reputation that Conan Doyle bet on the spirits was considerably a sporting reputation. It hung loose and easy on him. He stood in no awe of it and worked it for what it was worth, enjoyed it, trafficked with it, but always lawfully. To a smaller man it would have been an obstacle to coming out for anything as hazy and unpopular as spiritualism. The ordinary man might have been troubled by what would be said of him. Not so Conan Doyle—reputation, respectability, sportsmanship were no obstacles to him if he felt a call to take up with a cause that was unpopular. He was a man not afraid of his shadow. That was fine of him but not surprising to anybody that knew him, for he was a big, tolerant, helpful man, always making friends, interested in this life and lucky in his dealings with it.

WHAT is the secret of this interest in spiritualism which breaks out nowadays in many notable men and especially in writers and lately in physicists? Perhaps it is that our world and mankind in our day need a new interest and that religion especially, which furnishes the interest that is expected to balance material activities and discoveries, needs the stimulation of new manifestations of the relation between the material and the invisible world. What has been accomplished by the domestication of electricity in various forms, by the immense addition to the power of man over materials, by the big ships, the tall buildings, the airplanes, the motor cars, the radio, the movies, and all that lot of things is marvelous enough, but still it does not support life, though it does illustrate it. Men can do a lot of things they could not have done fifty years ago; they know a lot of things they did not know then. But how much more do they know about how to live; how much about the true aim of life; how much about the means to realize it? Those are all matters with which religion is concerned, and religion is very big and important, and though it thrives in a material way and builds and gathers and applies itself actively enough to improve human life, still it does not seem to enter into the life of the people as much as it did a century or even a half a century ago. Now spiritualism with whatever rubbish it is burdened, with whatever obscurities and difficulties it has to contend, still does seem to be bringing to religion something that it needs, and to be offering to human life something to think about besides ice machines in the refrigerator, gunmen, speed contests, and even money.

Conan Doyle came to feel that it was the most important study that was proceeding, and a great many other noted men, more than is generally supposed, have come to be of his opinion. They see something in it that promises to lead to a better understanding of life. That is what all the spiritualists and the eminent materialists, including Henry Ford, are looking for and trying to attain.

Somebody inquires whether interest in spiritualism is not declining and whether the passing of its leading advocate will not impair its news interest.

If such an activity is dependent on any one life its basis is indeed unstable. Of course Doyle will be missed. He was a great publicity agent, but modern spiritualism has a lot of facts, plenty of them, which are accepted as facts by competent people who know about them. The dispute is less about the facts than about what they mean; about the interpretation of them. That will not stop. The facts will keep on accumulating and the capacity to deal

with them, to understand and interpret them, will doubtless continue to increase as it does at present.

For the subject is interesting and especially so because of the present exceptionally disturbed and anxious state of human affairs. Mr. J. B. S. Haldane writing the other day in *The Nation* about what he believed, expressed himself as being strongly for the invisible world as the background of an inner life in us without which he thought our happiness would always be on a precarious foundation. The good of spiritualism is chiefly in its being a help to that inner life and so to our being less easily upset by the tumults and confusions of this present noisy world.

We seem to need in these times of change a loose-leaf atlas of salvation, wherein new roads, and changes in beliefs and allegiances can find record from year to year.

Since the War the old atlases of geography are more or less obsolete. Especially in Europe there are new states, new boundaries. On our own maps first the rivers were important, then the railroads, nowadays considerably the motor roads. Corresponding changes have happened about the various routes to what we call salvation. Some matters that used to be vital have lost their vitality; others that were less important have become more so. Religion is under constant discussion and its details subject to amendment; but what seems to be ahead is a great increase of confidence in old fundamental beliefs and especially in what we have been used to call Immortality. Every cult that lives, lives by what is true in it, and there are important truths in many of them that look queer. We are apt to judge them by their defects, which are usually plain enough —to judge them by their tares and overlook their wheat. But there are tares in all organized religion; perfection nowhere; but many working hypotheses by which as knowledge increases the paths to truth are straightened.

"AN ENGLISH poet once gave praise to night 'when silence comes like a poultice to heal the blows of sound.'" So said the New York *American* one day last summer.

But was it an English poet that said something like that? In a sense it was, since he wrote English, but it was one that was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1809, lived in Boston nearly all his life and died there in 1894. He wrote a poem called "The Music Grinders," one verse of which runs:

> But hark! the air again is still
> The music all is ground,
> And silence, like a poultice, comes
> To heal the blows of sound;
> It cannot be, — it is, — it is, —
> A hat is going round!

That England should have a few cruisers more or less is nothing. As many observers now look at it, they will all be in the family anyhow. But nobody, however generous, should bestow Doctor Holmes even on England. His famous son gets notices galore, and deserves all of them; is flooded with admirations and all well founded; until sometimes one feels that the Doctor has been a little lost in the Judge.

But surely the father is worthy of the son. Even now one suspects him of being the best-remembered American poet. There are lines of his, dozens of them, that stay in the ear, and this one that the *American* miscredits, is one of them. Possibly there have been better American poets, but where is another that runs in the head so?

And as a prose writer The Autocrat still holds his own. The Long Path down the Common is still a path of sentiment. And then he was a doctor,

but mostly a lecturer to medical students. But his mind worked out of the beaten path even in medicine, for he was a progressive doctor; backed Eliot's innovations in the Harvard Medical School; thought things out as in the famous case of puerperal fever in childbirth.

The Judge is famous as he should be, but the delightful sounds and penetrating thoughts his father set agoing still reverberate and actuate and show no symptoms of stopping.

And after all, one of the Judge's notable gifts is his ability to handle language. He can express himself. He has a gift for words, their selection and arrangement, and can even take helpful liberties with them, so that his writings including his judicial opinions, so apt to be dissenting, make good reading. Where did he get that gift? The question needs no answer, the answer is on record ample and delightful both in verse and prose.

EFFORT is being spent abundantly nowadays to make bad things good. Doubtless it is always so spent with greater or less energy according as the times seem to need more or less medication. Just now there are many matters that call for improvement. Consider three of them—prohibition, prisons, and war. These are all bad things but not convenient at the moment to abolish, so that endless energy of mind and pocket is devoted to make them work better. No really thoughtful person of due experience is likely to maintain, for example, that prohibition is good *per se*. It is merely something contrived to abate a nuisance, but which seems to be on the way to be considered as a greater nuisance than the one it was contrived to abate. Of course the real cure for rum from the lightest of wines to the most ardent of spirits is the combination of knowledge and self control. The millions of people, even Americans, who go through life without any need of legal prohibition get hardly enough notice because the very much smaller number of people who trip up on alcohol make so much noise that their wiser brethren are overlooked.

Put down prohibition then as a bad thing which it is arduously sought to improve.

Then there are the prisons, needing improvement extremely, and the target of the efforts of the well-intentioned.

But don't think of prisons as good. They are not good, they are bad. Nothing keeps them up except the widespread supposition that, bad as they are, it would be worse for us not to have them. And of course that supposition is reasonable. We cannot do away with prisons until we find something else that will do their work, and since for the present we have to have them, the best that can be done is to make them better and try to turn them into hospitals for the cure of crime.

But as for war it is a bad egg. Observers shake their heads at suggested improvements that would make it more polite and gentle, but still it is plain enough that our world has not yet worked out the problem of getting along without it. The nations, some of them, try to reduce armament and succeed in some measure and yet they are prepared for war on a scale that much out-measures what existed before the Great War. War is a hard nut to crack, but if we don't crack it, it will crack us and that is so widely realized that it makes for incessant effort to amend it or get rid of it.

See following pages for Personal and Otherwise

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Personal and Otherwise

THOSE who relish the skill with which ***Gamaliel Bradford*** has analyzed the souls of men and women of an earlier day—in his *Union Portraits, Confederate Portraits, Damaged Souls,* and other volumes—have often wished that he would turn to the portrayal of living men. In his present series of character studies he is doing so. He could hardly select a more challenging subject than Henry Ford; for Mr. Ford's character and prodigious influence are so essentially American that to understand him is to appreciate more keenly the strength and weakness of the American idea. Mr. Bradford's article deserves, we think, to be not only read but inwardly digested.

Charles Caldwell Dobie is one of San Francisco's best reasons for claiming contemporary literary distinction. He has been a frequent contributor to HARPER'S for many years; his latest story, "The Daughter of a Princess," appeared in the June number.

Pittsburgh is an American sympton in the same sense that Henry Ford is. ***R. L. Duffus,*** journalist and novelist, is not a Pittsburgher but has had many opportunities to study the life and temper of the city. Mr. Duffus's most recent books are *The American Renaissance,* a study of the artistic forces working in this country; *To-morrow Never Comes,* a novel; and *Books: Their Place in a Democracy,* a study of American publishing, bookselling, and reading.

As assistant to Professor Baker Brownell of Northwestern University in his courses on contemporary thought, ***La Mar Warrick*** (Mrs. Walter D. Warrick), the only woman member of the faculty of the Northwestern School of Journalism, has had an unusual chance to study the trend of ideas among a college generation who regard the Younger Generation of recent fame as elderly and out of date.

Dorothy Dunbar Bromley is neither a physician nor lawyer, but a New York journalist. Yet physicians have applauded the grasp of medical conditions shown in her articles on "What Risk Motherhood?" and "The Crisis in Nursing," and lawyers were impressed by the accuracy of her legal knowledge in "The Market Value of a Paris Divorce." This month Mrs. Bromley's subject leads her into legal questions once more—as well as into the vital question whether the United States is to continue to deny citizenship to all who, as Justice Holmes said, "believe more than some of us do in the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount." It may surprise some readers to find that at least one court has held that no one is a good American who does not subscribe to the credo of Stephen Decatur.

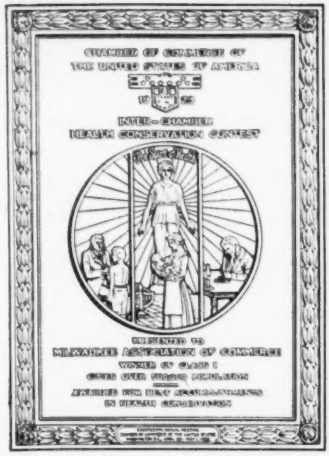
After five years of service as music critic for the New York *Morning Telegraph,* ***Theodore Stearns*** was sent abroad in 1927 by the Guggenheim Foundation. In Germany he composed an opera, "Snowbird," which was produced by the Dresden State Opera under Fritz Busch. But his preoccupations during his stay abroad were not wholly musical, for he met the servant problem in its current Teutonic form. Hence "Wanted: A Mädchen für Alles."

The second story of the month comes to us from ***Don Marquis,*** columnist, playwright, and creator of the Old Soak.

To those who imagine that the threat of Communism is to be met by denouncing Soviet propaganda and beating up local Reds, we commend ***Calvin B. Hoover's*** impressive account of the growing success of the great Bolshevik experiment and his final comments upon it. Professor Hoover teaches economics at Duke University and has recently returned from an extended stay in Russia as Fellow of the Social Science Research Council—a fact which we have stated explicitly in the headnote to his article lest his name give rise to some vague notion that a collaboration between Northampton and the White House is involved.

(Continued on second page following)

"Business is Business"


CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
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AWARDED TO
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Sketched from Bronze Plaque Awarded to

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SOME years ago it was thought that Big Business had to be hard-hearted in order to be successful. Today, people know better and employers have learned that they get more faithful service and are more successful if their employees are contented and healthy.

Today we take comfort in the assurance that medical and health scientists, philanthropists and humanitarians have the solid backing and support of the biggest business men in the country. And, modestly, Big Business gives as its reasons for lending its powerful, invaluable support—"business is business".

Cities which have promoted and are promoting far-sighted health programs are reaping rich rewards. Their citizens are happier and their cities offer attractions to new industries and to people of wealth and leisure.

When the Chamber of Commerce of the United States offered prizes last year to cities which would do most to improve health and sanitary conditions, 140 cities entered the National Health Conservation Contest. This year it is expected that a larger number will compete for the Bronze Awards.

Statisticians estimate that there is an annual loss in the United States of billions of dollars due to the needless loss of lives. When these lives of valuable workers are sacrificed, their families suffer and the cities in which they live are made poorer.

If you live in a city which wants to reduce its deathrate, your city's business organization (Chamber of Commerce or Board of Trade) may obtain the active cooperation of America's greatest business organization, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

Last year health experts visited 80 of the cities which entered the National Health Conservation Contest. Your community may obtain the advice of such expert health counsel as may be needed, free of charge. A trained health expert will visit your city and search for danger spots. He will make recommendations for a constructive health improvement program which you can help to carry out.

For full information regarding health programs and the National Health Conservation Contest, the Secretary of your Chamber of Commerce or other similar body should address the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States at Washington, D. C.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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Daniel Gregory Mason has contributed to American music as composer, teacher, and critic. He is the head of the music department at Columbia University. Two years ago we published his article on "Our Orchestras and Our Money's Worth," which subsequently formed a part of his book on *The Dilemma of American Music*.

After having appeared in HARPER'S last year in the role of journalist with an article on the strike troubles at Gastonia, ***Mary Heaton Vorse***, a veteran contributor, now reminds us that she is a skillful fiction writer as well.

Julian Huxley, Fullerian professor of physiology in the Royal Institution and honorary lecturer at King's College, London, is a grandson of T. E. Huxley; Aldous Huxley is his brother. He has a distinguished reputation in his own right as a biologist and writer on scientific subjects. He has recently been traveling through central Africa; his notes on African animals are among the fruits of this expedition, and they will be followed next month by a critical survey of African missions—and thus, by inference, of all foreign missions—as they look to the scientific eye.

As Industrial Commissioner of the State of New York, ***Frances Perkins*** has proved herself one of the most valuable women in American public life. Her present article reveals to a public somewhat weary of regulation how government—in the hands of people as capable as Miss Perkins—can achieve its ends by common consent rather than by fiat.

The poets this month are ***Elizabeth Coatsworth***, whose verse is well known to American readers; ***Margaret Emerson Bailey***, a frequent contributor to HARPER'S, and ***Frederic Prokosch***, whose poem, "Reversion," appeared in the September number.

The Lion's Mouth this month has a gustatory flavor. ***Emily Hahn***, who is the author of the recent book, *Seductio Ad Absurdum*, which has delighted so many readers, and ***Anthony Armstrong***, the A. A. of *Punch*, concern themselves with the humorous possibilities of foreign restaurants. Mr. Armstrong will be recognized by HARPER readers as the author of "Curing Insomnia," in our February issue. ***Worth Tuttle*** is Mrs. Walter Page Hedden of Larchmont, New York. She also has made a previous appearance in this department.

Cadwallader Washburn, whose "French Fisherman" served as the frontispiece of the July issue and whose "Devout Disciple of St. Francis" appears this month, belongs to one of the leading families of Minneapolis; in a varied career he has been a war correspondent and naturalist as well as an artist, but he is best known for his etchings, and especially for his portrait heads. He studied at the Art Students' League in New York and subsequently under Chase, Sorolla, and Besnard: it was his association with the latter which drew him to the field of etching.

A comment from Chicago on Mr. Flandrau's "The Bustle":

> When newspaper circulations were smaller, and the circulation reflected more the paper's consistently interesting character and less its facility in headlining for multiple editions, one test of a good story (in the newspaper sense) was: "Will folks talk about it?"
>
> Observation within one personal circle, necessarily limited, suggests that "The Bustle," in your August number, by that test wins an A-plus rating.

An examination of our correspondence confirms the results of this test. Among the items of bustle-lore which have come our way as a result of Mr. Flandrau's article is the tale of an absent-minded Alabama lady who dressed hurriedly, one afternoon, to go downstairs and greet two young men who had come to call on her daughters. The good lady welcomed the young men, opened the parlor shutters, and returned upstairs to tell her daughters that the young men were the silliest she had ever seen: they did nothing but grin and giggle. The daughters turned from their prinking to make heated reply—and beheld their mother innocently wearing her bustle ***outside her dress;*** and it was a newspaper bustle too, in the best Flandrau tradition.

(Continued on second page following)

Lament of a

DISILLUSIONED ALCHEMIST

EVERY soap manufacturer, we suppose, is at heart an alchemist. He never quite loses hope that some day, somehow, he will invent a "magic" soap which will do the washing without any human assistance whatever.

Certainly we of Fels-Naptha have fussed and fiddled with all kinds of oils and solvents, hoping a miracle would come out of the test tube. But, we are infinitely sorry to report, it can't be done. The most we can do is to make a soap that gives *extra* help to whoever does your washing.

The large, generous bar of Fels-Naptha does this. It washes clothes snow-white, fragrantly clean. And it does it so gently that the most delicate fabrics are not harmed. It keeps clothes looking a little nicer—it makes them last a little longer. In a word, it washes clothes the way you like to have them washed.

Fels-Naptha gives this extra help because it combines good golden soap with *plenty* of dirt-loosening naptha. You can smell the naptha, even when the bar is down to its last sliver. These two busy cleaners, working together, coax dirt loose and wash it away. No hard rubbing needed.

Fels-Naptha does excellent work in washing machine or tub; in hot, lukewarm or even cool water. And it helps to keep hands fresh.

Perhaps, when she has tried Fels-Naptha, your maid will find it does even more than we, in our Philadelphia conservatism, have claimed for it. Certainly, it will not do less. Put it on your next grocery order.

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A farmer's wife in Brewster, New York, takes exception to Mark Van Doren's "The Real Tragedy of the Farmer":

Dear HARPER'S,

I have read HARPER'S ever since I was a young girl in my father's home, and will go right on reading it, but I am really irritated by Mr. Van Doren's article.

It is a generalization. President Hoover has said in one of his speeches that the business of the farmer is so varied in purpose, conditions, and problems, that any panacea for his difficulties must strike wide of the mark in many cases. I judge that this article is supposed to touch the situation of the dairy farmer of New York as closely as that of the cotton raiser of Texas, and clarify the problems of the cherry farmer of Michigan and of the wheat farmer of the West.

The writer seems to feel that the farmer's unique character has changed; his independence, his picturesqueness, "the farmer" as a humorous figure in plays, is passing. He says, "Indeed, I don't even find that the farmer is a current jest, affectionate or otherwise. He simply isn't mentioned." Possibly not. But if one enters New York City on the main line of the New York Central and passes street after street and knows that each of the people in the homes on every street is fed largely by the product of the farmer's effort; if one goes to Washington Market and sees the quantities of food that have been brought into New York; or if one happens to turn the radio dial and hear the daily agricultural reports—twenty-three cars of lettuce, sixty cars of potatoes—one must see that the farmer is still *there*, at least.

I suppose that modern conditions of life have affected us all. But that they have affected the farmer more deleteriously than anyone else, I am not convinced. My husband is a dairy farmer. His problems have to do with refrigeration, electric motors, accident insurance, health certificates for cattle—problems that did not exist forty or even twenty years ago. The farmer must change to meet changing conditions. It is true that the change may have rendered him a less picturesque figure. A modern civil engineer is not as picturesque as George Washington.

The writer says, "And I cannot believe that he finds any comfort in the thought that . . . he lives in the midst of things with such fine pastoral names as plowed earth, flowing stream, meadow and woodland. Those things have not his love." But they have! Not always, of course. But again and again I have seen the deep and genuine love of the soil which intelligent farmers have. I think it is a factor in a farmer's success.

I wonder what is proved by the comparison that the author makes of the picture on the cover of the rural magazine of years ago and now. Are not farm homes as attractive as they were? I have seen thousands of charming farm homes through New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Michigan. They may have suffered a bit from the point of view of hospitality, but not as city homes have.

Why bemoan the neat barns? Weeds and manure piles may have an æsthetic value to Mr. Van Doren, but not to an inspector from the New York City Board of Health. Increase of bacteria count was something that those picturesque farmers in their picturesque barns never worried about.

"Add to this," the writer goes on, "that he is no mechanical genius, even though he may like to tinker with an old binder; that he is astonishingly, but it would seem incorrigibly negligent of his machinery, which he leaves out in the rain and snow for perhaps eleven months of the year." At present it is difficult for a farm laborer to find a job unless he can run a Ford and make simple repairs, operate a milking machine, and use farm machinery of various kinds. Modern farm machinery is expensive. The old binder may be left out in the rain, but the electric refrigerating plant will be given excellent care, and first aid when it seems necessary. It might be added that this same old binder is needed for a few weeks, or less, out of the year. Its protection from the weather for eleven months while it is standing idle, may present a difficulty.

The farmer undoubtedly has real problems. Probab'y many of his difficulties are aggravated by his own lack of foresight and business ability, by underestimating the power of organization, or what not. But I doubt if any view of his situation as purely external as this article, as much a matter of sitting down with a pen and philosophizing, could be very helpful.

Winifred S. Paddock.

Stuart Chase reports that "The Luxury of Integrity" has brought him a heavy correspondence, much of it autobiographical; there has been much appreciative comment upon John T. Flynn's article on "Senate Inquisitors and Private Rights"; and the batch of newspaper editorial clippings on James Truslow Adams's "Presidential Prosperity" is particularly large. We quote from an editorial in the York (Pennsylvania) ***Gazette Daily***, which like most of the others supports Mr. Adams:

(Concluded on second page following)

Study of Child at the Piano by Anton Bruehl

ABOUT OUR CHILDREN

About our children we rear our gayest dreams, clothe them in our most poignant hopes . . . and everything we have and all that we can do must be brought to bear on the effort to make these things come true. In the budding characters we can strive to encourage such few virtues as we, ourselves, had to pass on . . . the small, lithe bodies we can guard and develop . . . but how shall we imprint upon their dawning little personalities that rare glamour that makes the whole world come smiling?

They need not be taught to excel in the accomplishments that help make people attractive to the world; but their performance in all must be *authentic*. And this particularly must be the case with their music. That is one reason the Steinway is treasured in important homes where children are being reared in the cultured tradition.

The Steinway is, in itself, a graceful work of art that develops an appreciation of the utmost in musical expression. . . . And the Steinway, choice of the masters from Wagner to Rachmaninoff, leaves the impressionable young talent unhandicapped, from the all-important first moment, by the distortive influences of practice on less perfect instruments.

Because this finest of all musical instruments, the Steinway, ranks so high in the world of excellent things, it long has been looked upon as the exclusive possession of musical artists or families of wealth. But the fact is, that every family may acquire the Instrument of the Immortals on terms that will not overburden even the modest income.

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THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS **STEINWAY**

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Every Secretary of the Treasury has had to review the money and business situation in his official reports. But beyond a highly conservative study of the general trend, prediction has always heretofore been scrupulously avoided. The constant giving out of positive assurances and specific forecasts is something very different.

A habit persisted in for three successive years is sometimes hard to break. For issuing official assurances about the financial future (nearly always favorable) there has apparently been the double inducement that such prophecy is supposed to make for its author's popularity, and that the wish is father to the thought when the fortunes of an administration or a party are supposed to depend on continuing prosperity. But prophesying the future of prosperity or of the markets, when these are the dominating motives, is a dangerous business.

If the practice were to be pursued in a wholly disinterested way, if official Washington could have varied its cheerful prophecies for 1925 or 1927 with warnings of an approaching crash at a time like last August or of deepening trade reaction during the uncertainties of last March, it might at least be argued that the government had tried to guide public opinion rightly. Even so, there would be the serious objection that the official prophecy might turn out to be erroneous. Under the present practice, in which the prophecy is always favorable, it is certain sometimes to be wrong.

The conclusion at which most people of sense and judgment will arrive is that prediction of this sort is no business of the government. It is both the right and the duty of responsible public officials to point out to the public the fundamental nature of an economic situation which concerns the operations of government. Beyond that, they will be wise to try no hazardous experiments.

An incident reported to us by a Chicago reader:

You may be interested in a story my medical student nephew told us this morning. He keeps office of nights for a firm of doctors who specialize in industrial insurance cases, and between the workers with the ordinary cuts and bruises there wandered in last night a drunk, asking for relief. Bill let him sleep it off for a while and then sent him home with a dose of physic, but not until the visitor's eye had caught and coveted the subscription renewal card in a HARPER'S MAGAZINE on the desk. So much did the card appeal to him that he asked if he might have it; his wife would be sore at him, he said, and he wanted to take it home as a present for her.

We have taken new heart from this simple narrative. We have long been aware that the Magazine itself had valuable tonic and therapeutic properties and that addiction to its use made for success in business and contentment in the home, but that contact with a mere renewal card could soothe savage tempers was beyond our hopes. We cannot, however, encourage the widespread use of renewal cards for such purposes. Renewal cards are meant to renew subscriptions with. If you would know lasting happiness, fill them out and give them to the postman. Then all of us —even, perhaps, the postman—will benefit.

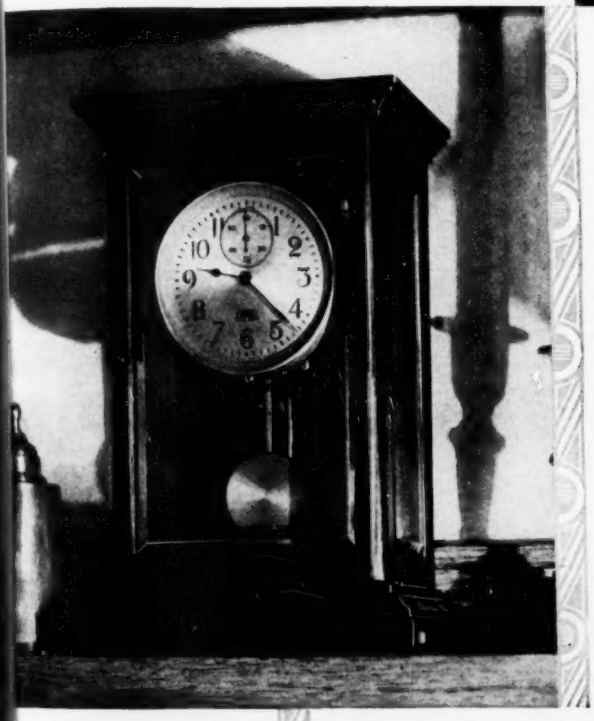
To an island of Samoa, a Poole Clock has brought constant correct time . . .

ON one of the Samoan Islands in the South Pacific is a training school for native boys maintained by an English missionary society.

There is no electric current, no telephone and no radio at the mission, and if one wants authentic time he must go twelve miles for it.

And so, some months ago, came an order from the manager of the mission for a Poole Electric Clock.

Now the mission has correct time, twenty-four hours a day—time that is guaranteed accurate within sixty seconds per month.



Poole Electric Clocks

create and use their own electricity, and so are independent of all outside conditions, running equally well anywhere in the world.

Ask your dealer to show you these remarkable all-electric clocks, without springs, and never requiring winding, oiling or cleaning.

Cased in a variety of handsome models for living rooms, dining rooms, libraries and kitchens; for private and general offices.

Prices from $20 upward
(Slightly higher West of the Rockies and in Canada)

If you don't find them readily in your locality, write us; we will give you name of a nearby dealer or fill your order direct if no convenient dealer yet handles the Poole.

POOLE MANUFACTURING CO., INC.
Ithaca, N. Y.

THE SALEM
MODEL 30—PRICE $35
Copy of French Crystal Case Mantel Clock. Made in Genuine Mahogany, brown finish. Beveled French Plate Glass panels. 11 inches high.

POOLE
Electric Clocks

Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers

Two Southern Cities Value Advertising

Atlanta and New Orleans Accomplish Much with Consistent Advertising Policies

BY DON E. MOWRY

WHEN two Southern communities definitely raise and spend more than one and one-half million dollars during a four year period for community advertising and for industrial promotion it can be said without fear of contradiction that these two cities have full confidence in their future and are not hesitant about telling the rest of the nation about their assets and their opportunities.

Atlanta, forward city of the South, and New Orleans, the seaport of the Valley, are two such cities. If anyone should ask you what cities in the South are outstanding today you would mention these two cities in your list without knowing why you selected them, unless, perhaps, you had devoted considerable attention to the development of community advertising.

New Orleans has had an enjoyable reputation for years as America's most interesting city. Thousands of people visited there and participated in the atmosphere of the place — the last vestige of the old French in America. The development of port facilities, the opening up of new routes to South America, the economic trend toward decentralization of industrial expansion, all tended to stimulate local interest in the progress and expansion possibilities of the Crescent City. Leading banking institutions played the part as pioneers in opening up advertising possibilities and it was not long before the citizens became conscious of the need for regular, definite, constructive promotional undertakings on a wide scale.

At first these efforts were rather modest. Small investments were made in key centers. The railroads gave evidences of their willingness to spend some time and additional money to help create the spirit that prevails in New Orleans. All this time the Association of Commerce was moulding sentiment and creating the background that made possible the collection of a fund of over $300,000 to be expended in national advertising. Magazines, in addition to other mediums, were employed. HARPER'S MAGAZINE was included in the schedule because it reaches a class of executives who are keenly interested in keeping abreast of times and tendencies.

New Orleans urges industry to build on a rising market, treats of living costs in advertising copy, tells about the round-trip on sulphur or salt, and discusses the winter costs of manufacturing, the age of cellulose, humidity that helps production, and many other subjects.

The *Atlanta Builder*, the official publication of the Chamber of Commerce, financed in large part by the appropriation received from the city, had much to do with making possible the three-year advertising budget of one million dollars which that city has expended during the past three years. No efforts were spared to get all the people of Atlanta back of this program of advertising, and every contributor to the fund has had full knowledge of every step in the development policy.

Atlanta has taken the trouble to have a thorough survey made of every factor relating to production and distribution. Complete statistical records are kept on 110 subjects. From this data, and from the facts collected in subsequent special studies, are determined the lines of industry that can most logically locate there.

Previous to the raising of the million dollar fund Atlanta expended $250,000. Recapitulating the inquiries handled during the four years of the Atlanta campaigns, we find that only eight thousand of them came from direct inquiries, whereas over 35,000 came from personal visits and calls, thus indicating that the advertising appeals were of such a character as to cause many people to want to *see* Atlanta.

The business world knows that 679 new factories, warehouses, and sales offices have been established in Atlanta during the four years of the Forward Atlanta advertising campaign, and that 85 concerns went out of business during the same period, and why. The net balance of 594 establishments, with their 16,911 employees, have an annual payroll of $29,191,500.

Community and industrial advertising is a business which is arresting the attention of enterprising communities. New Orleans and Atlanta are two such communities in the South. Watch these two cities during the next decade!

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

Safety and Profits in Bonds

By PAUL TOMLINSON

IT IS said that when the stock market is poor—meaning when prices are down—the bond market will boom. When, in other words, people are wary of buying stocks because of business depressions and low corporation earnings, they put their money into fixed income yielding securities, meaning bonds. Stocks are bought always with an eye to profits, bonds because their purchasers desire safety of principal and an assured income.

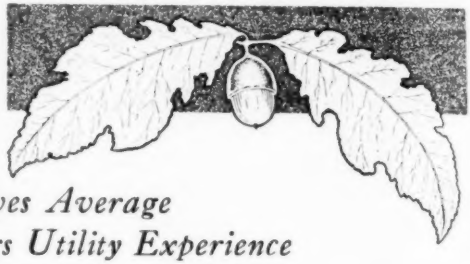
NOW, as has been mentioned many times in these articles, it is a fact that the public have been converted to the idea of common stocks for long term investment, and although recently they have not been particularly eager to buy stocks when business activity has been low, neither have they shown any special inclination towards bonds. They may not want stocks, but they don't seem to want bonds either. Very probably they have been waiting until there are unmistakable signs of a business recovery, and have decided that at that time they will invest once again in common shares. Is it not feasible to combine the safety afforded by bonds with the possibility of profits held out by common stocks?

EVERYONE knows, or should know, the distinguishing characteristics of bonds and stocks. Bonds are direct obligations of the issuing corporation; interest on them must be met when due, and the face value of the bond must be paid to its owner upon maturity. Bonds, of course, are of an infinite variety; they may be secured by real estate, by equipment, by the deposit of collateral in the form of securities, or perhaps only by the credit of the issuing corporation; they may be made attractive to purchasers by sinking fund provisions which retire a percentage of the issue each year and thereby reduce gradually the corporation's final obligation and render it easier to meet; bonds may be convertible into shares of stock; there are income bonds and adjustment bonds which pay interest only if earned; there are bonds secured by the credit of municipalities, states, and governments;

there are as many different kinds of bonds as there are makes and styles of motor cars. In the case of all bonds, however, the point to emphasize is that their interest is payable before any distribution of earnings can be made on the preferred or common stocks, and that their principal must be paid when due. The purchaser of a bond is really a lender of money, and the corporation accepting his loan is obligated absolutely to pay it back.

COMMON stock represents equities only. Suppose, for example, a corporation has outstanding $10,000,000 of bonds and $10,000,000 of common stock; suppose its net assets, cash, accounts receivable, all of its belongings are worth a total of $15,000,000; the bonds have a claim on these assets up to ten million dollars, but the stock only on what is left, or in the equity of five million dollars. As the value of the property increases so does the equity for the shares of stock; but if the value of the property should decrease to $10,000,000 and be sold, the bondholders would be paid and the stockholders would get nothing at all, for with no equity remaining their shares would be worth nothing. Stockholders are not entitled to dividends unless dividends are earned, and of course interest must be paid before dividends can be considered. On the other hand, while bond interest is limited, dividends are limited only by the size of earnings, and, theoretically at least, there is no such limit. There are stocks, for example, which pay dividends of a hundred dollars or more a share a year, and there is nothing to prevent their paying a thousand if earnings warranted such a handsome distribution. If these same corporations had five per cent bonds outstanding the bondholders would get their five per cent a year and no more.

MATURE MANAGEMENT



33 Chief Executives Average
24 Years Utility Experience

IT takes more than generating plants and transmission lines to make a utility system.

It takes men trained in service, seasoned in experience.

The thirty-three Associated Gas and Electric System chief executives average more than 24 years of public utility experience.

And the 283 major executives average 15 years of service.

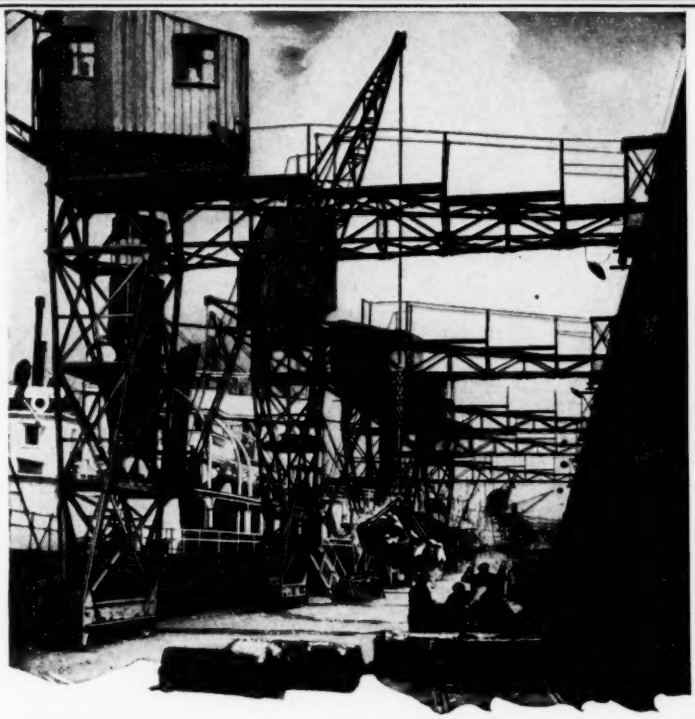
Continuity of good management has resulted in steady growth during 78 years. The Associated System has assets of about $1,000,000,000 in the service of 1,375,000 customers in 2,500 communities.

Associated Gas and Electric System

61 Broadway ASSOCIATED GAS & ELECTRIC SYSTEM New York

IN FRANCE

American cotton being unloaded on the wharves at Havre. At this great port is located a Guaranty Office — a completely equipped bank for international trade. Our Havre Office facilitates the business of many prominent American shippers of cotton and other products.



A SUBSTANTIAL part of the total export and domestic movement of cotton is financed by the Guaranty Trust Company. Our exceptional service to the cotton interests is typical of that rendered to every important branch of American industry. We shall be pleased to discuss with you the banking problems involved in your domestic and international business.

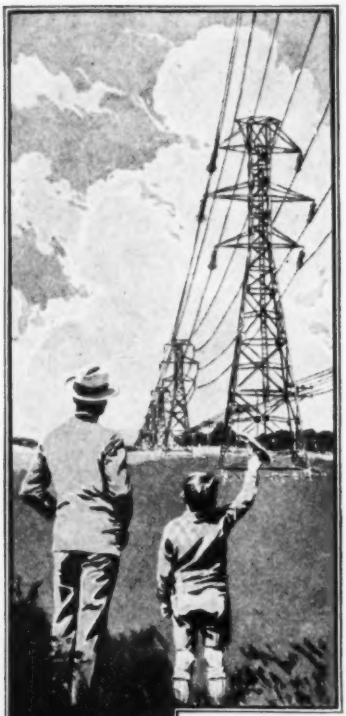
Guaranty Trust Company of New York

140 Broadway

LONDON PARIS BRUSSELS LIVERPOOL HAVRE ANTWERP

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS MORE THAN $295,000,000

Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers



ENERGIZING PROGRESS

Electric power—to do the things which tired muscles used to do—accounts largely for the growth of northern Illinois. Electric power, carried cross-country, is supplied to factory, home, and barnyard at finger-tip control. Electric power is an essential service... and a safe investment. ¶ We distribute the securities of Public Service Company of Northern Illinois—whose electric power lines serve 309 cities and 4,805 farms in Metropolitan Chicagoland—and of other progressive utility companies in 31 states. Send for our list of offerings yielding 6% and more.

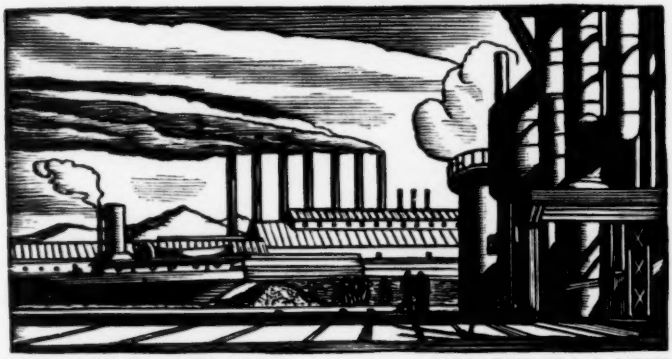
UTILITY SECURITIES COMPANY

230 South La Salle Street, Chicago

New York Louisville Indianapolis Richmond
Milwaukee St. Louis Minneapolis Detroit
San Francisco Cleveland Kansas City

IN THE recent securities market there has been one kind of bond which has been very popular and which furnishes an exception to the statement that bonds generally have found scant favor with investors. These are the bonds which are convertible into shares of stock. Now a convertible bond pays only its stated rate of interest, and so long as the purchaser holds the bond this fixed rate of income is all he will ever receive. Provided he has purchased the obligation of a sound corporation, however, he will never receive less than this stated rate, and as interest is payable ahead of dividends, his income is assured, and the principal of his investment is safe. Suppose he buys a convertible bond at ninety, and it is agreed upon by the corporation that at any time up to October 1, 1940, he may exchange this bond for ten shares of stock at one hundred dollars a share. When he bought the stock was selling at ninety, so that the nine hundred dollars he paid for the bond represented its exact exchange value. If the stock should decline to eighty-five his bond would then be worth only eight hundred and fifty dollars, but if the shares should advance to par the bond would then be worth a thousand dollars. Convertible bonds move with the stock for which they are exchangeable, and they therefore offer the same opportunity for profits as would ownership of the stock itself, but the interest on the bonds is safer than dividends on the stock. Safety and the chance of making a profit are combined in convertible bonds.

THIS type of security has been growing in popularity of recent years, owing in large measure, of course, to the fact that stocks have been growing in favor with investors, and bonds which provide, in effect, a call on shares of stock, have met with a warm reception.



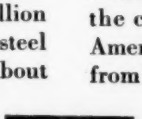
DECORATIONS BY ROCKWELL KENT · CUT IN WOOD BY J. J. LANKES

Investing in Underlying Industries

UNDERLYING the present and future development of all modern countries are their great basic industries, engaged in turning raw materials into commercial products and distributing them to consumers. The growth of these industries has been remarkable and, regardless of minor fluctuations, should continue to be very great.

Total petroleum production for the four year period 1901-05 was 100 million barrels. In 1928 alone it was 900 million barrels. During this 1901-05 period steel products in the United States were about 13 million long tons. They advanced to about 37 million in 1928. Mineral products increased in value from slightly over 1 billion to well above 5 billion dollars. Between 1899 and 1927, manufactured food products increased in value of annual production from 2 billion to 11 billion dollars.

In keeping with its policy of broad diversification, United Founders Corporation, directly and through subsidiaries, invests in industrial securities carefully selected for present soundness and future prospects. These have been chosen from mining, oil, iron and steel, food and tobacco products, merchandising, and other industrial companies. On May 31, 1930, the combined portfolio included 79 American industrials, and 64 chosen from 18 countries throughout the world.



United Founders, directly and through subsidiary investment companies, also has broad holdings in five major fields: insurance, public utility, railway, investment company and banking.

UNITED FOUNDERS CORPORATION

(This advertisement is the fifth of a series about the investment activities of United Founders Corporation)

THESE bonds also have many advantages from the standpoint of the issuing corporation. Bonds have to be paid upon maturity and funds have to be provided with which to meet these payments. If an issue is for $25,000,000 and due in 1950, plans have to be made to find this amount of money in that year. Who knows what conditions are going to be twenty years from now? If the cash is not on hand the corporation may have to sell another issue of bonds and use the proceeds to pay off the issue coming due that year; money rates may be high, and if it were necessary to sell six per cent bonds to pay off an issue bearing five per cent coupons the corporation's interest charges would be increased by $250,000 a year. If, however, convertible bonds are sold originally, and the whole issue is exchanged for stock within the allotted time, there is no question of paying the face value of the bonds upon maturity. There will be no bonds outstanding, no bonds to pay, and the whole transaction will have worked itself out in much the same manner as if the original financing had been done with stock. The number of shares outstanding will, of course, have been increased, but dividends are not fixed charges.

PERHAPS someone will wonder why—if, in effect, the result is ultimately to increase the number of shares of stock—stock was not sold in the first place. The answer is that at the time the bonds were issued conditions were not favorable for stocks. There have been several occasions within the past year, for instance, when a corporation offering new shares of its stock to the public would almost certainly have been rather disappointed in its reception. People during this past year may have wanted to buy stocks, but many of them have lacked the courage; a convertible

MEMBERS:
New York, Boston, Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland, and Hartford Stock Exchanges
New York Curb Exchange
Chicago Board of Trade
New York Cotton Exchange

OFFICES:
Boston
New York
Chicago
Detroit
Springfield
Worcester
Providence
Concord, N.H.
Albany
Syracuse
Philadelphia
New Haven
Hartford
Milwaukee
Minneapolis
St. Paul
Duluth
Flint
Cleveland
Houghton
Grand Rapids

Insure Investment Income With

BONDS

SOUND bonds of the country's leading corporations provide stability of principal and income so necessary to any well-conceived investment plan.

We shall be glad to forward our latest Investment List and place our facilities for analysis and research at the disposal of individuals, trustees and corporations desiring to revise their investment holdings.

Paine, Webber & Co

Established 1880

BOSTON
82 Devonshire Street

NEW YORK
25 Broad Street

CHICAGO
209 So. La Salle Street

Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers

An airplane tour of the communities served by the operating properties of the American Water Works and Electric Company, Incorporated

The region about Greensburg, Pennsylvania, is one of the most prosperous in the famous steel, coal, coke, and gas territory surrounding Pittsburgh. It has extensive steel, glass, engine and brick works, flour mills, and other industrial plants, giving employment to a large population.

THE West Penn Electric System, one of the chief units of the American Water Works and Electric Company group of public utilities, has served this region with electric light and power for many years. It is just one of the many important industrial centers in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Maryland and Virginia, which depend upon the West Penn for electric light and power.

The securities of this electric system are backed by growing properties serving growing communities. It is these electric companies, together with more than forty water companies, that furnish the revenues of the American Water Works and Electric Company.

Send for booklet descriptive of the business and securities of our electric companies.

AMERICAN WATER WORKS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY

INCORPORATED

50 Broad Street, New York

© 1930

Those particular friends of yours—

whose tastes coincide so satisfyingly with your own — Do they all read HARPERS MAGAZINE, or are there a few among them who do not yet know the entertaining and stimulating energy of the new HARPERS?

They are the very people — those friends of yours — we want as readers. And perhaps you will be good enough to help make that possible. If you will write below the names and addresses of any people who would find HARPERS sympathetic, we shall be delighted to send each a free copy of the magazine.

✣ ✣ ✣

HARPERS MAGAZINE
49 EAST 33RD STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

✣ ✣ ✣

Name.....

Address.....

.....

✣ ✣ ✣

Name.....

Address.....

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bond, however, would appeal to them strongly, and sensing this situation corporations, well advised by their bankers, have been very successful in disposing of obligations of this type.

THERE is an interesting point about convertible bonds: in the majority of cases they are the obligations of our most successful corporations. They are not, as a rule, as strongly secured as many other classes of bonds, the credit and standing of the issuing corporation supplanting to a large extent the pledge of actual property. Is this any hindrance? Well, the bonds of the United States Government, with only the Government's promise to pay back of them, are considered much safer investments than almost any first mortgage bond one can name. Similarly the credit of our outstanding corporations is worth more than the property of those whose earnings records and financial positions are rated low in the scale. In other words, most convertible bonds are not only sponsored by the best businesses, but are convertible into the best stocks, the ones most likely to appreciate in value.

NOR is the investor limited in his selection of convertible bonds to any one field of industry. If a man likes railroads he can buy the convertible bonds of railroads; if he is partial to some other class of business they are available to him there. Any investment banking house can supply a long list of convertibles from which the investor can make his choice.

THERE is another large class of bonds which offer opportunities for profit. There are, for example, an increasing number of foreign bonds being listed on our exchanges, bonds not only of foreign governments, but of

CITIES SERVICE COMMON

Seasoned Through Two Decades

CITIES SERVICE Common stock has been thoroughly seasoned through two decades, including the severe test of the World War and the drastic economic readjustment that followed the War.

The organization has behind it a long record of conservative management and rising earnings—and ahead of it the continuously expanding demand for CITIES SERVICE products—factors that determine the desirability of investing in the Common stock.

More than 750,000 individuals and institutions are receiving interest or dividends from CITIES SERVICE securities, including more than 390,000 owners of CITIES SERVICE COMPANY Common stock—one of the world's most widely held investment shares.

At the current market price, CITIES SERVICE Common stock yields, annually, over 6½% in stock and cash—payable monthly.

When you invest in CITIES SERVICE Common stock you become a partner in one of the largest industrial organizations in the country, with a record of twenty years of growth—and an assured future of greater usefulness.

Mail the coupon below and we will send you, without obligation on your part, an interesting booklet describing CITIES SERVICE and its investment securities.

CREW LEVICK COMPANY

Cracking Units at Crew Levick Company's Petty Island Refinery.

A CITIES SERVICE subsidiary—one of the oldest petroleum companies in existence. The original Crew Levick Company was founded in 1862, shortly after the first oil well—the famous Drake Well in Titusville, Pa.—was drilled. The Company owns and operates a complete compounding plant for the handling of products for export and a refinery with a rated daily capacity of 5,000 barrels, which are located on Petty Island in the Delaware River opposite Philadelphia. In addition, the Company owns and operates a refinery at Titusville with a daily capacity of 2,000 barrels and owns 400 miles of main and gathering lines in connection with its oil production in Pennsylvania and Ohio. Crew Levick Company also has an extensive marketing system distributing refined petroleum products through tank and service stations located in Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Delaware, Virginia and District of Columbia.

HENRY L. DOHERTY & COMPANY

60 Wall Street ◬ New York City

Branches in Principal Cities

Cities Service Radio Program—every Friday, 8 P. M., Eastern Standard Time—N. B. C. Coast-to-Coast and Canadian network—WEAF and 33 stations.

HENRY L. DOHERTY & COMPANY
60 Wall Street, New York City

Send copy of booklet describing the Cities Service organization and the investment possibilities of its securities.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____

(00092-173)

Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers

Signatures, endorsements and similar writing upon securities and other types of important documents deserve the utmost in permanence and protection.

Proof to age, air, heat, moisture and chemical eradicators, Higgins' Eternal Black Writing Ink proffers these essential requisites. Costing no more than other inks, it also imparts a jet black writing beauty and dignity which has caused it to be specified increasingly by discriminating individuals everywhere for business and personal use.

Try it today and see its superiority!

CHAS. M. HIGGINS & CO., Inc., 271 Ninth St., B'klyn, N.Y.
Also makers of Higgins' American Drawing Inks for Half a Century

At all Dealers 10¢

HIGGINS' Eternal black writing Ink

JET BLACK—NEVER FADES—PROOF AGAINST CHEMICALS
For Steel Pens & Fountain Pens

Be Sure, Don't Guess

MR. Paul Tomlinson, Financial Editor of Harper's Magazine, has compiled a list of questions for you to have answered by the Securities Salesman that will help to

Eliminate the Loss in Investments

A safeguard that may save you from the loss of thousands of dollars.

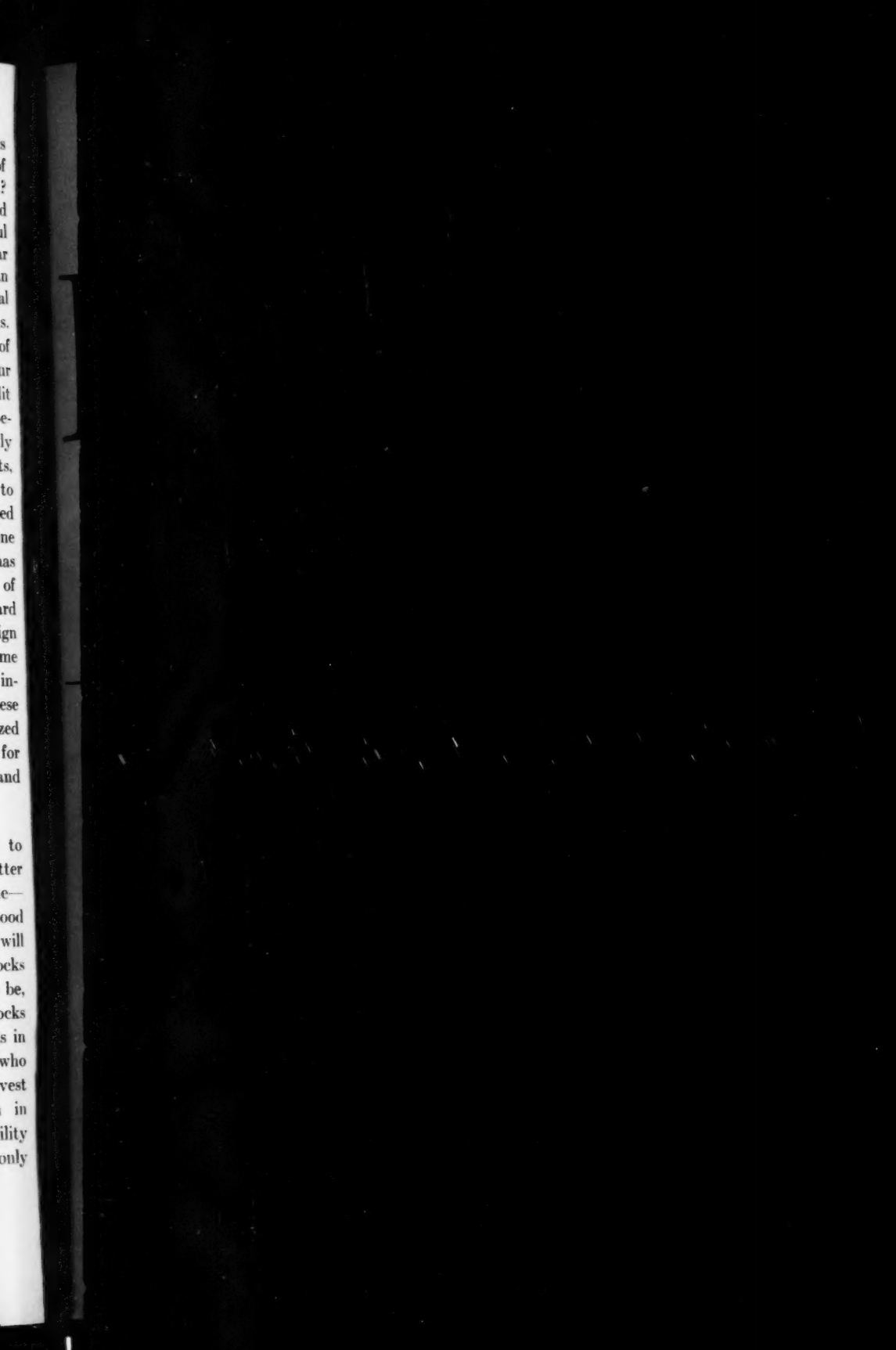
A copy of this Questionnaire may be had for the asking—it is free.

The Financial Article appearing in every issue of *Harper's Magazine* will also help solve your investment problems

Harpers
MAGAZINE
49 East 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At all Drug Stores.

foreign corporations. Many bankers look upon a considerable number of these issues with favor. And why not? We are not the only nation in the world with good credit, and with successful industrial enterprises. Since the war we seem to have had more money than the others, and when in quest of capital they have been obliged to come to us. They have had to offer high rates of interest on their borrowings in our markets, not only because their credit was not rated as high as ours, but because as a people we have been unusually provincial in the matter of investments, and very attractive terms have had to be offered us before we could be induced to put money into something not one hundred per cent American. This has meant rather harsh terms for some of the borrowers, perhaps, but their hard luck has been our opportunity. Foreign bonds have already earned handsome profits for many discriminating investors, and as the merits of these obligations are more generally recognized it is reasonable to expect the demand for them to increase; with increased demand come higher prices.

FURTHERMORE, it is logical to expect that with a return of better business—and surely it will come—investment demand for all kinds of good securities will be stimulated. This will mean not only higher prices for stocks but for bonds too, for while it may be, as many observers predict, that stocks have permanently supplanted bonds in public favor, there are still many who will prefer to be conservative and invest in direct obligations rather than in equities. These people in all probability will find that bonds offer them not only safety, but profits as well.